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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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The Men Who Are to Vote

By ERNEST POOLE

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Illustrations by Joseph Stella

"PRESTO! Presto!" the impatient official is shouting.

"Adagio," laughs a stout, comfortable Italian in the crowd. The crowd—men, women, and children—gaily dressed, is pouring from a barge, hurrying by me and into the great red building beyond—the gateway into America.

Ellis Island on a sparkling April afternoon. A fresh salt breeze is sweeping in from the ocean. In the harbor, life is throbbing! Bustling tugs and huge steamers, scows laden with freight-cars, ferry-boats crowded with people, tall, clumsy two-decked barges packed with immigrants from ocean liners. Shrill whistles and tootings, deep distant bellows from incoming steamers, and from the sky-scrapers and cañons over on Manhattan a low, incessant roar. Behind me, the Statue of Liberty is holding the torch over all. And behind that—black scurrying clouds of smoke from factory chimneys. The land of "Presto!"

Over by the New York ferry two young Hungarian-Americans stand waiting for their immigrant families. Both young men have been in America some years.

One is prosperous. His derby hat is new; so is his light gray spring suit and his stiff tan shoes—all new for the occasion. His dark face is glowing with health, from the thick, curly black hair to the big red lips.

The other is clean but shabby; his thread-bare, colorless clothes hang loosely from his shoulders; his cheeks are sunken and his chest is hollow. He is one of the seventy thousand consumptives in New York—made so by tenements, sweat-shops, and the nerve-racking throb of city streets. But how eagerly he watches, curling his little mustache till it nearly reaches his eyes. These eyes are large and honest; his voice is deep and pleasant.

Suddenly he stops talking and stands trembling. His friend springs forward. He follows.

The families are coming—both together. They were neighbors doubtless in Hungary. Two mothers, one in black shawl, the other in brown; an old father, tall and grizzled and powerful; two rosy young sisters who come skipping ahead.

All rush together. Passionate tears come in eyes, hysterical laughter from the mothers. One young girl suddenly throws back her head, the tears roll down her cheeks, her eyes are closed. But this is all gladness. Swift, excited questions, speech broken by kisses—how happy they all are!

Except just for a moment, when the mother of the "failure" darts an anxious look from her son to the other—as though seeing it all. But the next moment she, too, is laughing.

We enter the building, mount to a gallery, and look down into the great vaulted hall—

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into twenty-two sluiceways of people, divided by high iron fences. Back in the rear of the hall they have all been examined by doctors; about one per cent. has been weeded out. And now the others come down the home-stretch—with only the dreaded inspector at the desk at the mouth of each sluiceway, with his big list of questions that stand between them and America.

The system seems perfect. The place is spotlessly clean, the air is fresh, the inspectors are kindly. The whole management is swift and precise. And this we shall find all through the building. Ellis Island is a splendid example of how the Government can run things when it really tries.

Sluiceways of the world! Alow, deep babel in a dozen different tongues. Close squeezed here are races that have been apart for tens of thousands of years — races now to be slowly welded together. How absolutely different are the faces. A broad, stolid Polish face close by an excited little Italian mother who fills the air with gestures. Gestures rise from all the sluiceways. For the southeast of Europe loves gestures, and it is from the southeast that most of our immigrants come. Three-fourths are from Italy, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and South Russia. *Three-fourths are peasants* from farms and little hamlets. *Three-fourths are unskilled laborers* bringing an average of only $22 each. *Three-fourths are men under forty* coming first alone, their wives and children to follow them later. They are the strong men of their countries; you can see it now as you look down into the sluiceways. They are the healthy picked out of the vast poverty-stricken areas of the southeast—the peasants on whose shoulders for centuries Europe has rested.

A HUNGARIAN MOTHER.

These men are not coming here because of the Declaration of Independence. They come moved by the deep primeval instinct of man—to get for himself and his family more of the good things of life.

A vast primeval horde. Coarse, massive, honest faces. And on these faces—big, simple, human feelings.

Just below us a huge Polish laborer stands with eyes painfully fixed on the inspector's desk ahead; he licks his dry lips in absorbing suspense. Directly behind him is a proud little Pole with a bushy yellow mustache; he seems to have been here before and to know the whole game; he nudges the big man, gives him directions, laughs, and tells how easy it is to get through. The big man grins, but then doubtfully shakes his head.

Near by stands a young Hungarian girl—perhaps eighteen, dark and tall, graceful, very slender. She is dressed in brown with a shawl of soft, dull red; the shawl has slipped down from her hair, which is rich and glossy —gathered in a big, loose coil. Her delicate face is turned up to the huge American flag that hangs just below us. She smiles to herself—a childish, pleased, dreamy smile—forgetting all around her. Some one squeezes against the guitar under her arm. Swiftly she jerks it up out of danger, and now she holds it

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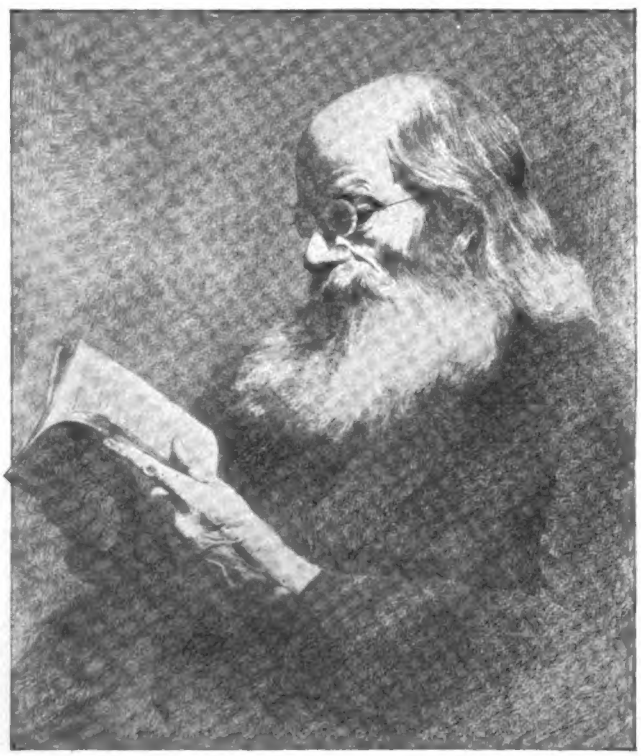
high before her. On the bench beside her is a big straw basket, with a pillow and a quaint blue teapot tied on top—her property.

In the next aisle is an enormous middle-aged Austrian with rosy cheeks and large, shallow, complacent blue eyes. Before him he holds a huge, gleaming brass horn—marching on America! He has but one anxiety. From his breast-pocket protrudes a long and villainous-looking Austrian cheroot, and from time to time he glances down at it longingly; twice he puts it in his mouth, but a neighbor warns him not to light. Slowly he grows more unhappy—then indignant! Suddenly he scratches a match! But alas! up comes an inspector. "No smoking here!" is conveyed by decided gestures. The stout man frowns angrily and puts back the cheroot. On his face comes deep gloom. But soon this is all cleared away, and the eyes beam complacent as ever.

In front on the sluiceway bench sit a young Italian couple—delighted at everything. The husband has an accordion, the wife a violin; and between them lies a big yellow bag full of household belongings. All this spring, this summer, and next fall they will make music on the streets of New York or Chicago, and will earn but a few pennies a day; till at last the American "Presto" will burn into their souls, and then will they rent a hurdy-gurdy and become happy and rich. At present the husband is in a shapeless gray homespun suit and the wife is all shawls. He has just made a joke—pointing at the stout Austrian; and she laughs delightedly, her head thrown back.



A RUSSIAN GIANT—A FIGURE OF POWER, PURITY, DIGNITY.

Close behind stands a young Russian Jewess. She wears a blue tailor-made suit, well fitting and fresh from her trunk. Her dark face is turned eagerly forward. Beside her stands her old father, a Russian giant, in heavy black coat with a gray fur collar. His massive face with its broad white beard and deep-set eyes rises above all the mass of faces—a figure of power, purity, dignity. He sees nothing around him, his head is bent, he is reading a battered old Hebrew book. For, like most old Jewish men, he is deeply religious. He reads—and the young girl looks eagerly ahead! How close will these two be one year hence? Wide apart, no doubt, in thoughts and tastes and interests, but held together still by the family affection which in the Jewish race is especially deep and enduring. Behind him sits another daughter with two children. She, too, is absorbed, but not in religion; she is busily giving her children cold tea from a teapot in her straw valise. The old father sees, smiles, stoops, and helps her.

Down another sluiceway squeezes a stout, anxious Italian mother. A brood of eight clings to her skirts. America, liberty, equality — all these are nothing to her. Her round, swarthy face is strained, her black eyes are fixed on the desk ahead, and her lips move silently, rehearsing replies to the dreaded questions. She has learned them all beforehand. She must explain how Antonio, her

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husband, in New York, is very rich, earning as much as $7 a week, sleeping in a bed with a mattress on it, and eating meat often twice or three times a day. Suddenly one youngster squeezes away, cuffs a little Greek urchin in a neighboring brood, and they scuffle and go down! Frantic cries from both mothers!

THE DREADED INSPECTOR WITH HIS BIG LIST OF QUESTIONS.

Scoldings in Greek and Italian! The ears of both urchins are soundly boxed. Then again the mother stares at the desk, and slowly squeezes forward. Her eldest child is a girl of fifteen. She is dressed in a fresh white waist and soft blue shawl, and a new plaid skirt raised high to display a marvelous checked petticoat and new tan shoes. Suddenly she sees an opening ahead. She seizes three of the youngsters, makes them lift the enormous family package tied up in sheets, and they rush on through the gate. The startled mother rushes after them, boxes the ears of the girl, and hustles all back into Europe. Then she leans over the desk and pours forth a torrent of Italian—all the answers before she is asked. The inspector laughs and nods. Joyous laughter! The mother hugs the girl, the brood is collected round the package, the inspector points to a stairway, and they move on. The inspector is young and good-looking. The girl arranges her hair, and so goes smiling into America.

A splendid-looking mass of raw material for citizens. Muscular frames, short and tall; tanned faces. Most of the women wear clothes newly taken from the luggage; and their babies are wonderful sights, in radiant silk cloaks, in queer old-fashioned knitted hoods and caps—in a hundred different kinds of gay outer and inner garments indescribable by man, but clean and fresh. For a great change has come into the lives of these people—and they feel it. They are come to America to get a better living!

From this hall they are pouring downstairs into a large, low room full of booths for letters and telegrams, money exchange, and railroad tickets. Here again all moves swiftly. Busy inspectors hurry about bringing order out of chaos. Kindly women from philanthropic societies are at hand to untangle individual cases.

An old Irish lady in black silk dress enters bewildered, her blue bonnet on one side, her anxious face wrinkling, lips set, eyes glaring. But up comes a uniformed inspector, who smiles reassuringly, examines her ticket, and

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A COMMON TYPE.

takes her to the ticket window of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Anxiously she begins to explain.

"Never mind," says the ticket man; "done already. There you are." And out comes the ticket duly stamped.

"Wull—by all the blessed——"

But on she is hurried.

"Yes," the ticket man tells me, "I only stamped it. The ticket was sent to Ireland by her two daughters in Philadelphia. Half of the immigrants have tickets sent to 'em in Europe by their American friends or relations. But follow the old lady and you'll see the whole game."

Now she is at the post-office mailing a letter back to Dublin. A moment later, the inspector still guiding, she exchanges shillings for quarters. Then on to a telegraph booth. And again her old face grows wild:

"Now—now whatever shall I say? Only *tin* words? Why, now, my foine, handsome boy—how can I say annythin' at all at all in tin words? It's ridiculous. It's—why——"

"Done already!" smiles the operator, shoving back her card. "Your daughters will be at the station to meet you. Twenty-five cents—yes—that's it."

"Merciful saints!" She throws up her hands, and her old eyes are shining. "Shure this country is bright as—as Ireland. Now, in my town in the county of——"

"Come on, aunty, let's find your trunk." And out she goes to the open wharf. Here in huge tangles and piles are hundreds of trunks and bags and boxes. Here she is handed to another official who looks at her check. Off he goes, and in a few minutes she sits triumphant on a big straw basket tied up in ropes. This is soon rechecked, and the old lady is steered to a room, there to wait for the ferry that will take her to Jersey City to the immigrant train in the Pennsylvania Station.

We return to the baggage. It is all handled by one company—the railroads having pooled their work. No more of the old-style "runners" beating up trade for baggage and tickets as they did in the old days at Castle Garden. The Government has stopped all that. Now all is efficiency and fair play—"bright as Ireland!"

What strange baggage you find as you wander around. Enormous coarse hemp bags with all kinds of household gods inside, making bumps and hollows. Trunks of wood and tin and queer old leather. Ancient iron-clad boxes. Once I found one bound in strips of hide; the wood was black and cracked in places; the name was "Pietro Valoscia di Paolo, Napolia, Italia." And the box was dated 1749!

Only one-fourth of the immigrants have luggage here. The others can carry all their worldly wealth by hand.

We go back to look up the luckless people weeded out in the sluiceways.

First into the hall marked "Temporarily Detained." A young Italian girl enters just ahead—easy and smiling. She is stopped at a desk by the door, the official reads her ticket, in Italian he asks a few questions, and then he sends the following telegram to her brother in New York:

A TYPICAL SICILIAN LAD.

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THE CROWD HURRYING BY ME, INTO THE GREAT RED BUILDING BEYOND—THE GATEWAY INTO AMERICA.

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"Call Ellis Island; temporarily detained steamer Carpathia.—Marie."

This message is sent hundreds of times a week. For hundreds of young girls arrive alone with no money or just enough to last a few weeks. The danger is obvious. Of late it has been greatly lessened by care on the island; the rule is now not to deliver a girl to any man unless he is her husband, or unless he brings his wife with him. Private societies, employment bureaus, and model boarding-houses have also done good work. But in spite of this the danger remains. In New York recently a careful investigation has shown that each year thousands of immigrant girls, corrupted by so-called "intelligence offices," are finally swallowed up in the vice of the city.

We follow her into the hall. She has just bought a bag of cookies and now sits on a bench comfortably munching. Around her are two or three hundred men, women, and children. They crowd round us eagerly and push their written cases up to be examined, for to them all Americans are officials. The operator has followed us in. He now shows the other telegram forms:

"Detained Ellis Island, steamer E——. Require proof of your ability to support."

"Detained Ellis Island, steamer E——. Require —— dollars, also proof of your ability to support."

"Detained Ellis Island, steamer E——. Require —— dollars for traveling expenses."

Old men and boys and women are held until they have railroad tickets, a little money, and proof that some strong man is ready to support them. "No one liable to become a pauper can be admitted." So reads the law. As a matter of fact, tens of thousands of such people do slip through, as the charity records in big cities show.

This room is hard to leave. Over in one corner five fascinating little Polish girls, in bright colored dresses and clean white embroidered kerchiefs, are making life a dark chaos for the Polish boy who sells cookies. All five keep shoving their written cases in front of his face, clamoring that he read, and delightedly laughing at his blushes. In other corners sit sad people, people tired and old, anxious people, people who have been here three or four days. They have had bunks and good food provided. But suspense increases. For at the end of five days, if no friend comes, they must go before the "Board of Special Inquiry," and from there they may be deported.

Suspense—how it makes eyes shift and glisten. One afternoon not long ago in this same room I felt it deep. That morning in New York a young Jewish friend of mine, a tall, dark boy of sixteen, had come to me greatly excited:

"Please! Come quick! My old father Isaac has just landed from Russia, but I can't get him out, and I'm afraid they'll send him back!" I went with him out to the island and came to this hall.

Poor old Isaac. A tall giant of a man, but old and gray. His long quaint brown coat was mussed and torn. You could see his knees tremble. In his massive, bearded face the deep-set eyes were bewildered and anxious; his steel-rimmed spectacles had slipped to the end of his nose, as he tried vainly to read the ticket pinned to his coat. Every minute he nervously clutched at his big black satchel, which was all the property he had.

When he saw his son, his wrinkled face grew radiant. But he was so upset he could not answer my questions.

"Why is it?" he kept asking in Yiddish. "What wrong thing have I done? Five years I have waited—dreaming of my son and the new home he would make. Many times I grew afraid I would die before this time would come. But Jehovah has been kind and I have lived. I have come to spend my last days in the home of my dreams. And now—why is it? What wrong have I done? It is more than I can bear!"

I went to one of the officials and asked him.

"Physically incapacitated," said the busy inspector. "Look for yourself. Poor old chap, what work can he do? And the boy only makes $5 a week."

We looked at Isaac. Surely he was weak. As he stared at us anxiously, his old knees wabbled in spite of him, his long fingers moved nervously, his great gray beard was bobbing, you could see his lips quiver, and on his high white forehead the sweat-beads stood out.

"Have you had some illness?" I asked him in Yiddish, through his son.

"No! no!" he cried eagerly. "When I eat again, at once I shall be strong—so strong! Look!" And he stretched out his trembling arm. It was thick and muscular. "When I eat again!"

"Eat?" I asked. "Have you eaten nothing to-day?"

"Eight days ago I have eaten," he answered

"Eight days! What do you mean?"

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Old Isaac drew himself up proudly—to his full height:

"In the ship—deep down in the foul part of the ship, they gave us food. I looked. The food was unclean. We old men are not like the young ones, we hold close to the religion of our fathers. And by this religion I knew that such food was forbidden by Jehovah. So I did not eat."

Swiftly all was explained; the old man was released and brought to New York. Then his son's friends prepared a feast that was "clean." And how happy he was that night!

In this same hall an old Austrian mother was kept five days. She had lost the railroad ticket her son had sent her. Again and again they telegraphed to the small town where she said he lived, but no reply came.

"He is so fine, so strong, so rich—my Fritz!" she kept saying. "This fine dress and this bonnet he sent me. To Austria he wrote me every week. Surely—surely he will come!"

She grew worse and worse. She could not sleep at night, and all day she sat by the window watching the Manhattan sky-scrapers. Her face grew haggard and lined with tears. She was so bewildered, she could no longer answer questions. The name of the town was all she could give. There were eighteen towns of this name in various States; but the name of her son's State she had forgotten. All she knew was that Fritz lived in a town "quite near New York." Town after town was telegraphed to. Still no reply. At last it seemed hopeless; and the old lady was about to be deported.

Suddenly came a telegram:

"Hold mother! Am coming!" And four hours later another: "Don't deport my mother. I have plenty to support her. Am coming by fast train. Hold her!"

And late that afternoon a young man sleepless and wild-eyed, arrived—from Kansas! "Quite near New York."

But now at the door a uniformed official appears with a list in his hand, and at once the whole hall is commotion! Old men, women, and children spring up and squeeze eagerly forward.

"Marie Antonia Valezio! Rebecca Wágner! Carl Johnson!" A big German, a smiling young Jewess, and a dark, meek little Italian mother with a boy and a baby—all squeeze through, while the crowd falls back disappointed. We follow the group through the door, through a long passage, and so into "Lovers' Lane." Marie and Carl and Rebecca enter a room enclosed by wire grating.

Behind us the door opens, and in comes a short, burly Italian—an "American" with gray slouch hat tipped back, big checked suit, and bright red tie; swarthy face, flashing eyes, short black mustache, and white teeth gleaming round a grin. The grins broadens! In the grated room the dark little mother jumps forward, pushes her four-year-old boy close to the grating, and holds the baby high over her head; she laughs and laughs—unsteadily, her head moving from side to side. The baby is wrapped tight in a brown shawl embroidered with big red flowers. The wee boy capers and chuckles. The baby howls!

Swiftly the inspector questions the man, then goes to the grating and questions the wife. All corresponds. The gate is opened, she is led out, and the man, still grinning (rather sheepishly, for he sees us watching), comes around and seizes the baby. Then as he bends his head his smile vanishes and his eyes glisten. Slowly he presses his big red lips to its tiny forehead—tighter and tighter. They turn and move slowly away.

Rebecca Wagner is a young girl wrapped in a coarse black shawl. Here comes her "American" sister, dressed in American clothes and hat and gloves. But nothing sheepish here! They come together with a rush, and go off, the "American" laughing, Rebecca crying softly.

"This spot," said the inspector solemnly, with just the ghost of a twinkle in one eye, "holds more kisses to the square inch than any spot on earth. I myself have seen about a hundred thousand, of every shape and sound.

"The other day a young Pole arrived to claim his sweetheart. He saw her, jumped the railing, rushed to the grating—and at once the kissing began! It kept on till I gently suggested from behind that he give me a few minutes of his time.

"'Is she your wife?' I asked.

"'No! But she will be. She is ready! Look—look how ready she is!'

"'Yes, she looks very ready. But the law says you can't take her till you marry her.'

"'All right! I go to New York, I bring a priest quick.'

"'Oh, you don't need that. We have a marriage bureau here that works all day.

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But it's too late this afternoon; so if you want her, come to-morrow morning.'

"'If I want her? Ha, ha! Me sure come! You bet!'"

To "Lovers' Lane" come anxious "American" husbands, fastidious creatures who have been educated in taste by the great American show window. No shawl-wrapped wives for them! Often they bring out complete feminine outfits. An inspector told me one instance:

A huge, solemn-faced Pole had come out for his wife and children. In his big arms before him were piled packages great and small. Suddenly he dropped them all! He had seen his family, his big face was radiant, he called eager messages across the room. Quickly he answered the inspector's questions, and a moment later—husband, wife, and children all rushed together in a joyous, laughing, kissing tangle!

But soon the careful housewife asked about those packages. And when he explained, her rosy face grew stiff with indignation. Wrathfully she pointed to her own clean shawl and her new yellow worsted gown specially made for the entrance to America. Her gestures grew swifter. She showed the two children in the clothes she had worked so hard to make ready.

The big husband expostulated. These things she had made would be splendid, fine, beautiful, *very* splendid—in Poland. But not in New York. He began describing what wonderful things women did with clothes in that city. He waxed enthusiastic, his face glowed, his big blue eyes sparkled!

Darker and darker grew the face of the wife, and her voice rose sharp and angry. Then the husband grew impatient. He turned and talked to the inspector very fast in English. And at his flood of strange words his wife listened and watched in awe, and his children stared at him open-mouthed.

"What are you saying?" she asked, clutching his arm.

"Telling him to take you all back to Poland!" he cried.

The poor woman burst into tears. And when these were over, her face was meek and submissive. Then the woman inspector led them all into another room, to be dressed.

Here a moment the Pole stared down at his wife, and now his massive face was rigid with suspense. Which should he try first—shoes or hat? The next few minutes were too painful to be described. The shoes were tried first for the wife, then for the oldest boy, and at last were squeezed on the feet of the twelve-year-old girl. Now the hat. It had a tall dramatic blue feather. Should the feather point forward or backward? This point was long debated, until at last the exasperated wife clapped on the hat, and then—shawl over hat—and feather crushed forever!

The dressing was still more bewildering and intricate. It was done in the privacy of a remote corner. And when husband and wife came back, the husband carried in one hand that whalebone machine which goes with female civilization. Wrathfully the good woman snatched it and cast it upon the floor. The big husband's face was rueful and subdued—but worried, watching his wife. She certainly did not look stylish.

Last year a short, stout, comfortable Sicilian arrived for his family. He entered the door, looked over at the grated room, saw his wife and four children, and suddenly stopped and stared—his jaw dropping.

"Is not that your family?" asked the inspector.

"Yes," said the man. "De wife—*she* alla right! But—me have only—only *t'ree* child!"

With uneasy forebodings the inspector went over to the grating.

"How is this?" he asked.

"Yes," stammered the wife, in Italian, greatly confused. "Little Annunzio makes four."

The inspector came back to the husband.

"She says you have forgotten little Annunzio."

The stout man jumped, and his black eyes popped out of his head:

"Ah, my little Annunzio!"—he lapsed into his native tongue—"I saw him last when he was just born! But—he died last year. No—no—this is not Annunzio."

The man's face slowly darkened, jealous green lights appeared in his eyes. Back went the inspector.

"He says little Annunzio is dead."

At this little Annunzio put his tiny grimy fists to his eyes and began to howl. The inspector seized him and carried him to his father. Annunzio Senior stared down at his son in amazement.

"Yes," said he, "this looks a little like Annunzio, but it cannot be, for Annunzio is dead."

Redoubled howls from the amazed and affrighted Annunzio. He was carried back to his mother. And now at last, urged by the inspector, she confessed:

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"What could I do? Last year we were so poor and my husband sent so little money. So I just wrote him that little Annunzio was dead and we needed some money to bury him!"

We go up now to a room where one of the "Boards of Special Inquiry" holds session. Here on a raised platform sit three judges, and before them on benches sit a score of immigrants waiting their turn. These are the cases weeded out to be individually examined. This is the last stage before deportation, except the appeal to Washington.

A young Polish mother with a crying baby in her arms comes slowly forward. From another room comes a witness, a light-haired young Pole with square, broad face, high cheek-bones, and honest brown eyes. He speaks in broken English:

"Her husband—he my brudder. He been dis country one year an' he work in a gang on de railroad. Only sometime he come home to Brooklyn. Six week ago he send de ticket to his wife an' baby to come. But t'ree week ago his gang get sent somewhere to Minnesota. An' he can't read an' write no letters, an' I can't find him where he is or how he is."

The wife suddenly turns away—silent, but her shoulders are shaking. The man watches her hard.

"Well," he says slowly at last, "you let her in—an' I promise—I—support her an' de baby—wid my wife. An' I t'ink I find my brudder—in t'ree month maybe."

"How much do you earn?"

"Eight dollar a week."

The woman is admitted.

We go on to the "Deportation Room." Here are some two hundred men and boys. Eighty-nine are Bulgarians; they were "contract laborers" bound for the anthracite mines, but were detected at the European port by an inspector from the American labor unions; he sent warning to Ellis Island, so here they were stopped, examined, and convicted. They will all be sent back at the expense of the steamship company.

But less than one per cent. of all these immigrant masses are deported.

So they come—the men who are to vote. Each year they pour in faster.

"I believe," said Commissioner Watchhorn, "that in a few years more we shall have *two million annually!*"

From behind they are driven by famine, by religious and race persecution. From in front they are drawn by the offers of jobs; by the railroads, the factories, steel works, sweatshops, and mines.

In the old country they have lived in peasant huts. They have had few teachers but village priests. They have been strong and honest and slow; their hopes and ambitions and joys have all been simple. They have been untouched by the wave of unrest that has swept through the cities and towns. They have been the most conservative of all the toilers of Europe.

But now from America the machine is calling.

What will they do? These men who have come from the slow back places of Europe suddenly into the rush of new ideas. These men with wives and children whose wants are so fast increasing. These men who begin to hear and see and think. These men who now swiftly gather into unions and discuss things. These men who are already here by millions. These men who are to vote.

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BEFORE ADAM

By JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The Sea Wolf," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—One might expect daring of Jack London, an author who has been gold-miner, sailor, frontiersman, adventurer; whose writing can no more be trite or commonplace than can the narrative of his own life history. But no fictionist ever dreamed of daring to attempt what Jack London has done here—to plunge into the gray mist that shrouds the beginnings of our race; to paint in vivid colors a picture of that alleged and disputed ancestor of ours; to outline his brutal life, his loves, his hates, his first efforts toward human reasoning power; to do all this with such wonderful vividness that the skeptic is convinced by the plain truth of it. Such a story is "Before Adam"—strange, powerful, often grotesque, yet never revolting, and new. There has been no precedent for it. It carries the reader beyond all soundings into an hitherto unimagined experience. Believe in the Darwinian theory or not, as you will; thrust aside as absurd the author's claim to a superdeveloped racial memory; yet the fascination of the tale will get its grip on you and perforce you will grant our claim—that as a daring feat of imagination it is unsurpassed—that Jack London has achieved the literary sensation of the year.

"These are our ancestors, and their history is our history. Remember that as surely as we one day swung down out of the trees and walked upright, just as surely, on a far earlier day, did we crawl up out of the sea and achieve our first adventure on land."

CHAPTER I

PICTURES! Pictures! Pictures! Often, before I learned, did I wonder whence came the multitudes of pictures that thronged my dreams; for they were pictures the like of which I had never seen in real wake-a-day life. They tormented my childhood, making of my dreams a procession of nightmares and a little later convincing me that I was different from my kind, a creature unnatural and accursed.

In my days only did I attain any measure of happiness. My nights marked the reign of fear—and such fear! I make bold to state that no man of all the men who walk the earth with me ever suffers fear of like kind and degree. For my fear is the fear of long ago, the fear that was rampant in the Younger World, and in the youth of the Younger World; in short, the fear that reigned supreme in that period known as the Mid-Pleistocene.

What do I mean? I see explanation is necessary before I can tell you of the substance of my dreams. Otherwise, little could you know of the meaning of the things I know so well. As I write this, all the beings and happenings of that other world rise up before me in vast phantasmagoria, and I know that to you they would be rimeless and reasonless.

What to you the friendship of Lop-Ear, the warm lure of the Swift One, the lust and the atavism of Red-Eye? A screaming incoherence and no more. And a screaming incoherence, likewise, the doings of the Fire People and the Tree People, and the gibbering councils of the horde. For you know not the peace of the cool caves in the cliffs, the circus of the drinking-places at the end of the day. You have never felt the bite of the morning wind in the tree-tops, nor is the taste of young bark sweet in your mouth.

It would be better, I dare say, for you to make your approach, as I made mine, through my childhood. As a boy I was very like other boys—in my waking hours. It was in my sleep that I was different. As a rule, my dreams were stuffed with fear—and with a fear so strange and alien that it had no ponderable quality. No fear that I experienced in my waking life resembled the fear that

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possessed me in my sleep. It was of a quality and kind that transcended all my experiences.

For instance, I was a city child, to whom the country was an unexplored domain. Yet I never dreamed of cities; nor did a house ever occur in any of my dreams. Nor, for that matter, did any human being ever break through the wall of my sleep. I, who had seen trees only in parks and illustrated books, wandered in my sleep through interminable forests. And further, these dream trees were not a mere blur on my vision. They were sharp and distinct. I was on terms of practised intimacy with them. I saw every branch and twig; I saw and knew every different leaf.

Well do I remember the first time in my waking life that I saw an oak tree. As I looked at the leaves and branches and gnarls, it came to me with distressing vividness that I had seen that same kind of tree many and countless times in my sleep. So I was not surprised, still later on in my life, to recognize instantly, the first time I saw them, trees such as the spruce, the yew, the birch, and the laurel. I had seen them all before, and was seeing them even then, every night, in my sleep.

This, as you have already discerned, violates the first law of dreaming, namely, that in one's dreams one sees only what he has seen in his waking life, or combinations of the things he has seen in his waking life. But all my dreams violated this law. In my dreams I never saw *anything* of which I had knowledge in my waking life. My dream life and my waking life were lives apart, with not one thing in common save myself. I was the connecting link that somehow lived both lives.

Early in my childhood I learned that nuts came from the grocer, berries from the fruit man; but before ever that knowledge was mine, in my dreams I picked nuts from trees, or gathered them and ate them from the ground underneath trees, and in the same way I ate berries from vines and bushes. This was beyond any experience of mine.

I shall never forget the first time I saw blueberries served on the table. I had never seen blueberries before, and yet, at the sight of them, there leaped up in my mind memories of dreams wherein I had wandered through swampy land eating my fill of them. My mother set before me a dish of the berries. I filled my spoon, but before I raised it to my mouth I knew just how they would taste. Nor was I disappointed. It was the same tang that I had tasted a thousand times in my sleep.

Snakes? Long before I had heard of the existence of snakes, I was tormented by them in my sleep. They lurked for me in the forest glades; leaped up, striking, under my feet; squirmed off through the dry grass or across naked patches of rock; or pursued me into the tree-tops, encircling the trunks with their great shining bodies, driving me higher and higher, or farther and farther out on swaying and crackling branches, the ground a dizzy distance beneath me. Snakes!—with their forked tongues, their beady eyes and glittering scales, their hissing and their rattling—did I not already know them far too well on that day of my first circus when I saw the snake-charmer lift them up? They were old friends of mine, enemies rather, that peopled my nights with fear.

When I was five years old I went to my first circus. I came home from it sick—but not from peanuts and pink lemonade. Let me tell you. As we entered the animal-tent, a hoarse roaring shook the air. I tore my hand loose from my father's and dashed wildly back through the entrance. I collided with people, fell down; and all the time I was screaming with terror. My father caught me and soothed me. He pointed to the crowd of people, all careless of the roaring, and cheered me with assurances of safety.

Nevertheless, it was in fear and trembling, and with much encouragement on his part, that I at last approached the lion's cage. Ah, I knew him on the instant. The beast! The terrible one! And on my inner vision flashed the memories of my dreams—the midday sun shining on tall grass, the wild bull grazing quietly, the sudden parting of the grass before the swift rush of the tawny one, his leap to the bull's back, the crashing and the bellowing, and the crunch crunch of bones; or again, the cool quiet of the water-hole, the wild horse up to his knees and drinking softly, and then the tawny one—always the tawny one!—the leap, the screaming and the splashing of the horse, and the crunch crunch of bones; and yet again, the somber twilight and the sad silence of the end of day, and then the great full-throated roar, sudden, like a trump of doom, and swift upon it the insane shrieking and chattering among the trees, and I, too, am trembling with fear and am one of the many shrieking and chattering.

At the sight of him, helpless, within the bars of his cage, I became enraged. I grit-

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ted my teeth at him, danced up and down, screaming an incoherent mockery and making antic faces. He responded, rushing against the bars and roaring back at me his impotent wrath. Ah, he knew me, too, and the sounds I made were the sounds of old time and intelligible to him.

My parents were frightened. "The child is ill," said my mother. "He is hysterical," said my father. I never told them, and they never knew. Already had I developed reticence concerning this duality of mine, this semi-disassociation of personality, as I think I am justified in calling it.

I saw the snake-charmer, and no more of the circus did I see that night. I was taken home, nervous and overwrought, sick with the invasion of my real life by that other life of my dreams.

I have mentioned my reticence. Only once did I confide the strangeness of it all to another. He was a boy—my chum; and we were eight years old. From my dreams I reconstructed for him pictures of that vanished world in which I do believe I once lived. I told him of the terrors of that early time, of Lop-Ear and the pranks we played, of the gibbering councils, and of the Fire People and their squatting-places.

He laughed at me, and jeered, and told me tales of ghosts and of the dead that walk at night. But mostly did he laugh at my feeble fancy. I told him more, and he laughed the harder. I swore in all earnestness that these things were so, and he began to look upon me queerly. Also, he gave amazing garblings of my tales to our playmates, until all began to look upon me queerly.

It was a bitter experience, but I learned my lesson. I was different from my kind. I was abnormal with something they could not understand, the telling of which would cause only misunderstanding. When the stories of ghosts and goblins went around, I kept quiet. I smiled grimly to myself. I thought of my nights of fear, and knew that mine were the real things—real as life itself, not attenuated vapors and surmised shadows.

CHAPTER II

I HAVE said that in my dreams I never saw a human being. Of this fact I became aware very early, and felt poignantly the lack of my own kind. As a very little child, even, I had a feeling, in the midst of the horror of my dreaming, that if I could find but one man, only one human being, I should be saved from my dreaming, I should be surrounded no more by haunting terrors. This thought obsessed me every night of my life for years—if only I could find that one man and be saved!

I must iterate that I had this thought in the midst of my dreaming, and I take it as an evidence of the merging of my two personalities, as evidence of a point of contact between the two disassociated parts of me. My dream personality lived in the long ago, before ever man, as we know him, came to be; and my other and wake-a-day personality projected itself, to the extent of the knowledge of man's existence, into the substance of my dreams.

Perhaps the psychologists of the book will find fault with my way of using the phrase "disassociation of personality." I know their use of it, yet am compelled to use it in my own way in default of a better phrase. I take shelter behind the inadequacy of the English language. And now to the explanation of my use, or misuse, of the phrase.

It was not till I was a young man, at college, that I got any clue to the significance of my dreams, and to the cause of them. Up to that time they had been meaningless and without apparent causation. But at college I came upon evolution and psychology, and learned the explanation of various strange mental states and experiences. For instance, there was the falling-through-space dream—the commonest dream experience, one practically known, by first-hand experience, to all men.

This, my professor told me, was a racial memory. It dated back to our remote ancestors who lived in trees. With them, being tree-dwellers, the liability of falling was an ever-present menace. Many lost their lives that way; all of them experienced terrible falls, saving themselves by clutching branches as they fell toward the ground.

Now a terrible fall, averted in such fashion, was productive of shock. Such shock was productive of molecular changes in the cerebral cells. These molecular changes were transmitted to the cerebral cells of progeny, became, in short, racial memories. Thus, when you and I, asleep or dozing off to sleep, fall through space and awake to sickening consciousness just before we strike, we are merely remembering what happened to our

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arboreal ancestors, and what has been stamped by cerebral changes into the hereditary constitution of the race.

There is nothing strange in this, any more than there is anything strange in an instinct. An instinct is merely a habit that is stamped into the stuff of our heredity, that is all. It will be noted, in passing, that in this falling dream which is so familiar to you and me and all of us, we never strike bottom. To dream that would be destruction. Those of our arboreal ancestors who struck bottom died forthwith. True, the shock of their fall was communicated to the cerebral cells, but they died immediately, before they could have progeny. You and I are descended from those who did not strike bottom; that is why we never strike bottom in our dreams.

We never have this sense of falling when we are wide awake. Our wake-a-day personality has no experience of it. Then—and here the argument is irresistible—it must be another and distinct personality that falls when we are asleep, and that has had experience of such falling—that has, in short, a memory of past-day race experiences just as our wake-a-day personality has a memory of our wake-a-day experiences.

It was at this stage in my reasoning that I began to see the light. And quickly it burst upon me with dazzling brightness, illuminating and explaining all that had been weird and uncanny and unnaturally impossible in my dream experiences. In my sleep it was not my wake-a-day personality that took charge of me; it was another and distinct personality, possessing a totally different fund of experiences, and, to the point of my dreaming, possessing memories of those totally different experiences.

What was this personality? When had it itself lived a wake-a-day life on this planet in order to collect this fund of strange experiences? These were questions that my dreams themselves answered. He lived in the long ago, when the world was young, in that period which we call the Mid-Pleistocene. He fell from the trees, but did not strike bottom. He gibbered with fear at the roaring of the lions. He was pursued by beasts of prey, struck at by deadly snakes. He chattered with his kind in council, and he received rough usage at the hands of the Fire People in the day that he fled before them. This other-self of mine is an ancestor, a progenitor of my progenitors in the early line of my race, himself the progeny of a line that long before his time developed fingers and toes and climbed up into the trees.

But, I hear you objecting, why is it that these racial memories are not ours as well, seeing that we have a vague other-personality that falls through space while we sleep?

And I may answer with another question: Why is a two-headed calf? And my own answer to this is that it is a freak. And so I answer your question. I have this other-personality and these complete racial memories because I am a freak.

But let me be more explicit. The commonest race memory we have is the falling-through-space dream. This other-personality is very vague. About the only memory it has is that of falling. But many of us have sharper, more distinct other-personalities. Many of us have the flying dream, the pursuing monster dream, color dreams, suffocation dreams, and the reptile and vermin dreams. In short, while this other-personality is vestigial in all of us, in some of us it is almost obliterated, while in others of us it is more pronounced.

In myself, the degree of possession of the other-personality is enormous. My other-personality is almost equal in power to my own. And in this matter I am, as I said, a freak—a freak of heredity.

And now, before I take up my tale, I want to anticipate the doubting Thomases of psychology, who are prone to scoff, and who would otherwise surely say that the coherence of my dreams is due to overstudy and the subconscious projection of my knowledge of evolution into my dreams. In the first place, I have never been a zealous student. I graduated last of my class. I cared more for athletics, and—there is no reason why I should not confess it—more for billiards.

Further, I had no knowledge of evolution until I was at college, whereas in my childhood and youth I had already lived in my dreams all the details of that other, long-ago life. I will say, however, that these details were mixed and incoherent until I came to know the science of evolution. Evolution was the key. It gave the explanation, gave sanity to the pranks of this atavistic brain of mine that, modern and normal, harked back to a past so remote as to be contemporaneous with the raw beginnings of mankind.

For in this past I know of, man, as we today know him, did not exist. It was in the period of his becoming that I must have lived and had my being.

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CHAPTER III

THE commonest dream of my early childhood was something like this: It seemed that I was very small and that I lay curled up in a sort of nest of twigs and boughs. Sometimes I was lying on my back. In this position it seemed that I spent many hours, watching the play of sunlight on the foliage overhead and the stirring of the leaves by the wind. Often the nest itself moved back and forth when the wind was strong.

But always, while so lying in the nest, I was mastered by a feeling as of tremendous space beneath me. I never saw it, I never peered over the edge of the nest to see; but I *knew* and feared the space that lurked just beneath me and that ever threatened me like a maw of some all-devouring monster.

This dream, in which I was quiescent and which was more like a condition than an experience of action, I dreamed very often in my early childhood. But suddenly there would rush into the very midst of it strange forms and ferocious happenings, the thunder and crashing of storm, or unfamiliar landscapes such as in my wake-a-day life I had never seen. The result was confusion and nightmare. I could comprehend nothing of it. There was no logic of sequence.

You see, I did not dream consecutively. One moment I was a wee babe of the Younger World lying in my tree nest; the next moment I was a grown man of the Younger World locked in combat with the hideous Red-Eye; and the next moment I was creeping carefully down to the water-hole in the heat of the day. Events, years apart in their occurrence in the Younger World, occurred with me within the space of several minutes, or seconds.

It was all a jumble, but this jumble I shall not inflict upon you. It was not until I was a young man and had dreamed many thousands of times, that everything straightened out and became clear and plain. Then it was that I got the clue of time, and was able to piece together events and actions in their proper order. Thus was I able to reconstruct the vanished Younger World as it was at the time I lived in it—or at the time my other-self lived in it. The distinction does not matter; for I, too, the modern man, have gone back and lived that early life in the company of my other-self.

For your convenience, since this is to be no sociological screed, I shall frame together the different events into a comprehensive story. For there is a certain thread of continuity and happening that runs through all the dreams. There is my friendship with Lop-Ear, for instance. Also, there are the enmity of Red-Eye and the love of the Swift One. Taking it all in all, a fairly coherent and interesting story, I am sure you will agree.

I do not remember much of my mother. Possibly the earliest recollection I have of her—and certainly the sharpest—is the following: It seemed I was lying on the ground. I was somewhat older than during the nest days, but still helpless. I rolled about in the dry leaves, playing with them and making crooning, rasping noises in my throat. The sun shone warmly, and I was happy and comfortable. I was in a little open space. Around me, on all sides, were bushes and fern-like growths, and overhead and all about were the trunks and branches of forest trees.

Suddenly I heard a sound. I sat upright and listened. I made no movement. The little noises died down in my throat, and I sat as one petrified. The sound came closer. It was like the grunt of a pig. Then I began to hear the noises caused by the moving of a body through the brush. Next I saw the ferns agitated by the passage of a body. Then the ferns parted, and I saw gleaming eyes, a long snout, and white tusks.

It was a wild boar. He peered at me curiously. He grunted once or twice and shifted his weight from one fore leg to the other, at the same time moving his head from side to side and swaying the ferns. Still I sat as one petrified, my eyes unblinking as I stared at him, fear eating at my heart.

It seemed that this movelessness and silence on my part was what was expected of me. I was not to cry out in the face of fear. It was a dictate of instinct. And so I sat there and waited for I knew not what. The boar thrust the ferns aside and stepped into the open. The curiosity went out of his eyes, and they gleamed cruelly. He tossed his head at me threateningly and advanced a step. This he did again, and yet again.

Then I screamed . . . or shrieked—I cannot describe it, but it was a shrill and terrible cry. And it seems that it, too, at this stage of the proceedings, was the thing expected of me. From not far away came an answering cry. My sounds seemed momentarily to disconcert the boar, and while he halted and shifted his weight with indecision, an apparition burst upon us.

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She was like a large orang-utan, my mother, or like a chimpanzee, and yet, in sharp and definite ways, quite different. She was heavier of build than they, and had less hair. Her arms were not so long, and her legs were stouter. She wore no clothes—only her natural hair. And I can tell you she was a fury when she was excited.

And like a fury she dashed upon the scene. She was gritting her teeth, making frightful grimaces, snarling, uttering sharp and continuous cries that sounded like "Kh-ah! kh-ah!" So sudden and formidable was her appearance that the boar involuntarily bunched himself together on the defensive and bristled as she swerved toward him. Then she swerved toward me. She had quite taken the breath out of him. I knew just what to do in that moment of time she had gained. I leaped to meet her, catching her about the waist, and holding on hand and foot—yes, by my feet; I could hold on by them as readily as by my hands. I could feel in my tense grip the pull of the hair as her skin and her muscles moved beneath with her efforts.

As I say, I leaped to meet her, and on the instant she leaped straight up into the air, catching an overhanging branch with her hands. The next instant, with clashing tusks, the boar drove past underneath. He had recovered from his surprise and sprung forward, emitting a squeal that was almost a trumpeting. At any rate it was a call, for it was followed by the rushing of bodies through the ferns and brush from all directions.

From every side wild hogs dashed into the open space—a score of them. But my mother swung over the top of a thick limb, a dozen feet from the ground, and I still holding on to her, we perched there in safety. She was very excited. She chattered and screamed, and scolded down at the bristling, tooth-gnashing circle that had gathered beneath. I, too, trembling, peered down at the angry beasts and did my best to imitate my mother's cries.

From the distance came similar cries, only pitched deeper, into a sort of roaring bass. These grew momentarily louder, and soon I saw him approaching, my father—at least, by all the evidence of the times, I am driven to conclude that he was my father.

He was not an extremely prepossessing father, as fathers go. He seemed half man and half ape, and yet not ape, and not yet man. I fail to describe him. There is nothing like him to-day on the earth, under the earth, nor in the earth. He was a large man in his day, and he must have weighed all of a hundred and thirty pounds. His face was broad and flat, and the eyebrows overhung the eyes. The eyes themselves were small, deep-set, and close together. He had practically no nose at all. It was squat and broad, apparently without any bridge, while the nostrils were like two holes in the face, opening outward instead of down.

The forehead slanted back from the eyes, and the hair began right at the eyes and ran up over the head. The head itself was preposterously small and was supported on an equally preposterous, thick, short neck.

There was an elemental economy about his body—as there was about all our bodies. The chest was deep, it is true, cavernously deep; but there were no full-swelling muscles, no wide-spreading shoulders, no clean-limbed straightness, no generous symmetry of outline. It represented strength, that body of my father's, strength without beauty; ferocious, primordial strength, made to clutch and gripe and rend and destroy.

His hips were thin; and the legs, lean and hairy, were crooked and stringy-muscled. In fact, they were more like arms than legs. They were twisted and gnarly, and with scarcely the semblance of the full, meaty calf such as graces your leg and mine. I remember that he could not walk on the flat of his foot. This was because it was prehensile, more like a hand than a foot. The great toe, instead of being in line with the other toes, opposed them like a thumb, and this was what enabled him to get a grip.

But his appearance was no more unusual than the manner of his coming there to my mother and me as we perched above the angry wild pigs. He came through the trees, leaping from limb to limb and from tree to tree; and he came swiftly. I can see him now, in my wake-a-day life, as I write this, swinging along through the trees, a four-handed, hairy creature, howling with rage, pausing now and again to beat his chest with his clenched fist, leaping ten- and fifteen-foot gaps, catching a branch with one hand and swinging on across another gap to catch with his other hand and go on, never hesitating, never at a loss as to how to proceed on his arboreal way.

And as I watched him I felt in my own being, in my very muscles themselves, the surge and thrill of desire to go leaping from bough to bough; and I felt also the guarantee

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of the latent power in that being and in those muscles of mine. And why not? Little boys watch their fathers swing axes and fell trees, and feel in themselves that some day they, too, will swing axes and fell trees. And so with me. The life that was in me was constituted to do what my father did, and it whispered to me secretly and ambitiously of aerial paths and forest flights.

At last my father joined us. He was extremely angry. I remember the outthrust of his protruding underlip as he glared down at the wild pigs. He snarled somewhat like a dog, and I remember that his eye-teeth were large, like fangs, and that they impressed me tremendously.

His conduct served only the more to infuriate the pigs. He broke off twigs and small branches and flung them down upon our enemies. He even hung by one hand, tantalizingly just beyond reach, and mocked them as they gnashed their tusks with impotent rage. Not content with this, he broke off a stout branch, and, holding on with one hand and one foot, jabbed the infuriated beasts in the sides and whacked them across their noses. Needless to state, my mother and I enjoyed the sport.

But one tires of all good things, and in the end, my father, chuckling maliciously the while, led the way across the trees. Now it was that my ambitions ebbed away, and I became timid, holding tightly to my mother as she climbed and swung through the forest. I remember when the branch broke with her weight. She had made a wild leap, and with the snap of the wood I was overwhelmed with a sickening consciousness of falling through space, the pair of us. The forest and the sunshine on the rustling leaves vanished from my eyes. I had a fading glimpse of my father abruptly arresting his progress to look, and then all was blackness.

The next moment I was awake, in my sheeted bed, sweating, trembling, nauseated. The window was up, and a cool air was blowing through the room. The night-lamp was burning calmly. And because of this I take it that the wild pigs did not get us, that we never fetched bottom; else my other-self would not be here now, a thousand centuries after, to remember the event.

CHAPTER IV

THERE is one puzzling thing about these prehistoric memories of mine. It is the vagueness of the time element. I do not always know the order of events; nor can I tell, between some events, whether one, two, or four or five years have elapsed. I can only roughly tell the passage of time by judging the changes in the appearance and pursuits of my fellows.

Also, I can apply the logic of events to the various happenings. For instance, there is no doubt whatever that my mother and I were treed by the wild pigs and fled and fell in the days before I made the acquaintance of Lop-Ear, who became what I may call my boyhood chum. And it is just as certain that between these two periods I must have left my mother.

I have no other memory of my father than the one I have given. Never, in the years that followed, did he reappear. And from my knowledge of the times, the only explanation possible is that he perished shortly after the adventure with the wild pigs. That it must have been an untimely end, there is no doubt. He was in full vigor, and only sudden and violent death could have taken him off. But I know not the manner of his going—whether he was drowned in the river, or was swallowed by a snake, or went into the stomach of old Saber Tooth, the tiger, is beyond my knowledge.

For know that I remember only the things I saw myself, with my own eyes, in those prehistoric days. If my mother knew my father's end, she never told me. For that matter I doubt if she had a vocabulary adequate to convey such information. Perhaps, all told, the Folk in that day had a vocabulary of thirty or forty sounds.

I call them *sounds*, rather than *words*, because sounds they were primarily. They had no fixed values, to be altered by adjectives and adverbs. These latter were tools of speech not yet invented. Instead of qualifying nouns or verbs by the use of adjectives and adverbs, we qualified sounds by intonation, by changes in quantity and pitch, by retarding and by accelerating. The length of time employed in the utterance of a particular sound shaded its meaning.

We had no conjugation. One judged the tense by the context. We talked only concrete things because we thought only concrete things. Also, we depended largely on pantomime. The simplest abstraction was practically beyond our thinking; and when one did happen to think an abstraction, he was hard put to communicate it to his fellows. There

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were no sounds for it. He was pressing beyond the limits of his vocabulary. If he invented sounds for it, his fellows did not understand the sounds. Then it was that he fell back on pantomime, illustrating the thought wherever possible and at the same time repeating the new sound over and over again.

Thus language grew. By the few sounds we possessed we were enabled to think a short distance beyond those sounds; then came the need for new sounds wherewith to express the new thought. Sometimes, however, we thought too long a distance in advance of our sounds, and managed to achieve abstractions (dim ones, I grant), which we failed utterly to make known to other folk. After all, language did not grow fast in that day.

Oh, believe me, we were amazingly simple. But we could do a lot that is not done to-day. We could twitch our ears, prick them up and flatten them down at will. And we could scratch between our shoulders with ease. We could throw stones with our feet. I have done it many a time. And, for that matter, I could keep my knees straight, bend forward from the hips, and touch, not the tips of my fingers, but the points of my elbows, to the ground. And as for bird-nesting—well, I only wish the twentieth-century boy could see us. But we made no collections of eggs. We ate them.

I remember—but I outrun my story. First let me tell of Lop-Ear and our friendship. Very early in my life, I separated from my mother. Possibly this was because, after the death of my father, she took to herself a second husband. I have few recollections of him, and they are not of the best. He was a light fellow. There was no solidity to him. He was too voluble. His infernal chattering worries me even now as I think of it. His mind was too inconsequential to permit him to possess purpose. Monkeys in their cages always remind me of him. He was monkey-ish. That is the best description I can give of him.

He hated me from the first. And I quickly learned to be afraid of him and his malicious pranks. Whenever he came in sight I crept close to my mother and clung to her. But I was growing older all the time, and it was inevitable that I should from time to time stray from her, and stray farther and farther. And these were the opportunities that the Chatterer waited for. (I may as well explain that we bore no names in those days. For the sake of convenience I have myself given names to the various Folk I was more closely in contact with, and the "Chatterer" is the most fitting description I can find for that precious step-father of mine. As for me, I have named myself "Big-Tooth." My eye-teeth were pronouncedly large.)

But to return to the Chatterer. He persistently terrorized me. He was always pinching me and cuffing me, and on occasion he was not above biting me. Often my mother interfered, and the way she made his fur fly was a joy to see. But the result of all this was a beautiful and unending family quarrel, in which I was the bone of contention.

No, my home life was not happy. I smile to myself as I write the phrase. Home life! Home! I had no home in the modern sense of the term. My home was an association, not a habitation. I lived in my mother's care, not in a house. And my mother lived anywhere, so long as when night came she was above the ground.

My mother was old-fashioned. She still clung to her trees. It is true, the more progressive members of our horde lived in the caves above the river. But my mother was suspicious and unprogressive. The trees were good enough for her. Of course, we had one particular tree in which we usually roosted, though we often roosted in other trees when nightfall caught us. In a convenient fork was a sort of rude platform of twigs and branches and vines. It was more like a huge bird-nest than anything else, though it was a thousand times cruder in the weaving than any bird-nest. But it had one feature that I have never seen attached to any bird-nest, namely, a roof.

Oh, not a roof such as modern man makes! Nor a roof such as is made by the lowest aborigines of to-day. It was infinitely more clumsy than the clumsiest handiwork of man—of man as we know him. It was put together in a casual, helter-skelter sort of way. Above the fork of the tree whereon we rested was a pile of dead branches and brush. Four or five adjacent forks held what I may term the various ridge-poles. These were merely stout sticks an inch or so in diameter. On them rested the brush and branches which seemed to have been tossed on almost aimlessly. There was no attempt at thatching. And I must confess that the roof leaked miserably in a heavy rain.

But the Chatterer. He made home life a burden for both my mother and me—and by home life I mean, not the leaky nest in the

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tree, but the group-life of the three of us. He was most malicious in his persecution of me. That was the one purpose to which he held steadfastly for longer than five minutes. Also, as time went by, my mother was less eager in her defense of me. I think, what of the continuous rows raised by the Chatterer, that I must have become a nuisance to her. At any rate, the situation went from bad to worse so rapidly that I should soon, of my own volition, have left home. But the satisfaction of performing so independent an act was denied me. Before I was ready to go, I was thrown out. And I mean this literally.

The opportunity came to the Chatterer one day when I was alone in the nest. My mother and the Chatterer had gone away together toward the blueberry swamp. He must have planned the whole thing, for I heard him returning alone through the forest, roaring with self-induced rage as he came. Like all the men of our horde, when they were angry, or were trying to make themselves angry, he stopped now and again to hammer on his chest with his fist.

I realized the helplessness of my situation, and crouched trembling in the nest. The Chatterer came directly to the tree—I remember it was an oak-tree—and began to climb up. And he never ceased for a moment from his infernal row. As I have said, our language was extremely meager, and he must have strained it by the variety of ways in which he informed me of his undying hatred of me and of his intention there and then to have it out with me.

As he climbed to the fork, I fled out the great horizontal limb. He followed me, and out I went, farther and farther. At last I was out among the small twigs and leaves. The Chatterer was ever a coward, and greater always than any anger he worked up was his caution. He was afraid to follow me out among the leaves and twigs. For that matter, his greater weight would have crashed him through the foliage before he could have got to me.

But it was not necessary for him to reach me, and well he knew it, the scoundrel! With a malevolent expression on his face, his beady eyes gleaming with cruel intelligence, he began teetering. Teetering!—and with me out on the very edge of the bough, clutching at the twigs that broke continually with my weight. Twenty feet beneath me was the earth.

Wildly and more wildly he teetered, grinning at me his gloating hatred. Then came the end. All four holds broke at the same time, and I fell, back downward, looking up at him, my hands and feet still clutching the broken twigs. Luckily, there were no wild pigs under me, and my fall was broken by the tough and springy bushes.

Usually, my falls destroy my dreams, the nervous shock being sufficient to bridge the thousand centuries in an instant and hurl me wide awake into my bed, where, perchance, I lie sweating and trembling and hear the cuckoo clock calling the hour in the hall. But this dream of my leaving home I have had many times, and never yet have I been awakened by it. Always do I crash, shrieking, down through the brush and fetch up with a bump on the ground.

Scratched and bruised and whimpering, I lay where I had fallen. Peering up through the bushes, I could see the Chatterer. He had set up a demoniacal chant of joy and was keeping time to it with his teetering. I quickly hushed my whimpering. I was no longer in the safety of the trees, and I knew the danger I ran of bringing upon myself the hunting animals by too audible an expression of my grief.

I remember, as my sobs died down, that I became interested in watching the strange light-effects produced by partially opening and closing my tear-wet eyelids. Then I began to investigate, and found that I was not so very badly damaged by my fall. I had lost some hair and hide, here and there; the sharp and jagged end of a broken branch had thrust fully an inch into my forearm; and my right hip, which had borne the brunt of my contact with the ground, was aching intolerably. But these, after all, were only petty hurts. No bones were broken, and in those days the flesh of man had finer healing qualities than it has to-day. Yet it was a severe fall, for I limped with my injured hip for fully a week afterward.

Next, as I lay in the bushes, there came upon me a feeling of desolation, a consciousness that I was homeless. I made up my mind never to return to my mother and the Chatterer. I would go far away through the terrible forest, and find some tree for myself in which to roost. As for food, I knew where to find it. For the last year at least I had not been beholden to my mother for food. All she had furnished me was protection and guidance.

I crawled softly out through the bushes. Once I looked back and saw the Chatterer still chanting and teetering. It was not a pleasant

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sight. I knew pretty well how to be cautious, and I was exceedingly careful on this my first journey in the world.

I gave no thought as to where I was going. I had but one purpose, and that was to go away beyond the reach of the Chatterer. I climbed into the trees and wandered on among them for hours, passing from tree to tree and never touching the ground. But I did not go in any particular direction, nor did I travel steadily. It was my nature, as it was the nature of all my folk, to be inconsequential. Besides, I was a mere child, and I stopped a great deal to play by the way.

The events that befell me on my leaving home are very vague in my mind. My dreams do not cover them. Much has my other-self forgotten, and particularly of this very period. Nor have I been able to frame up the various dreams so as to bridge the gap between my leaving the home-tree and my arrival at the caves.

I remember that several times I came to open spaces. These I crossed in great trepidation, descending to the ground and running at the top of my speed. I remember that there were days of rain and days of sunshine, so that I must have wandered alone for quite a time. I especially dream of my misery in the rain, and of my sufferings from hunger and how I appeased it. One very strong impression is of hunting little lizards on the rocky top of an open knoll. They ran under the rocks, and most of them escaped; but occasionally I turned over a stone and caught one. I was frightened away from this knoll by snakes. They did not pursue me. They were merely basking on flat rocks in the sun. But such was my inherited fear of them that I fled as fast as if they had been after me.

Then I gnawed bitter bark from young trees. I remember vaguely eating many green nuts, with soft shells and milky kernels. And I remember most distinctly suffering from a stomach-ache. It may have been caused by the green nuts, and maybe by the lizards. I do not know. But I do know that I was fortunate in not being devoured during the several hours I was knotted up on the ground with the colic.

CHAPTER V

My vision of the scene came abruptly, as I emerged from the forest. I found myself on the edge of a large, clear space. On one side of this space rose high bluffs. On the other side was the river. The earth bank ran steeply down to the water, but here and there, in several places, where at some time slides of earth had occurred, there were runways. These were the drinking-places of the Folk that lived in the caves.

And this was the main abiding-place of the Folk that I had chanced upon. This was, I may say, by stretching the word, the village. My mother and the Chatterer and I, and a few other simple bodies, were what might be termed suburban residents. We were part of the horde, though we lived a distance away from it. It was only a short distance, though it had taken me, what of my wandering, all of a week to arrive. Had I come directly, I could have covered the trip in an hour.

From the edge of the forest I saw the caves in the bluff, the open space, and the runways to the drinking-places. And in the open space I saw many of the Folk. I had been straying, alone and a child, for a week. During that time I had seen not one of my kind. I had lived in terror and desolation. And now, at the sight of my kind, I was overcome with gladness, and ran wildly toward them.

Then it was that a strange thing happened. Some one of the Folk saw me and uttered a warning cry. On the instant, crying out with fear and panic, the Folk fled away. Leaping and scrambling over the rocks, they plunged into the mouths of the caves and disappeared . . . all but one, a little baby, that had been dropped in the excitement close to the base of the bluff. He was wailing dolefully. His mother dashed out; he sprang to meet her and held on tightly as she scrambled back into the cave.

I was all alone. The populous open space had of a sudden become deserted. I sat down forlornly and whimpered. I could not understand. Why had the Folk run away from me? In later time, when I came to know their ways, I was to learn. When they saw me dashing out of the forest at top speed they had concluded that I was being pursued by some hunting animal. By my unceremonious approach I had stampeded them.

As I sat and watched the cave-mouths I became aware that the Folk were watching me. Soon they were thrusting their heads out. A little later they were calling back and forth to one another. In the hurry and confusion it had happened that all had not gained their own caves. Some of the young ones had sought refuge in other caves. The mothers

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did not call for them by name, because, as I said, names were an invention we had not yet made. They merely uttered querulous, anxious cries, which were recognized by the young ones. Thus, had my mother been there calling to me, I should have recognized her voice among the voices of a thousand mothers, and in the same way would she have recognized mine among a thousand.

This calling back and forth continued for some time, but the Folk were too cautious to come out of their caves and descend to the ground. Finally one did come. He was destined to play a large part in my life, and for that matter he already played a large part in the lives of all the members of the horde. He it was whom I shall call Red-Eye in the pages of this history—so called because of his inflamed eyes, the lids being always red, and, by the peculiar effect they produced, seeming to advertise the terrible savagery of him. The color of his soul was red.

He was a monster in all ways. Physically he was a giant. He must have weighed a hundred and seventy pounds. He was the largest one of our kind I ever saw. Nor did I ever see one of the Fire People so large as he, nor one of the Tree People. Sometimes, when in the newspapers I happen upon descriptions of our modern bruisers and prize-fighters, I wonder what chance the best of them would have had against him.

I am afraid not much of a chance. With one grip of his iron fingers and a pull, he could have plucked a muscle, say a biceps, by the roots, clear out of their bodies. A back-handed, loose blow of his fist would have smashed their skulls like egg-shells. With a sweep of his wicked feet (or hind-hands) he could have disemboweled them. A twist would have broken their necks, and I know that with a single crunch of his jaws he could have pierced, at the same moment, the great vein of the throat in front and the spinal marrow at the back.

He could spring twenty feet horizontally from a sitting position. He was abominably hairy. It was a matter of pride with us to be not very hairy. But he was covered with hair all over, on the inside of the arms as well as on the outside, and even the ears. The only places on him where the hair did not grow were the soles of his hands and feet and beneath his eyes. He was frightfully ugly, his ferocious, grinning mouth and huge, down-hanging underlip being but in harmony with his terrible eyes.

This was Red-Eye. And right gingerly he crept out of his cave and descended to the ground. Ignoring me, he proceeded to reconnoiter. He bent forward from the hips as he walked; and so far forward did he bend, and so long were his arms, that with every step he touched the knuckles of his hands to the ground on either side of him. He was awkward in the semi-erect position of walking that he assumed, and he really touched his knuckles to the ground in order to balance himself. But, oh, I tell you he could run on all fours! Now this was something at which we were particularly awkward. Furthermore, it was a rare individual among us who balanced himself with his knuckles when walking. Such an individual was an atavism, and Red-Eye was an even greater atavism.

That is what he was—an atavism. We were in the process of changing our tree-life to life on the ground. For many generations we had been going through this change, and our bodies and carriage had likewise changed. But Red-Eye had reverted to the more primitive tree-dwelling type. Perforce, because he was born in our horde he stayed with us; but in actuality he was an atavism and his place was elsewhere.

Very circumspect and very alert, he moved here and there about the open place, peering through the vistas among the trees and trying to catch a glimpse of the hunting animal that all suspected had pursued me. And while he did this, taking no notice of me, the Folk crowded at the cave-mouths and watched.

"Before Adam" will be continued in the November number.

There is rather an important Publishers' Announcement on page 575—at least important to us—which you may care to read.

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The Thief-Takers of Paris

By VANCE THOMPSON

READERS who pant breathlessly after Sherlock Holmes and his like should give thanks to Edgar Allan Poe; when he invented Dupin in the "Murder in the Rue Morgue," he created once for all the type of the detective in fiction. In all the years it has not changed very much. Sherlock Holmes still sits in his dark, superheated chamber; he is drugged with tobacco and opium; he maintains the "profound silence" that distinguished Poe's cold analyst; indeed, one may be sure that the type will live for another eighty years. On the heels of this thought comes a question: Is the detective of real life anything like his fellow in fiction? That were worth knowing. And reflection would lead to the conclusion that the knowledge were best acquired in France, or, at all events, in a Latin organization of society, where always the crime-hunter has chased the criminal fairly, fiercely, and according to long-established rules of the chase. Something of this sort I said one afternoon to Monsieur Goron. He is a brisk and rosy old gentleman, who lives in a luxurious house just off the Champs Elysée. For many years he was head of the Secret Police of Paris; in the history of criminal affairs he will always rank as one of the world's great detectives. Men will say: Vidocq and Goron—as they speak of Cæsar and Napoleon. We were sitting in his library; it is a large room; on the walls are many mementos of crime: pictures of notorious criminals, knives and revolvers that have taken human life in famous crimes, handcuffs and chains, the keys of old prison cells, the doors of Mazas; withal a collection of instruments of torture used by the police in barbarous lands—Chinese stocks, a Spanish thumb-screw, a New York night-stick.

"I dare say I have read nearly all the detective stories, those of Poe and Gaboriau and 'Sir Doyle's' clever tales," M. Goron answered me. "Like every one else I love to follow the twists and turns that lead to the end of these apparently inexplicable problems. It is a good intellectual sport—like playing chess. But do not imagine for a moment," and M. Goron was emphatic, "that it has anything at all to do with practical police work. Nothing at all. It is not by such subtle, opium-bred guesswork and fine-drawn deduction that criminals are detected."

M. Goron's theory is that in thief-taking, as in everything else, system is of prime importance; and after that the most effective auxiliary of the detective is Chance. Almost always it is by a lucky hazard that the shrewd criminal is brought down. For instance, the taking of Magne; it was tragically absurd—for the farce ended in the basket of wet sawdust under the guillotine.

He was the most accomplished rogue of his day in Paris. His education, in prison and out, had set an extremely fine edge upon him. He was quick-witted and audacious. And then there was a kind of artistic perfection in his way of committing crime. The mere stealing was only part of the wicked comedy he lived by. Thus, one night, he broke into the house of a jeweler in the rue de Thorigny and secured loot of diamonds and gold. Undetected he slipped out, leaving the door so he could open it again from without. When he had hid his plunder in a safe place he strolled about the streets until he found a poor devil of a vagabond, drowsing on a bench. He took the outcast into the warmth of a wine shop and steeped him in drink. Then gently he led him to the rue de Thorigny and put him to bed—with watches and rings in his pockets—on the floor of the jeweler's shop. That was good in its way, but he put the finishing touch to the crime by notifying the police and watching, from across the street, the arrest of the drunken "burglar." By reason of exploits of this kind—and very many of them—the detectives of the *Sûreté* hunted Monsieur Magne through the high and low ways of Paris; and did not find him. While they were looking for him in the Quarter of the Madeleine, they would hear of him out by the Gare du Nord. And indeed this robbery was his

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last and greatest crime, for in order to get the jeweler's keys he killed a clerk who slept in the office. Within a few hours there were at least a dozen detectives hunting him—the keenest hounds in the pack. In spite of them all, Monsieur Magne had gone free, had not the Lucky Hazard tripped him up. It was like this:

A man of middle age, stout, of good appearance, had been stopping at a hotel in the rue de Rivoli, for a week or two; he was known as the Comte de Bonneville. A fortnight after the murder he had his luggage put on a cab and ordered the *cocher* to drive to the Gare Saint-Lazare for the London train. On the way he stopped at a tobacconist's and bought a supply of cigars. He paid with a gold *louis* and received his change in silver, including a two-franc piece. Now, upon reaching the station, it was this particular piece he gave for his fare. It was a counterfeit and the cabman refused to take it.

GORON, ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVES.

"I'll not be cheated like that," said the count, "no—not if I lose my train for London. Drive back to the tobacco shop."

The tobacconist swore he had not given the coin in change, and the dispute rose so high that a policeman was called in. He took both the men to the police-station, and the cab trailed along after them. The Comte de Bonneville went readily enough, for he was full of wrath; but he had hardly begun his story, when a fellow who was idling by the fire leaped on him and bore him to the floor. A prison warder, whose presence in the police-station was wholly accidental, recognized—not the form or face—the voice of the old convict, Magne. And when they stripped the wig and padded coat from him, he held out his wrists for the handcuffs and said:

"Well, you've got me—and all for forty dirty *sous*."

Mere Chance—the Long Hazard that pulls

MONSIEUR HAMARD, CHIEF OF THE PARIS DETECTIVE POLICE.

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ROSSIGNOL, MARVELOUS TRACER OF CRIMINALS; NOW RETIRED.

down the criminal when all the hounds have lost the scent and the huntsmen have given over the chase. Of course, luck is sometimes on the criminal's side. That would even things up were it not that he must fight, usually single-handed, against a band of men who are organized and scientifically drilled. Will you go for a little while to the grim House of the Pointed Towers and see how crime is fought in Paris?

It is well worth while.

I

THE SYSTEM

DOUBTLESS it is in France that the science of detecting crime is most highly developed. Over 200,000 rogues go yearly to prison. In Paris alone 70,000 are put away in what police slang calls the "strong box," and of these 15,000 have been guilty of great crimes—murders, thefts, wholesale frauds. The police army of Paris consists of about 8,000 men. At the head is the prefect of police, M. Lépine, who is rather a state official than an active policeman. He has, however, his private detectives—the spies of the *contrôle*—who are chiefly occupied in finding out what his subordinates are up to; for the French police is an epitome of this complicated Latin society, where out of every three men one is probably a spy. The real head of the department is the chief of the municipal police. He supervises the uniformed police of the twenty wards of Paris and the six central brigades, which watch over civic order. The *Garde Républicaine*, made up of infantry and cavalry, serves principally to guard the public buildings and repress popular disorder and riot. You have seen the good gendarme, have you not? He is quite imposing in his military uniform. At his side clanks a saber. And, in addition to handcuffs and a revolver, he carries a musketoon—a short, fat little gun that spits seven and a half ounces of lead. Altogether a fearsome symbol of Law. Less imposing but more effective is the municipal *gardien de la paix*, equivalent to the New York patrolman. The organization of the uniformed police is military in its general

ROSSIGNOL DISGUISED AS A BUTCHER.

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SLEUTHS GUARDING MME. DREYFUS'S HOUSE FROM ANTISEMITES.

plan. Under the chief is a staff of divisional inspectors; then, in successive rank, thirty-eight *officiers de la paix*, twenty-five municipal inspectors, one hundred brigadiers, seven hundred sub-brigadiers, and, finally, the guardians of the peace. Unquestionably the municipal force is very efficient. I believe the men who are drafted into the Paris police force are better than those enrolled in New York, for instance; they have had the disciplinary training of the army; but, in addition, the system is a better one and is better simply because a wise control is exercised over every man of the uniformed or ununiformed police. I have no desire to write a technical account of the Paris police organization, but you could not understand the reason of its efficiency unless you knew a little about the famous Third Brigade. Its business is to supervise the police. It is under the direct command of the chief of the municipal police, and is composed of an *officier de paix*, a principal inspector, a brigadier, five sub-brigadiers, and a number of men averaging usually seventy-five. One and all they are picked men. About half of them are assigned to watch the regular patrolmen; by day and by night they slip about the streets, noting down all infractions of the rules of the service. He is a bold policeman who runs the risk of visiting a wine shop for a sly glass, or commits any of the other little sins dear to the patrolman's heart. There is hardly a chance that he will not be detected in time; reprimand follows and, after that, fine, and lastly, dismissal. The discipline is extremely severe. And, moreover, every man knows that a very slight breach of the rules entails the loss of his place. There is always a long "waiting list" of candidates, sound young fellows, fresh from the army, and the city can choose its new servants among the best. The other half of the Third Brigade is engaged in work of a subtler and a more typically Latin kind. In the first place it investigates all complaints made against the patrolman by chiefs or citizens; these investigations are rigorous and quite impartial; the agent who is taken in fault must go. And, in the second place, the Third Brigade maintains a regular system of *espionage* upon the private lives of all policemen, be their rank what it may. This, of course, is the Latin way of doing things. Wrong as it may be in principle it serves to weed out the men of bad character and bad habits and bad associations. And it prevents that monstrous alliance—which New York has known—of the police and the lawbreakers. At all events, this method of policing tne police has been justified by its results. It does not stop wholly at the Third Brigade, for these supervisors are, in turn, watched by a smaller body of detectives who report directly to M. Lépine, the prefect of police. In one way or another there is a spy upon every man on the force. Even the

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choice agents who are grouped in the Brigade of the Elysée and watch over the safety of the president of the republic are tracked in all their goings and comings by a counter-police. And in return for this systematic vigilance, which is based on the Latin theory that every man bears watching, Paris has an honest and picturesque and effective police force. I do not say it is perfect—only that it is honest and effective. The great blot upon it is what is known as the *passage à tabac*, an old, bad custom at which the Parisian laughs and refuses to get angry. This institution is one of the curiosities of the capital. It is always well worth pointing out to strangers. One day I was doing the honors of Paris to a friend from New York. In the rue Dronot we saw two policemen dragging a pedler who had been caught pursuing his culpable industry without a license. He did not struggle; he was haggard, breathless, resigned. The two guardians of the peace had the look of jaguars impatient to dismember a gazelle; before they had crossed the sill of the *Mairie* the blows rained on the poor devil—blows of foot and fist. A brigadier closed the door to hide the picture from us, but for a long time my friend and I could hear the cries of the victim and the oaths of the brutes in uniform. The New Yorker looked at me with horror in his eyes.

"Don't bother," I said, "it is merely a way they have in Paris. That is the classic *passage à tabac*. Nobody minds it. Indeed Parisians find it droll." Which is absolutely true; the newspapers extract the gayest fun from this old and dishonorable custom; when a deputy like Pugliesi-Conti, or an academician, like François Coppée, are passed *à tabac*, the whole town laughs; so it must not be taken too seriously; anyway, it is the business of the Parisians, not mine—this age-old right of the Paris police to batter their prisoners.

II

THE BRIGADE OF THE SÛRETÉ

FOR the present our interest is in the "plain-clothes men"—in those who detect crime rather than those who prevent it. Comes the famous Brigade of the *Sûreté*, of ancient and splendid prestige. Its record is one of shrewdness, daring, and devotion. Vidocq's bold exploits are part of its tradition, and he was, in fact, its first chief. That was in 1830. Almost all of his successors have been keen men-hunters, with a dash of Vidocq's gay humor and his relentless energy, with something of the lime-hound's scent for the wolf—almost all of them down to Macé and Goron of our day, and the present chief, Hamard. Under the chief are two assistants, five chief inspectors, thirty brigadiers, and three hundred detectives, commonly known as inspectors. This small force is divided into eight sections. One is occupied in office work; another serves warrants from the various courts; a third section watches the governmental pawn shops; a fourth—the notorious *service des moeurs*—is loosed on the sad girls of Paris; another section is sent out into the streets and hunts, day and night, for pickpockets, thieves, and casual rogues; and so in one way and another the "system" is spread like a fine-spun net over the city.

No one is ever quite free from its meshes. Have you been in Paris? At a hotel or lodging-house of any sort? Then you have seen, again and again, one of the mysterious agents of the secret police. Usually he is an old little man, dressed in rusty black, red of nose and quick-eyed—so humble a little man that you might easily overlook him. A small ink-bottle hangs by a string from his waistcoat and a yellow penholder is thrust in between two of the buttons. He slips into the hotel or lodging-house and copies the names from the register. If you ask him who he is he will probably whisper, "I've come for the census." It is a tradition. Always, too, he has a box of snuff. A friendly little man—full of good counsel to the landlord or landlady—he learns all the news of the fresh arrivals; and so, prying and gossiping, all his days pass. At night, in his little flat, he copies out his list of names and writes his reports. If you come often to Paris or stay long—especially if you frequent the company of politicians or rogues—these reports make quite a little book, in time, which is filed away in the police archives. Some very interesting biographies of eminent Americans are to be found there, I assure you.

A special section, composed of about thirty of the most active and intelligent detectives, is under the direct command of M. Hamard. They form the *élite* of the secret police. Chosen men, one and all; there has never been a time when there was not at least one man of genius among them, like Rossignol of yesterday or Bischop of to-day. There is a popular legend in Paris that they are chosen among the repentant criminals upon the old principle of "set a thief to catch a thief." Vidocq, in-

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BELGIAN GENDARMES ESCORTING ANARCHIST PRISONER ACROSS BORDER; HE IS RECEIVED BY FRENCH DETECTIVES DISGUISED AS RAILROAD OFFICIALS.

deed, was an ex-convict and chose his aids among his former companions; but that bad practise was changed long ago. More than one thief, however, is still of the opinion that, if he goes on stealing long enough, he will find himself an inspector of the *Sûreté*. Only a few weeks ago an optimistic burglar said to M. Hamard: "This is my fifth conviction; aren't you ready to enlist me in the police?"

Most of the detectives have been soldiers; all have an honest past. They have been picked out from hundreds of candidates. Their bad reputation comes from the fact that the average Parisian fails to distinguish between the regular detective and the swarm of "stool-pigeons"—or "donkeys," as they are called in French slang. These permanent auxiliaries of the secret police are taken from all classes. Many of them are loafers, street-pedlers; many of them are thieves; upon all the police have some hold. They are provided with yellow cards, countersigned by the chief, which protect them from arrest by the uniformed police. It is impossible to estimate the number of them. Every detective has his own spies. And they are found in all classes of society. You may meet one of them in your club; you may take in to dinner a pretty woman who draws pay from the *Sûreté*; the journalist with whom you talk in a café, or the porter at your gate—any one and every one may possibly be spying for M. Hamard, either for money or the excitement of it, or by way of protection. Life is complicated in a world like this. There are three or four very brilliant detectives in the special brigade to-day, but M. Hamard wisely enough does not care to have them exposed in public print. And yet I doubt whether the most exact description would enable you to recognize Bischop, for instance, should you sit with him in a tram. Like every other French detective he has mastered the art of disguise. In France you may still know a man by his clothes. Thus, the mason wears a white blouse and canvas shoes; the ditcher his wide corduroy trousers and flaming red sash, girt thrice around him; the horse-copper his distinctive yellow leggings; the student, the clerk—each has his own way of dressing. The detective may hide his identity in any one of these costumes. His usual dress approximates that of the minor shopkeeper: dark-colored coat and trousers and a soft hat. It is decent and inconspicuous; so he looks as he strolls away from the prefecture of police, the great building with the pointed towers, on the banks of the Seine; but rolled round his waist is a hidden blouse, and a workman's cap is tucked under his waistcoat. If he is

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"shadowing" a man he can change his dress in a moment—behind a tree or in a doorway. Of all disguises, the blouse is simplest and best; it covers a man to his ankles; it is common in the streets; it is the symbol of honest toil. Rossignol, the most remarkable detective of the last twenty years, was wonderfully expert in the art of changing his personal appearance. A little, hard-faced fellow, he is at home in any dress. Time and again he was arrested as a tramp or, in some raid upon the slums, as a thief. With a box of cheap jewelry on his back he was an ideal pedler; and Rossignol in evening dress has the look of a diplomatist. It was he who made the pretty invention of inserting a bit of looking-glass in one of the lenses of his eyeglasses so that he could see what went on behind him without turning his head. Since there is no better type of the French detective, let us have a word with him for a moment. A little while ago he retired and is now in the government employ at Ecouen. His father was a captain killed in battle and he was brought up as a child of the regiment. After serving in the Zouaves he entered the Brigade of the *Sûreté*. A muscular little man—always gay, absolutely fearless—he went into the work for the love of it. And he had adventures enough—Duval, the anarchist, cut him half to pieces—for any one. He told me of an experience he had with a desperate fellow in an abandoned mine and, quite incidentally, poured a flood of light upon the psychology of the detective.

TWO FAMOUS FRENCH DETECTIVES, ROBERT AND DUBOIS, IN DISGUISES.

"I could have got him with my revolver," he said, "but it wouldn't have been fair."

The bandit got away, and Rossignol spent another week on the chase before he captured him according to the honorable rules of the game.

"And honestly," he added, "though I am keen on the trail until I get my man, yet I assure you that always I should like to set him free the next day, poor devil! I like to fish, but when I catch a perch I throw him back into the Marne."

Rossignol, as well as M. Goron, believes that the Lucky Hazard is the detective's best ally—if he knows how to use it. And this is the instance he gives: A celebrated numismatist had been robbed of nearly $200,000 worth of ancient medals and coins. A window had been broken, and there were other signs of forcible entry. The chief, however, decided that the burglary was simulated and that the thief was a son of the house. Rossignol was not of this opinion, but a week went by and he could get no clue. A few of the coins were passed at the race-track at Auteuil, but it was impossible to trace them. Indeed this only darkened the suspicion against the son, for he went often to the races; the chief decided to arrest him. Rossignol took the warrant. He was following the Boulevard des Italiens on his way to the numismatist's house when he noticed a tall young man, who was paying off a cabman, drop something. At first he thought it was a coin. Then he saw it was a little cardboard disk. Where had he seen something like that before? It flashed upon him that it was just such a disk that

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numismatists place under their coins and medals in a show-case. He followed the tall young man——

That is all; the thief was a Greek student, Pericles Roftopoulos, and probably the last man the police thought of suspecting; the Lucky Hazard—joined to nimble-stepping deduction. A little of this keen appreciation of chance incidents belongs to every man who amounts to much in the detective, or ferreting, service of the state. For instance, in the crime of the rue Madame, there was Robert's quick wit, and, on the heels of it, luck. An old second-hand dealer, Olbert, kept a shop in that street. One morning he was found dead, sitting in his armchair, a newspaper in his hand. There was no mark of violence. So might any old man have died peacefully as he read by the fire. The doctors gave the necessary permit for burial. Among those that followed the body to the grave was a lank, silent fellow in a workman's cap and blouse. Home-coming from Père la Chaise the mourners stopped at a wine shop, as the French custom is. Over their wine they spoke of the old jobber. One of them praised him for having done so well in life when he could neither read nor write. The lanky fellow had heard enough; he went to the Pointed Tower and reported to his chief that Olbert had been murdered.

"Why do you think so, Robert?"

"He could not read one word."

"What of that?"

"Why did he have a newspaper in his hand?"

A reexamination of the body showed that Robert was right; the old man had been strangled, and the murderer—to give the appearance of a natural death—had placed the newspaper in his hand. But who was this too imaginative murderer? He had not left his card. Two years later Robert was sent to Brussels; on the train he met a pleasant country gentleman, M. Dupret, with whom he fell into conversation. Upon parting they exchanged cards. Robert returned to Paris the next day and found a letter from M. Dupret—the good man, either on the train or in the station, had been robbed of his pocket-book, containing a number of negotiable securities. It was through these securities that Robert ran down a thief named Vialard. He got him in a café in the Boulevard Saint Germain. When arrested Vialard rolled up a letter and tried to swallow it. The detective forced it out of his jaws and managed to make out that the letter had been written by a thief named Blum then in jail. There was nothing in it of any importance, but the detective had Blum brought round to the *Sûreté* and let him see—as if by accident—his pal under arrest. Blum jumped to the conclusion that he had been betrayed and asked to be taken before the chief. There he confessed that he and Vialard had killed the old second-hand dealer in the rue Madame. Robert had detected the crime; the Lucky Hazard gave him the criminals.

What is it worth as a career to be a lime-hound of the prefecture? A detective gets $280 a year with an allowance of $50 for clothes torn in a scuffle or riddled by bullets or knives. The state rewards for the capture of criminals help out his budget. For arresting a murderer in the act he receives $10, and

ROBERT IN ONE OF HIS FAVORITE DISGUISES.

$5 if he hunts one down; a coiner is worth $5, a burglar $4, a confidence man $2, to the inspector who arrests him. In time a detective may get a salary of $380 a year; if he becomes a brigadier, $400. The chief has $2,800 a year.

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There are always about thirty agents on duty at the *Sûreté*, ready to set out day or night. When a warrant is to be served, two inspectors go, a little before dawn, to the house and usually find the man in bed. They give him time to dress, handcuff him, and take him to the *Sûreté*. There the charges are read to him, and a brigadier takes down his answers and draws up a report, to which is subjoined a summary description: height, weight, age, name. Then the prisoner is taken to the office of the *grande permanence*—that old, dingy room, the most rueful in Paris. Day and night a horrible *cortège* passes there. Expert thief, sallow vagabond, the poor night-hawk in her gay and dirty plumage, the old woman escaped from a hospital, the mournful lost child—one and all go to the *Permanence*. Our prisoner waits his turn. At last his name is taken once more and he is sent on to the *Dépôt*. There he is searched and everything he has is taken from him—penknife, handkerchief, money, papers. The next day he is sent to M. Bertillon, chief of the anthropometric service. The Bertillon system of measurements—the length of the middle finger, of the ears, of the foot, and of certain bones—has been adopted almost everywhere. In addition finger-prints are taken and, quite recently, a new plan of metric photography has done away with any possibility of mistaken identity. This formality over, our prisoner is led back to the *Dépôt*. After two or three days he is brought before the examining magistrate and either set free or held for trial and returned to prison. This is the routine that never varies; a system, perhaps, as good as any other.

But the main thought driven in upon one who studies the police of Paris is that hazard plays a mighty part in the detection of crime and the capture of criminals. M. Goron told me one case that is epic in its way. A cook in the Fould family had been found strangled in her kitchen. It was a brutal murder and caused intense excitement. Now unfortunately neither M. Goron nor his best detectives could discover the criminal. Weeks passed and the newspapers denounced daily the incapacity of the police. Had the reporters ever discovered the whole truth they would have bantered the chief out of office. The murderer was a wastrel lad named Ducret, the son of a porter in the house. Without money, wandering half frozen in Paris, he at last decided to give himself up. With his last *sou* he bought an evening paper in which he read that all the high functionaries of the police were giving a banquet that night to the prefect of police; he thought that was the place to do it. Two policemen were on guard at the door.

"I am the assassin," Ducret began——

"None of your games here," said the policeman, and kicked him across the street.

The gloomy murderer went on his way. In the Auteuil quarter another gendarme refused to arrest him; he entered a restaurant and had dinner; when the bill was brought he said: "I have no money; I am an assassin; have me arrested!"

"So you think you're going to make a scandal in my house, do you?" the landlord shouted; he thrust him out of doors.

The unhappy murderer went on. In the rue de la Pompe he came upon two policemen. Politely he approached them, took off his hat, and told his story.

"It may be true," said one of them; and they took him to the station.

Of course this was the Long Hazard; as a usual thing, the criminals of Paris do not so patiently try to force a way into prison. The hounds hunt the wolves, and the chase is parlous and long.

Said Marcus Aurelius

By KATHARINE LEE BATES

BRIEF is the sliding time allotted thee for breath.
Live as on a mountain. Let men behold a Man.
If they cannot suffer him, let them deal him death.
Better climb and die than plod in that dull caravan.

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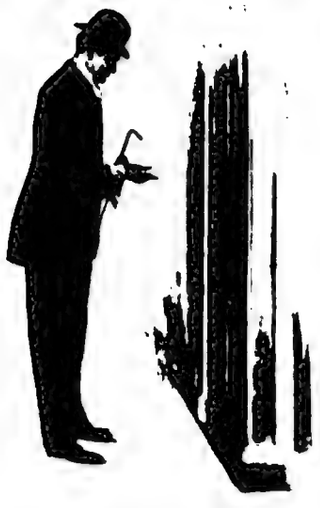
The Country of Elusion



By O. HENRY

Author of "Cabbages and Kings," "The Four Million," "A Ruler of Men," etc.

Illustrations by William Sherman Potts

THE cunning writer will choose an indefinable subject, for he can then set down his theory of what it is; and next, at length, his conception of what it is not—and lo! his paper is covered. Therefore let us follow the prolix and unmapable trail into that mooted country, Bohemia.

Grainger, sub-editor of *Doe's Magazine*, closed his roll-top desk, put on his hat, walked into the hall, punched the "down" button, and waited for the elevator.

Grainger's day had been trying. The chief had tried to ruin the magazine a dozen times by going against Grainger's ideas for running it. A lady whose grandfather had fought with McClellan had brought a portfolio of poems in person.

Grainger was curator of the Lions' House of the magazine. That day he had "lunched" an Arctic explorer, a short-story writer, and the famous conductor of a slaughter-house exposé. Consequently his mind was in a whirl of icebergs, Maupassant, and trichinosis.

But there was a surcease and a recourse; there was Bohemia. He would seek distraction there; and, let's see—he would call by for Mary Adrian.

Half an hour later he threaded his way like a Brazilian orchid-hunter through the palm forest in the tiled entrance hall of the "Idealia" apartment-house. One day the christeners of apartment-houses and the cognominators of sleeping-cars will meet, and there will be some jealous and sanguinary knifing.

The clerk breathed Grainger's name so languidly into the house telephone that it seemed it must surely drop, from sheer inertia, down to the janitor's regions. But, at length, it soared dilatorily up to Miss Adrian's ear. Certainly, Mr. Grainger was to come up immediately.

A colored maid with an Eliza-crossing-the-ice expression opened the door of the apartment for him. Grainger walked sideways down the narrow hall. A bunch of burnt umber hair and a sea-green eye appeared in the crack of a door. A long, white, undraped arm came out, barring the way.

"So glad you came, Ricky, instead of any of the others," said the eye. "Light a cigarette and give it to me. Going to take me to dinner? Fine. Go into the front room till I finish dressing. But don't sit in your usual chair. There's pie in it—Meringue. Kappelman threw it at Reeves last evening while he was reciting. Sophy has just come to straighten up. Is it lit? Thanks. There's Scotch on the mantel—oh, no, it isn't—that's chartreuse. Ask Sophy to find you some. I won't be long."

Grainger escaped the meringue. As he waited his spirits sank still lower. The atmosphere of the room was as vapid as a zephyr wandering over a Vesuvian lava-bed. Relics of some feast lay about the room, scattered in places where even a prowling cat would have been surprised to find them. A straggling cluster of deep red roses in a marmalade jar bowed their heads over tobacco ashes and unwashed goblets. A chafing-dish stood on the piano; a leaf of sheet music supported a stack of sandwiches in a chair.

Mary came in, dressed and radiant. Her gown was of that thin, black fabric whose name through the change of a single vowel seems to summon visions ranging between the extremes of man's experience. Spelled with an "e" it belongs to Gallic witchery and diaphanous dreams; with an "a" it drapes lamentation and woe.

That evening they went to the Café André. And, as people would confide to you in a whisper that André's was the only truly Bo-

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hemian restaurant in town, it may be well to follow them.

André began his professional career as a waiter in a Bowery ten-cent eating-house. Had you seen him there you would have

A BUNCH OF BURNT-UMBER HAIR AND A SEA-GREEN EYE APPEARED IN THE CRACK OF A DOOR.

called him tough—to yourself. Not aloud, for he would have "soaked" you as quickly as he would have soaked his thumb in your coffee. He saved money and started a basement *table d'hôte* in Eighth (or Ninth) Street. One afternoon André drank too much absinthe. He announced to his startled family that he was the Grand Llama of Tibet, therefore requiring an empty audience hall in which to be worshiped. He moved all the tables and chairs from the restaurant into the back yard, wrapped a red table-cloth around himself, and sat on a step-ladder for a throne. When the diners began to arrive, madame, in a flurry of despair, laid cloths and ushered them, trembling, outside. Between the tables clothes-lines were stretched, bearing the family wash. A party of Bohemia hunters greeted the artistic innovation with shrieks and acclamations of delight. That week's washing was not taken in for two years. When André came to his senses he had the menu printed on stiffly starched cuffs, and served the ices in little wooden tubs. Next he took down his sign and darkened the front of the house. When you went there to dine you fumbled for an electric button and pressed it. A lookout slid open a panel in the door, looked at you suspiciously, and asked if you were acquainted with Senator Herodotus Q. McMilligan, of the Chickasaw Nation. If you were, you were admitted and allowed to dine. If you were not, you were admitted and allowed to dine. There you have one of the abiding principles of Bohemia. When André had accumulated $20,000 he moved up-town, near Broadway, in the fierce light that beats upon the thrown-down. There we find him and leave him, with customers in pearls and automobile veils, striving to catch his excellently graduated nod of recognition.

There is a large round table in the northeast corner of André's at which six can sit. To this table Grainger and Mary Adrian made their way. Kappelman and Reeves were already there. And Miss Tooker, who designed the May cover for the *Ladies' Notathome Magazine*. And Mrs. Pothunter, who never drank anything but black and white highballs, being in mourning for her husband, who—oh, I've forgotten what he did—died, like as not.

Spaghetti-weary reader, wouldst take one penny-in-the-slot peep into the fair land of Bohemia? Then look; and when you think you have seen it you have not. And it is neither thimbleriggery nor astigmatism.

The walls of the Café André were covered with original sketches by the artists who furnished much of the color and sound of the place. Fair woman furnished the theme for the bulk of the drawings. When you say "sirens and siphons" you come near to estimating the alliterative atmosphere of André's.

First, I want you to meet my friend, Miss Adrian. Miss Tooker and Mrs. Pothunter you already know. While she tucks in the

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fingers of her elbow gloves you shall have her daguerreotype. So faint and uncertain shall the portrait be:

Age, somewhere between twenty-seven and high-neck evening dresses. Camaraderie in large bunches—whatever the fearful word may mean. Habitat—anywhere from Seattle to Terra del Fuego. Temperament uncharted—she let Reeves squeeze her hand after he recited one of his poems; but she counted the change after sending him out with a dollar to buy some pickled pig's feet. Deportment 75 out of a possible 100. Morals 100.

Mary was one of the princesses of Bohemia. In the first place, it was a royal and a daring thing to have been named Mary. There are twenty Fifines and Heloises to one Mary in the Country of Elusion.

Now her gloves are tucked in. Miss Took-

THE BOHEMIAN FEAST OF REASON KEEPS UP WITH THE COURSES.

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er has assumed a June poster pose; Mrs. Pothunter has bitten her lips to make the red show; Reeves has several times felt his coat to make sure that his latest poem is in the pocket. (It had been neatly typewritten; but he has copied it on the backs of letters with a pencil.) Kappelman is underhandedly watching the clock. It is ten minutes to nine. When the hour comes it is to remind him of a story. Synopsis: A French girl says to her suitor: "Did you ask my father for my hand at nine o'clock this morning, as you said you would?" "I did not," he replies. "At nine o'clock I was fighting a duel with swords in the Bois de Boulogne." "Coward!" she hisses.

The dinner was ordered. You know how the Bohemian feast of reason keeps up with the courses. Humor with the oysters; wit with the soup; repartee with the entrée; brag with the roast; knocks for Whistler and Kip-

AT A DESERTED STATION CALLED CROCUSVILLE.

ling with the salad; songs with the coffee; the slapsticks with the cordials.

Between Miss Adrian's eyebrows was the pucker that shows the intense strain it requires to be at ease in Bohemia. Pat must come each sally, *mot*, and epigram. Every second of deliberation upon a reply costs you a bay leaf. Fine as a hair, a line began to curve from her nostril to her mouth. To hold her own not a chance must be missed. A sentence addressed to her must be as a piccolo, each word of it a stop, which she must be prepared to seize upon and play. And she must always be quicker than a Micmac Indian to paddle the light canoe of conversation away from the rocks in the rapids that flow from the Pierian spring. For, plodding reader, the handwriting on the wall in the banquet hall of Bohemia is "*Laisser faire*." The gray ghost that sometimes peeps through the rings of smoke is that of slain old King Convention. Freedom is the tyrant that holds them in slavery.

As the dinner waned, hands reached for the pepper cruet rather than for the shaker of Attic salt. Miss Tooker, with an elbow to business, leaned across the table toward Grainger, upsetting her glass of wine.

"Now while you are fed and in a good humor," she said, "I want to make a suggestion to you about a new cover."

"A good idea," said Grainger, mopping the tablecloth with his napkin. "I'll speak to the waiter about it."

Kappelman, the painter, was the cut-up. As a piece of delicate Athenian wit he got up from his chair and waltzed down the room with a waiter. That dependent, no doubt an honest, pachydermatous, worthy, tax-paying, art-despising biped, released himself from the unequal encounter, carried his professional smile back to the dumb-waiter and dropped it down the shaft to eternal oblivion. Reeves began to make Keats turn in his grave. Mrs. Pothunter told the story of the man who met the widow on the train. Miss Adrian hummed what is still called a *chanson* in the cafés of Bridgeport. Grainger edited each individual effort with his assistant editor's smile, which meant: "Great! but you'll have to send them in through the reg-

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ALL THREE SAT IN STRAIGHT-BACK CHAIRS.

ular channels. If I were the chief now—but you know how it is."

And soon the head waiter bowed before them, desolated to relate that the closing hour had already become chronologically historical, so out all trooped into the starry midnight, filling the street with gay laughter, to be barked at by hopeful cabmen and enviously eyed by the dull inhabitants of an uninspired world.

Grainger left Mary at the elevator in the trackless palm forest of the Idealia. After he had gone she came down again carrying a small hand-bag, 'phoned for a cab, drove to the Grand Central Station, boarded a 12.55 commuter's train, rode four hours with her burnt-umber head bobbing against the red-plush back of the seat, and landed during a fresh, stinging, glorious sunrise at a deserted station, the size of a peach crate, called Crocusville.

She walked a mile and clicked the latch of a gate. A bare, brown cottage stood twenty yards back; an old man with a pearl-white, Calvinistic face and clothes dyed blacker than a raven in a coal-mine was washing his hands in a tin basin on the front porch.

"How are you, father?" said Mary timidly.

"I am as well as Providence permits, Mary Ann. You will find your mother in the kitchen."

In the kitchen a cryptic, gray woman kissed her glacially on the forehead, and pointed out the potatoes which were not yet peeled for breakfast. Mary sat in a wooden chair and decorticated spuds, with a thrill in her heart.

For breakfast there were grace, cold bread, potatoes, bacon, and tea.

"You are pursuing the same avocation in the city concerning which you have advised us from time to time by letter, I trust," said her father.

"Yes," said Mary, "I am still reviewing books for the same publication."

After breakfast she helped wash the dishes, and then all three sat in straight-back chairs in the bare-floored parlor.

"It is my custom," said the old man, "on the Sabbath day to read aloud from the great work entitled the 'Apology for Authorized and Set Forms of Liturgy,' by the ecclesiastical philosopher and revered theologian, Jeremy Taylor."

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HE SHRANK DOWN WITH THE RED PRINT OF A HAND ACROSS HIS LEERING FEATURES.

"I know it," said Mary blissfully, folding her hands.

For two hours the numbers of the great Jeremy rolled forth like the notes of an oratorio played on the violoncello. Mary sat gloating in the new sensation of racking physical discomfort that the wooden chair brought her. Perhaps there is no happiness in life so perfect as the martyr's. Jeremy's minor chords soothed her like the music of a tom-tom. "Why, oh, why," she said to herself, "does some one not write words to it?"

At eleven they went to church in Crocusville. The back of the pine bench on which she sat had a penitential forward tilt that would have brought St. Simeon down, in jealousy, from his pillar. The preacher singled her out, and thundered upon her vicarious head the damnation of the world. At each side of her an adamant parent held her rigidly to the bar of judgment. An ant crawled upon her neck, but she dared not move. She lowered her eyes before the congregation—a hundred-eyed Cerberus that watched the gates through which her sins were fast thrusting her. Her soul was filled with a delirious, almost a fanatic joy. For she was out of the clutch of the tyrant, Freedom. Dogma and creed pinioned her with beneficent cruelty, as steel braces bind the feet of a crippled child. She was hedged, adjured, shackled, shored up, strait-jacketed, silenced, ordered. When they came out the minister stopped to greet them. Mary could only hang her head and answer "Yes, sir" and "No, sir" to his questions. When she saw that the other women carried their hymn-books at their waists with their left hands, she blushed and moved hers there, too, from her right.

She took the three-o'clock train back to the city. At nine she sat at the round table for dinner in the Café André. Nearly the same crowd was there.

"Where have you been to-day?" asked Mrs. Pothunter. "I 'phoned to you at twelve."

"I have been away in Bohemia," answered Mary, with a mystic smile.

There! Mary has given it away. She has spoiled my climax. For I was to have told you that Bohemia is nothing more than the little country in which you do not live. If you try to obtain citizenship in it, at once the court and retinue pack the royal archives and treasure and move away beyond the hills. It is a hillside that you turn your head to peer at from the windows of the Through Express.

At exactly half past eleven Kappelman, deceived by a new softness and slowness of *riposte* and parry in Mary Adrian, tried to kiss her. Instantly she slapped his face with such strength and cold fury that he shrank down, sobered, with the flaming red print of a hand across his leering features. And all sounds ceased, as when the shadows of great wings come upon a flock of chattering spar-

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rows. One had broken the paramount law of sham-Bohemia—the law of "*Laisser faire.*" The shock came not from the blow delivered, but from the blow received. With the effect of a schoolmaster entering the playroom of his pupils was that blow delivered. Women pulled down their sleeves and laid prim hands against their ruffled side locks. Men looked at their watches. There was nothing of the effect of a brawl about it; it was purely the still panic produced by the sound of the ax of the fly cop, Conscience hammering at the gambling-house doors of the Heart.

With their punctilious putting on of cloaks, with their exaggerated pretense of not having seen or heard, with their stammering exchange of unaccustomed formalities, with their false show of a light-hearted exit I must take leave of my Bohemian party. Mary has robbed me of my climax; and she may go.

But I am not defeated. Somewhere there exists a great vault miles broad and miles long—more capacious than the champagne caves of France. In that vault are stored the anticlimaxes that should have been tagged to all the stories that have been told in the world. I shall cheat that vault of one deposit.

Minnie Brown, with her aunt, came from Crocusville down to the city to see the sights. And because she had escorted me to fishless trout streams and exhibited to me open-plumbed waterfalls and broken my camera while I Julyed in her village, I must escort her to the hives containing the synthetic clover honey of town.

Especially did the custom-made Bohemia charm her. The spaghetti wound its tendrils about her heart; the free red wine drowned her belief in the existence of commercialism in the world; she was dazed and enchanted by the rugose wit that can be churned out of California claret.

But one evening I got her away from the smell of halibut and linoleum long enough to read to her the manuscript of this story, which then ended before her entrance into it. I read it to her because I knew that all the printing-presses in the world were running to try to please her and some others. And I asked her about it.

"I didn't quite catch the trains," said she. "How long was Mary in Crocusville?"

"Ten hours and five minutes," I replied.

"Well, then, the story may do," said Minnie. "But if she had stayed there a week Kappelman would have got his kiss."

The Summer's Death-Song

By JAMES E. RICHARDSON

BY Old Shamong the sands lie sere and lone
'Twixt cedars and the gray, sand-shallowed sea;
The long day there the lone winds wax and flee,
Sped on through skies that will but mask and moan
The more when they return. . . . Afar and prone
Where all the glittering beaches hold their glee,
They keen one long-drawn tuneless threnody,—
All sounds of grief in one sheer monotone.

For now upon the sun-forgotten land,—
Rank, seething marsh and crumbling, mournful dune,—
Dark Winter lays her dread-compelling hand:
The wild geese huddle homeward; the lone loon,
The fierce, black brant ride speeding o'er the sand,
The pale frost thickens to the bitter moon.

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Photograph by Pirie MacDonald, New York.

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.

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Hughes and Jerome

A Study in Contrasts Between the Conscript and the Volunteer in the Higher Politics

By FRANK H. SIMONDS

NEARLY two years ago a legislative committee came to New York City to secure a counsel. After weeks of search its members found the man they believed qualified to do the great work they had undertaken. But he declined their offer. Then, because the committee knew its man, it sent this second message:

"We are after the truth. We mean to find it. No one can call us off."

"That's different," was the answer. "I will serve you on those terms."

In this fashion Charles E. Hughes was drafted to public service, and eighty-cent gas became law. A few months later another legislative committee sought Mr. Hughes, and this time his final acceptance insured the success of the Armstrong Committee.

Almost at the precise moment that the Armstrong Committee was appealing to Mr. Hughes another incident took place. Weeks in advance of any nominating convention, two months before the opening of the campaign, District Attorney Jerome, from his own office, issued a statement:

"I shall be a candidate for reelection." This was the pith of his declaration. The history of the next few months belonged largely to these two men.

As the above incidents show them, Hughes and Jerome exemplify the two types of public servant of the present hour: the fit man whom office must seek and the fit man who seeks office, the conscript and the volunteer. Both have proven their value. Jerome, Roosevelt, Folk, Colby, these men have been self-avowed office-seekers. They have flung themselves into the pursuit of public office with something of the ardor of medieval crusaders. In their struggles against civic wrongs has been an echo of that spirit of chivalry which roused the knights of old to do battle with the dragons and monsters of fable. Their achievements have justified their temerity. But the brilliance of their exploits had dissipated the sound tradition of the office-sought man. The finding of Hughes restored it.

"What about the governorship?" a friend recently asked Mr. Hughes, voicing a question widely asked.

"My one desire is to be left alone in my profession," was the response of the lawyer.

"But the governor elected this year may occupy the White House in two years."

"That, too, has no attraction for me. I desire simply to follow my profession."

"Why don't you declare yourself on the Democratic nomination?" Jerome was asked early in August.

"There's only one reason," was the quick response. "I want to be sure of the duty, sure that no selfish desire for a great office has any part. I want to get the feel of the thing as I had it last year, to know there's a real principle to fight for. That's all." This is the spirit of the man going into battle.

"It matters not what happens to the color-bearer, so long as the colors go forward. I am nothing, the office is nothing, there is only the principle," he told every audience he faced during his last campaign. This is the Jerome of battle. Here speaks the quality of his office-seeking and the spirit of his public service.

Of the personality of their public servant Jerome, the people have a clear estimate. The door of his office in the Criminal Courts Building stands open. The public is in his confidence, and this relation has existed for years. It is different with Hughes. The man of headlines has never been the man of interviews. His personality, even as a public servant, has been veiled behind prodigious achievement, and the obscurity has been sought deliberately.

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"Life," he once said, "life is only work, and then more work, and finally more work."

When the long strain of the gas investigation was over and he started abroad to climb his favorite Alps, a friend pillaged his satchel to find his choice of books for summer reading. There were three: a volume of Kant's philosophy, a treatise on solid geometry, and a Lycurgus. Mr. Jerome, in his shop at Lakeville, makes clocks, and amidst the whir of the machinery sings a merry song. His clocks go, but ever while he makes them his mind is far away; only his hands are busy here. It is when the stress of some public duty is upon him that he retreats to his shop. The very profession of the law is then aside from the point. Out of these hours have come the speeches that stirred thousands. It is otherwise with Hughes. And yet his work is remote from plodding.

"His work is work; it is also pure genius," said a member of the gas commission.

The genius for work stirred early in the boy Hughes. At the age of four he went to a primary school in Oswego. For two weeks he trudged to school half an hour before time, and the reports of his progress were glowing. But his parents noted that he grew discontented. One day he knocked at the door of his father's study. Permitted to enter, he marched straight to the desk and spread out before his astonished father a sheet of paper, on which was written in a childish hand:

"Charles E. Hughes's plan of study."

Dr. Hughes looked from the paper to the child in wonder.

"What does it mean, my boy?" he asked.

"Papa," explained the four-year-old author of a system, "I don't like it at school. Teacher goes over the same thing again and again and I get tired. I could study at home and get my lessons all done in the morning." The father looked back at the paper. There were neatly written the days of the week; opposite them the subjects and hours of study. He accepted the proposition, and for the next six years the boy studied at home.

Another circumstance of these years is worthy of notice. The man who took a solid geometry on his vacation had for his chief intellectual pastime as a boy—mental arithmetic. The actuaries, expert accountants, and financiers, who dealt daily in millions, floundered and stumbled under his examination in the insurance investigation. They might testify to the value of those evening games in mental arithmetic. From the time he was five until he was a junior in college, the young Hughes read no fiction. For light reading in those days he had books on science. If the experts on the chemical side at the gas investigation marveled at the grasp of the attorney upon their own particular subject, it was because they were ignorant of the summers devoted to light reading in chemistry.

The boy Jerome had nothing in common with the boy Hughes. He was not a "marvelous boy" whose precocity made anecdotes and pleased parents. But he was born to social position in a big world. The men of prominence in public life were frequent visitors in the house of his father, "Larry" Jerome. The boy Jerome knew them and measured their achievements at first hand. Public life and public service were to him natural things. He studied at home and abroad, but the study was incidental; the significant thing was the touch with the big world of events and with public men.

While the boy Hughes was progressing from mental arithmetic to natural science, the boy Jerome was delving into Emerson. If his childhood has any significance it lies in his favorite phrase—Castles in Spain. Into the public life about him he projected his Emerson. While the young Hughes was taking prizes, the young Jerome was wrestling with Emerson and Epictetus. The boy Hughes worked and the product of his industry was the mind that could penetrate and expose a corrupt financial system. The boy Jerome dreamed and out of the fabric of his dreams came the Don Quixote whose windmills were to be real dragons, but whose spirit was that of Bulfinch's Age of Fable.

It was in his senior year at Brown that the young Hughes first considered the practise of the law. Dr. Robinson, one of his professors, sent for him.

"What are you thinking of doing?" he asked.

"I had expected to teach."

"I have watched you carefully, and I believe you are called of God to the profession of the law." Henceforth the profession of the law became to the young man not merely "more work," but a mission.

At the close of the Armstrong investigation an offer was made to the counsel of the committee to lay aside private practise and enter a big firm. He was to deal only with a specialty, and a fabulous price was placed upon his services. He declined the offer.

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"Money is not all," he said. "I want to work in my own way for the glory of the profession." The incident is significant, because it reveals thoroughly the spirit underlying the doctrine of "more work," without which Hughes, the public servant, would be impossible. But at the outset it led him to the teaching of the law.

Note the contrast with Jerome, Hughes's classmate at law school, who went to the district attorney's office as an assistant. He has often recalled the fact that it was the word of Richard Croker that secured him the place. Here he saw justice bought and sold. The boy Jerome smelled corruption, and the passion of the man Jerome had its beginning.

"I had but one ambition in those days," he has said. "I wanted to be elected district attorney myself. I wanted to run that office sweet and clean." He was already an office-seeker, a volunteer. Henceforth his future was shaped to public service. But Hughes, to whom the profession of the law had of itself the character of a sacred calling, marched away from public service to private practise. It was nearly twenty years before a slow-moving people drafted him to its work.

A single incident serves to connect the lawyer with the public servant Hughes. In his own house Mr. Hughes has an organ, and his friends know him as an expert musician. Much of his time at home is divided between his study and the organ. But this is hardly recreation. He is counsel for the firm which manufactures this organ. He studied the building of it in the shop; then he had one sent home. In his mind his duty to his clients included a knowledge of the art of playing the organ. In litigation now it is the expert organist who cross-examines and incidentally, of course, the attorney has developed into a musician.

In a day when public officers in general are not distinguished by any overzealousness for their actual work, there may be a suggestion in the character of a man whose very recreation has a value for his clients.

Of the public servant Jerome, no single incident can be entirely illustrative. He has been a crusader, but there have been other crusaders. He has overturned machines, but so have Folk and Colby. He has made his personality an issue above administrative measures, but so has Roosevelt. In his own familiar phrase, however, there is a suggestion of a distinctive note.

"I lay my cards face up on the table," he has often said.

Politics, like poker, has conventions. Laying cards "face up" on the table is not one of these conventions. But in neither game does this prevent the best hand from winning.

"See Platt," some one advised Jerome in his first campaign.

"I will see no one," he replied. Subsequently he denounced Platt from a public stage. Amidst the crash of a broken convention his friends trembled. But the people voted for him. Roosevelt defeated Platt at Platt's own game. Jerome matched Jerome's game against Platt's, and won.

When the second Low campaign was opening Jerome was alone at Lakeville. He believed that the nomination of Low meant defeat. He said so. Other people, who believed it also, raised a wail of horror. It wasn't conventional. His friends warned him that he would be suspected of selfish motives. His enemies openly charged that he was himself a candidate for mayor.

"Either what I say is true or it isn't," he retorted hotly. "If it is true, I ought to say it. If it isn't, let them show it." At first dozens of men, who didn't dare to speak publicly, sent information to Jerome, confirming his belief. When the tide shifted and it was clear that Low would be named, these same men, already prospective office-seekers, began to rebuke Jerome. One of them sent a letter chiding him. The letter was meant to counteract any unfavorable impression that any rumor of earlier letters might give. The next day Mr. Jerome printed the whole correspondence, and "political valet" became a current phrase. This snapped another convention, but the truth became manifest.

When the time came for Mr. Jerome to seek a renomination last year he sought it. He issued a proclamation that he was a candidate. A few days later he issued another manifesto attacking every politician on the horizon. A majority of practising politicians admire Jerome. They disapprove of his methods, but his results appeal to them. They were grieved at this unconventional pronunciamento and they told him so.

"You might have been nominated, if you hadn't run amuck," said they. But he won the election in November with the hand that had been lying "face up on the table" since August.

What the "liberty, fraternity, and equality" of the French Revolution were to the con-

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vention of the "divine right of kings," Mr. Jerome's "Where did you get it?" was to the convention of the "divine right of bosses." This is the public servant Jerome, who has leveled the method of Socrates at the manner and convention of twentieth-century politics.

With Hughes, the insurance inquisitor, the public is familiar. The marvel of his work unfolded before its gaze from day to day. But there is a side of that investigation the public knows less well. No reporter who "covered" the trial can forget it. Frequently, late at night, after a day of terrific strain, the telephone would ring and Mr. Hughes's voice would be heard:

"I wanted to be sure you understood that point," he would say. Or:

"I felt in justice that the true meaning of that incident should be recognized." Frequently these messages spoiled a "story." They never made a headline, and Mr. Hughes was never "quoted." But the attorney for the people was steadily watching to see that his clients had the real truth and that no injustice was done a witness through a reporter's misapprehension. The man whom insurance interests through "tripe and terrapin" despatches were denouncing as a ruthless inquisitor frequently stood between them and the exaggerated and undiscriminating criticism their methods would otherwise have provoked.

The quality of self-obliteration is not overcommon among men in public life. Yet only once did the man Hughes break through the mask of the lawyer. But the incident has significance. Writhing under the merciless probing of his Nylic transactions, George W. Perkins one day turned upon his examiner:

"It's like your fees, Mr. Hughes. You couldn't tell now what you have done with those you received last year." There was an instant hush. Then the son of a Baptist minister, to whom the Ten Commandments had a significance above the common law and the common law its own sacredness, swept the attorney aside. The face that had never before showed emotion grew rigid and hard:

"You will please remember, Mr. Perkins, that I am not trustee for my fees." There has been much lament about the vanishing of the Puritan from public life. Those who were present that day knew that a Puritan had spoken.

Between the man Hughes and public office there stands the formidable barrier of the man's own modesty, his own shrinking from publicity, his devotion to his own profession. For the things of politics he has no liking. From the machine politician he shrinks with horror. The effort to drag him from the duty of the insurance investigation to the honor of the mayoralty last year roused his deepest resentment. He could hardly wait to write his refusal. His own declaration is that he never intentionally voted for a machine ticket. He was one of the original Jerome nominators last year. To him the pursuit of public office is "of all vanities the vainest." And yet the gulf is not impassable—there is a single bridge.

"I am glad to accept your offer," he told the Armstrong Committee after he had abandoned his vacation to take up their work, "because I feel that in so doing I shall perform my duty as a citizen." Work with Charles E. Hughes has only a relative value after all. Duty is the motive principle. But for him the call of duty in public service must come from without, and come clearly.

Just at the outset of the second Low campaign District Attorney Jerome stood before an audience in Cooper Union. His break with the friends of Mayor Low had been complete, and the audience was hostile.

"I don't know why I am here," he said awkwardly.

"You couldn't stay away, Willy," shouted the inevitable gallery god.

"You're a heap sight nearer right than you think, friend," came the response in a voice broken with emotion. "And I pray God the time may never come that I can stay away when a fight for decent things is to be fought in this city." This is Jerome, the volunteer, the Minute Man of public service.

Charles E. Hughes has twice served the people with conspicuous success. He is again serving them in the case against the coal roads. This year the people of the State will elect a governor. Two years hence the Legislature will name a United States Senator. A new President will name an Attorney-General. The list of high offices demanding fit public servants is well-nigh inexhaustible. But it is clear that a call for volunteers will not enlist Mr. Hughes or men of his type. A public that knows their capacity for public service must decide whether it will draft them. Men of the Jerome type it will have, and it needs them. The people must decide whether they need both.

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Help! Help! Help!

By ROY L. McCARDELL

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The servant question is painfully persistent. At the word "servant," women's faces grow gravely concerned. In the hope of shedding a cheerful glow over so sad a subject, we asked Mr. McCardell, the well-known humorist, to lend his genius to our purpose. We found, to our surprise, that we had happened upon the bitterest of pessimists on the great domestic problem. The views with which he has favored us are not ours, but his. We do not believe that all American households have as much difficulty as has that of this author. We believe that there are good servants, helpful servants, and lovable servants—many of them. We should like to know what our readers think.

BETWEEN the very poor, who obviate the servant difficulty by self-help, and the very rich, who can keep servants for their servants, is the great so-called "middle class" population, to which you and I belong, gentle reader, who find the servant problem appalling and unanswerable!

It was not like this in the good old days. Then there were servants—and servant-girls especially—in plenty—so 'tis said.

The "hired girl" (we never, never alluded to her as "the maid" in the small American town or quiet country place where you and I were "raised") was like one of the family, and mother was glad to have her help and none of us put on any frills with her and she was not compelled to put on any frills of cap or apron with us. Ofttimes, especially in the quiet country places, her social standing was as good as that of anybody else. Usually she was one of a grown family of girls; there was plenty of help at her house and so she came and assisted our mother at our house. In their hours of ease, mother and she discussed the neighborhood gossip together.

The "hired girl" had her beau, a neighbor's stolid, sheepish son; and much was she joked about him, and finally, after years of faithful and friendly servitude, she married him. We went to the wedding, and it was quite a social affair, with much temperate merriment and with many cheap but useful presents.

My heart! But what a simple, primitive people we were! How we children cried when Sally went away, to keep house herself, have children and, in the fulness of time, a "hired girl" of her own as well.

Gone are those simple days. Now they "put on airs" in the smallest towns, and a stigma attaches to domestic service; none but the incompetent are left to do it. The brighter girls who must earn a living go into stores or work in the mills and factories. Girls who work in stores and shops and mills and factories are "employees." Domestic helpers are still "the servants." In the shops, stores, and mills the working woman has defined hours of labor and she can insist on being called "Miss." This means much to the female temperament. For all women are snobs at heart, and it is the snobbery of the woman who employs servants that has degraded house-help till now only the dullard and the incompetent are willing to be house-workers and—here is the crux of the matter—be "treated like a servant."

Yes, madam, Lady of the House, the fault is yours! You have made the servant's position servile and that is why you cry aloud for help—and there is none! The mistress may admit this fact; but the servant shuts her eyes to it; in her conversations of social affiliations the servant-girl will talk to you of "the wash-lady who works for the woman next door."

The servant-girl problem confronts the housekeeper in every city, town, and hamlet in this great land of ours. The South has known no satisfaction since the war; this is true even though they have in the South the

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Northern housekeeper's heart's desire, "real Southern colored help." And in the country-places of the South the negro "quarter" still exists, and in the cities there are the negro sections, and in the towns each detached house has a smaller one in the yard for the colored

miseries of the housekeeping head-hunters—East, West, North, and South.

Let us take New York as typical of all American cities in the matter of supply and demand in servant-girls. Let us go to an "Agency."

AFTER YEARS OF FAITHFUL AND FRIENDLY SERVITUDE SHE MARRIED. WE WENT TO THE WEDDING.

"girl" and her family. But the Southern housewife, country, city or town, must keep her provisions under lock and key; she must dole out each day sufficient—and no more—for her own family. For even to the best of the colored help in the South there is no such word as *steal* as applied to taking an employer's provisions or fuel.

In the West the situation is even worse. The factories take the female help; and the Chinamen, of whom we hear so much, demand wages too high for "middle-class" people to pay. In Chicago and St. Paul and Kansas City the "Intelligence Office," with all its horde of attendant incompetents, is not in the least detail different from what we of New York know and suffer.

Vain is the attempt to bring a good girl in with you from Canada. The good girl leaves Canada only to work in the New England cotton-mills, where she has relatives gone before.

The hopeless quest of the golden girl goes on in the highways and byways. I sing a song of many miseries, and they are the

There is no emotion about an agency, either in those who conduct it or those who frequent it. Vain it is to pour forth your trouble to the shabby man or jaded, flabby woman who conducts an agency. They have heard all these stories so many times. They might sit down and say, ahead of you, what you are going to say. But they listen. It is part of their trade to listen.

Then they lead you to a frowsy back room where some twenty women sit, wearing twenty shocking bad hats. The agent runs glibly through your story. You want a woman for general housework. You will give so much—you will give *anything* if you get a really good girl; you will treat her, oh, *so* kindly!

You wonder why the twenty impassive females do not throw themselves at you all at once and say, "Take me, I am yours!" But the twenty females restrain themselves. They do not want general housework. They are cooks and they "always got $40 a month." They are laundresses and they "always got $35 a month." They are parlor-maids and

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they "always got $35," or they are nursery-maids who "always got—" oh, well, what's the use!

You live in a flat; they won't work in a flat. You live in the suburbs; they won't go to the country. You live in a house; there is too much work for one girl in a house. You offer to have the laundry work done by a woman who comes in by the day; they do not care for the place anyway.

Finally a battered woman with the lingering traces of a black eye, and the most shocking of all the shocking bad hats—it must have been plucked from an ash-barrel—comes forward; she will sacrifice herself; she is ashamed and she is scorned by her sisters, but she will go; she will "try the place for a week."

You look her over and in your heart you know she will not do. You know she drinks. You know she is untidy. You know she cannot cook. You know she will neither scrub nor sweep. But the housekeeping heart ever hopes against hope. You say to yourself that perhaps this forbidding exterior hides a jewel of a girl. Anyway, she's the only one that will come! On the cars she tells you all her troubles, of the property she has lost, of the "elegant husband and fine sons" of which death has bereft her; had *they* lived, she "would be riding in her own carriage."

A BOOZING-DEN FOR THE WORTHLESS DREGS OF SERVANT-GIRLDOM.

Well, she stays two whole days. The first she is all thankfulness and self-congratulation to get with "such a fine family." The second day she picks a quarrel under the stimulation of whisky obtained in some mysterious manner; threatens to "bust up everything"; she does break a few things simply to terrify your wife, gets a week's pay, and takes her bundle and her departure, cursing loudly as she goes and invoking all disaster upon your house and yourself.

You go back to the agency. Your printed fee form calls for "a servant till suited" for from one to three months.

You get all sorts and conditions of girls. You get a Swede; she knows nothing except that she "ban dis country one year and skal have twenty dollar." You haunt Third Avenue and climb grimy stairs to grimier front rooms that have blue signs on their dirty exteriors bearing the legend "Dienstmädchen." You do not speak German and are therefore properly scorned by both the proprietress and the decrepit German woman who "wass in her laste place drei year alretty" (and she stays in your place only one day).

At last you do get a Swedish girl or a German girl or a negro girl and she rounds out a period of servitude more or less satisfactory, till there comes a parting of the ways—and you have to go upon your weary search again.

By this time you have made up your mind that it is useless to hire the haggard, helpless, hopeless old women who haunt the agencies. Even the proprietors of the agencies, so strangely styled "Intelligence Offices," attempt no deception with you about these old women. "They are old rounders," they tell you; "they all drink; when sober they will work only until they get enough money to get drunk again. They have only one real home—'the Island.'"

"Anyway," said the blasé proprietress of a Fourth Avenue agency upon whose mercy I threw myself years ago, "anyway, never hire an old maid. *All* old maids, all unmarried women over forty, who sit around these agencies are more or less insane."

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I do not desire to get into a controversy with the mature maidens of the land, but I have confirmation of the truth of this strange statement. The employment agencies are full of insane women. They are all women who were never married. Some are only eccentric; many of them are more than half crazy. Some have religious mania; some imagine they are pursued by enemies; and some have illusions as to the possession of vast property. Once I took home one whose constant theme was of poisoning stories in the penny press or of people who had been poisoned by finely broken glass placed in their food. (She placed some in ours, but did not break it fine enough.) I found out afterward that she was a well-known character around the employment agencies—and was known as "Broken Glass Liz."

Most of these insane women are of scrupulously neat appearance. Their first day in the house is marked by much cleaning, dusting, and scrubbing. But, alas! the second day is devoted to the development of their mania. Sometimes they lock themselves in their rooms and scream. Often they hold the fort in their kitchens and keep tradesmen and members of the household at bay. They may depart quietly when the policeman comes—or it may take force and the ambulance. But that knowing woman of the intelligence office was quite right: "All the unmarried women over forty who sit around these agencies are more or less crazy."

The agencies, of course, ought not to tolerate such things. But the agency has regard to its fees. Very few, except those of the very best class, care how the fees are earned. Many agencies are also lodging-houses for servants out of work. They are social centers—one-half of them are club houses for "the rounders." What money "the rounders" earn while at their spasmodic seasons of employment is spent in the agency "for board and lodging." Each agency of this sort has its own following that works but little and rests much. A week's wages pays the bill for a week of idleness in the agency lodging-house; here the "girls" meet their "lady-friends," have Sunday dances with their "gentlemen-friends." It is in such places that the social life of the tribe centers; and in such places they spend their days off and Sundays out.

There is a superstition among householders that if you can get an unspoiled servant from the South, traditionally described as "a real, old-fashioned darky," you will have obtained all that this world has to offer in the way of a flawless jewel of a girl.

Certain agencies advertise "Southern colored help." Colored servants do come from the South. They are brought North by assistant passenger agents of Southern railroads who make arrangements with New York or Philadelphia or Boston employment agencies to bring colored women North.

You go to such an agency and, in the fall or winter, you will find a dozen genuine Southern colored women. They owe to the agency from $12 to $20 railroad fare. You must pay this transportation fee and the employment agency fee, in advance; and then the servant "works it out."

Now, the good servant seldom if ever has to leave the South. It is only the restless, worthless negro woman that wants to break home ties and sunder old associations. Some are just out of jail for theft; others are cocain or morphin fiends—for in the South these insidious drugs are working havoc among the negroes; others are "deserted wives." It is only by the rarest chance, by the most fortunate combination of circumstances, that you get a good colored servant from the South even after you have paid her railroad fare.

It would be unjust to say that all of these agencies foist only the drug-addicted, the dishonest, and the worthless upon the hapless servant-hunter. There is a colored man in Brooklyn who has made a fortune bringing colored servants from the South. He must have the highest references from employers he can trust before he will act as intermediary to secure a colored man or woman a position among his servant-seeking clients. But do not hasten to Brooklyn to find this man—he has one hundred applicants for every servant he can secure. He has no connection with the assistant passenger agents.

I did not know him in my earlier days of servant hunting. Perhaps if I had he could not have helped me, for many are called for and few are there to choose from. But I have paid transportation for "genuine Southern colored help" on three occasions. Once I got a woman field-hand who snuffed cocain and morphin. Again I got a very good but aged woman who could not stand the rigors of the Northern winters—and the third time I got Louisa.

Louisa was a type of the hopeless that believes a change of climate means a certain

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THEY LEAD YOU TO A FROWSY BACK ROOM WHERE SOME TWENTY WOMEN SIT; THEY WEAR TWENTY SHOCKING BAD HATS.

improvement in material circumstances. Her husband had deserted her in some North Carolina town, leaving her with five small children. A traveling passenger agent told Louisa she should come North; he assured her that she could pay her transportation when she got a position in New York; and as for her children, he wouldn't charge any fare for them. Louisa arrived in New York. She seemed to be good-natured, strong, and willing. There was an encumbrance, I was told, "one child." We needed a servant; and a house in the country that has a parrot, a bulldog, a pony, and four children could not object very much to a placid, funny little pickaninny.

Louisa came. She was untidy, lazy, and incompetent, but the pickaninny was a great success. It never cried. The bulldog didn't object, the parrot took to it kindly, the pony regarded it indifferently, and the four children insisted that it was a combination of toy, pet, and playmate which they had always wanted and without which their joy could never have been complete. One day Louisa received a letter from New York. We live at New Rochelle, you know. The milkman deciphered it for her ere we arose. Louisa asked for a day off. She returned, bringing her four other children home with her. . . . It was a summer's evening. Old Casper's work was done. So was mine. Just about at the time of the arrival of Louisa and her dusky brood I had left the office. There had been hysterical telephoning from the house to the office, but I was homeward bound,

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all unconscious of the augmentation of the population of New Rochelle and my personal concern in the same. But as I approached the lawn that surrounds my humble dwelling-place, I rubbed my eyes. It looked as though a colored orphan asylum had been emptied on the premises. There were five merry little pickaninnies running over the lawn, consuming sugar bread and shouting with glee. The neighbors thought it was a great joke. Louisa was calm. She said that the woman with whom she had placed the four eldest children had married a widower; he had objected to her four, having seven of his own.

As Artemus Ward said, it was 2 mutch. Even our children, the first glad surprise over, realized this.

The embarrassment of the situation was relieved by the appearance of Louisa's recreant husband. He had heard that she had a place and had sought her out, thinking it was about time that he should be again supported. He could not understand the ways of "dese folks up Nawth," but none the less we insisted that he take his family away with him, go to work and support them.

It may be in place here to say that both the passenger agent who brought Louisa and her children North and the employment agency that had aided and abetted him in the matter, got into trouble with the Charities Department for making New York a dumping-ground for women and children who became public charges. Louisa's case was only one of many. Nevertheless the custom still obtains. It is Jerome's fault, doubtless. Everything is.

After Louisa and the whole Louisa family left us, I tried answering advertisements. Many of these were supposedly from German, Irish, or Swedish girls "just landed." For girls "just landed" they seemed to have been well advised. The advertisements generally added "No cards." Some said "Do not write; call," and furthermore "Ring Larsen's bell," or "Mulligan's bell," or "Sweitzer's bell."

Quests generally led to rear tenements, top floors. Always the girl had "just landed" in a place. Nine-tenths of these places were tenement-house agencies, unlicensed and unauthorized. Nine times out of ten the place was merely a frowsy boozing-den for the most impudent and worthless dregs of servant-girldom.

In such cases one finds from three to a dozen untidy women, and perhaps one or two men loafers, hanging about the place. But the women are "resting" or they "have places," and even should you summon enough confidence to ask one of them to work for you, you are more pleased than sorry when she refuses. Should your case be so desperate that you offer employment aggressively, you are put through a scornful catechism as to wages, the size of your family, and as to whether a girl is "expected to do all that for so little."

You rush for the fresh air, stunned with the wonder that any human being can hesitate a moment between loafing amid such surroundings and accepting a good home, good treatment, and good wages.

It is useless to fall back upon the hope of getting an immigrant girl. You go to Father Henry first. Father Henry is a painstaking and most worthy man. He is the head of the Mission for Irish Immigrant Girls. Your request he hears a hundred times a day. He is patient and kind. But you learn from him that if there are any Irish girls who come to this country with intentions of "going out into service" places were provided for them long before they sailed from the old country.

It is the same in Washington and in other cities where the desperate servant-hunter turns to the parish or mission priest and asks him if he knows of any good girl who is seeking employment at housework. The stigma that has been placed upon the servant-girl by you, the employing housekeeper, forces you into an apologetic attitude when seeking help at church or mission. Of himself, the priest knows it is the last sort of employment that the poor girl of to-day desires. Let us consider Father Stafford, of Washington. Father Stafford is the noted "lecturing priest." The massive church, mission and parish buildings which are the monuments of his work in Washington are places pointed out to the visitor at the nation's capital.

Father Stafford conducts art and stenographic schools for girls. He educates and gives a business training to all girls of his parish, rich or poor, who desire it. He finds that they can secure positions as clerks and stenographers; and since "service" implies loss of caste he will advise no girl, be she daughter of the poorest, to enter it, and he will tell you so. And this is the story at all missions in all towns.

The chronic "girl hunter" in spite of many delusions still has illusions. One of these is that he may get a girl out of "a home." My sad though sincere conviction is that any grown-up woman who through utter helpless-

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ness, addiction to drink, or mental or moral infirmity, has been an inmate of "a home" or institution, "Door of Hope," "Shelter," "Rescue Mission," or the like—it is unnecessary to go into details—is a failure as a servant as she has been a failure at all else. As for the hope of getting a girl in her teens out of an orphan asylum, those in charge of such institutions will not aid or assist you—and properly.

What is the position of a servant-girl in the ordinary middle-class family? She is in a home, but it is not her home. Her room is in the garret, if in a house, or a dark, unventilated closet that barely holds a cot, if in an apartment-house. She eats what is sent from the table to the kitchen when the family is through. She hears all the sordid family quarrels and has no respect in many cases for those who regard her as "an inferior." She is discouraged in the matter of visitors, and irregularly she has "one evening a week out."

YOU ARE PUT THROUGH A SCORNFUL CATECHISM.

In any other occupation in life a working girl has her self-respect, and, to a greater or less degree, the respect of others. Then why do you wonder that priests and missionaries, guardians, relatives and friends of working girls listen but coldly to your appeals to get you a "good girl"?

Suppose that in your desperation you have recourse to rural communities you knew in other days. You advertise in the *Weekly Democrat* or some other local paper printed with apple butter and a "patent outside" with all the news of a week or two ago. You get no replies. You try 'way up-state, you try down East, you try all the unsophisticated communities you can think of. No reply to the local advertisements ever comes, and then you apply to old acquaintances, old friends, and even relatives. You have offered in your rural paper advertisement wages that, as you remember, are more than men made thereabouts in your time. You repeat these offers when you beg these friends you know, or think you know, preachers, editors, leading merchants in other towns, to get you a good girl. You write about the kind treatment, the good home. You offer to pay railroad fare.

Those to whom you write generally reply: "All the girls around here work in the glass factory or the silk mill," as the case may be. "We'll make you a handsome present if you get us a girl in New York," your correspondent adds.

This is not exaggeration. It is truth. This story is also true:

A servantless housekeeper abroad upon the streets and in despair over the servant problem saw an old colored auntie of the ante-bellum type, and, threw herself upon her mercy, saying:

"Auntie, do you know where I can get a good colored girl? I have tried everywhere."

And the dear old colored "mammy" replied: "'Deed I don't, missus. I reckon as how you'll have to do like I does and hiah a w'ite woman."

That is the state of affairs. The servant problem is driving people to the apartment hotels. It has thousands of erstwhile happy homes in terror and confusion. It makes every man and woman of the servant-employing class earnestly in favor of a repeal or amendment of the law that forbids the coming of Asiatics to these shores as workers. We of the East are led to believe that Asiatic people make docile and ideal servants. I doubt it.

I doubt everything.

A good Japanese man-servant gets from seventy-five to a hundred dollars a month. I, like others, have invaded Chinese laundries and asked for help of the bland, yellow toilers over tub and ironing-board.

"Yes, can get; get good Chinese boy for houseworkee, sleventy-five dollar month."

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And so the cry is ever for help; but there is no help.

Perhaps when the day comes that women set aside snobbery and do not degrade domestic service, when we have our households so arranged that a day's work does not mean from early morn till late at night, and when "a servant" is not called a servant, we shall hear no more of the "servant question."

I, for one, make bold to say that I believe that women have but little executive capacity. Consider, they have had this servant problem in their own hands almost exclusively for centuries; it grows harder to solve, year after year, until at present the situation is well-nigh intolerable.

There is no doubt but what, when board, room, and wages are considered, domestic service pays better than work in a store or factory, and yet working girls as well as employing women make the same snobbish distinction. The girl in the factory, store, or shop considers herself as good as most women and better than the house-servant. Why?

Women in hotels treat employees with more deference, forbearance, and gratuities than they ever think of according to those employed in like service in their own homes. Why?

It is a fact that must be admitted that women are stronger than men for social ascendency, and they see no way to climb to social heights except by snubbing the strata beneath them.

For some inscrutable reason they have made their domestic aids the lowest strata; and this is properly resented by their self-respecting poorer sisters. Until this situation has been met and remedied by our advancing civilization, self-respecting women will continue to shun domestic work, no matter what their need. They will leave housework, though it calls for the most womanly qualifications, tact, skill, and intelligence, to the sloven, the incompetent and unreliable who now form most of the great army of those who work in the homes of other people.

The Make-Believe Boy

By MARY NORMILE

HE used to come when I was alone,
And we'd play games; but the most
I'd tell him stories—pirate, ghost,
And what I'll do when I am grown.

A girl moved in the house next door—
I didn't care; I don't like girls.
But this one's hair hung in shaving curls,
And I liked her a little—then more and more.

One day I gave her my best Swiss toy
And she was pleased; I made her a kite;
She said she liked me; it wasn't right—
But next, I told her about the Boy.

She laughed and made such fun and then
She pointed with her finger "Shame."
I said it was a silly game,
And the Boy—he never came again.

There is rather an important Publishers' Announcement on page 575—at least important to us—which you may care to read.

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OCTOBER

Another Story of Pelleas and Ettarre

By ZONA GALE

THE ballroom. . . . I sank on a little gray and gilt divan inside the door and looked down that great place of ivory and amber, empty, echoing, haunted. The morning sun was throwing across the polished floor wide rectangles of brightness, and pouring through a high window to the music gallery and smiting the carven capitals of the pillars. It was a place that should never have been entered in the daytime. Somehow I felt as if, unwittingly, I had taken the room unaware.

Enid, in a blue print frock, stood happily by, delighting in my delight. We were going over their new town house, hers and the young husband's who, as her young lover, had been in our home one memorable day; and we had come at last to its private fairy-land. You will have observed, I dare say, that every place has its own special fairy-land? In the great homes it is in the ballroom, all of white walls and mirror floors and indestructible memories of flitting, colored shadows; in the little homes it is the nursery, with lullabies and sleepy-fancy and good-night kisses; in the open it is in flower-beds and bonfires and trysting places; and in the world—ah, in the world at large it has many names—one for every heart. No one can doubt.

"Do you like it, Aunt Ettarre?" asked Enid, with a breath of content in its beauty. "I'm glad you like it. And this of course is where we shall have the *bal masque* next week, while you and Uncle Pelleas are still here, and see, dear—the little raised place there? With the white chairs? That is where you are to sit in your lavender silk and Mechlin cap, and be queen of the ball."

"Ah, yes," said I, feeling not the least interest, and doing my bravest to appear in a noon of delight. For did dear Enid think, merely because I am seventy and condemned to appear in lavender and Mechlin, that I care to be queen of a ball in *that* fashion?

"We shall be very gay," Enid was going on. "All the women are having the most charming gowns made. Lisa is coming as a water nixie, in a dress that you cannot tell from sea-foam. Avis will be a dryad in a gray-green gown, with moss down the skirt and oak leaves on her head. And Hobart Eddy—fancy Hobart!—is coming as Faust in stone color and a flaxen wig. He says it is about time that he renewed his youth. . . ."

So she went happily from one to another, monks and sprites and Elizabethans; and I listened, quickening to her pictures of one and another of her gay circle, forgetting quite that my pale part would be to wear my lavender silk and my Mechlin and be a kind of fairy godmother to the whole gay proceeding.

But while Enid was closeted with her housekeeper that morning all the dun-colored truth came back to me—me, stepping quietly through her exquisite rooms like the shadow of somebody happier who had just passed by that way, the shadow, say, of myself of fifty years ago, when I, too, was twenty, and belonged to happiness. So I looked out Pelleas, who, though he is older than I, is my one hold upon youth because of our great love.

I found him in the conservatory, the sun silvering his hair and lighting a great white orchid beside him to a kind of spirit porcelain.

"Pelleas," I said, sitting beside him, "you know Enid and David are giving a ball next week, before we leave."

"I know," said Pelleas, "a masked ball. It will be great fun looking on—if only they all resist getting themselves up in these detestable stage colors. The color scheme of the modern stage," said Pelleas with conviction, "is an abomination of worse than desolation. It is a *contrived* abomination——"

"O Pelleas," I said despondently, "so are we. How have we ever, ever contrived to be seventy? And expected to 'look on'?"

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"Ah, yes," assented Pelleas with a sigh, "in some respects I confess we are even greater barbarians than the calciums."

We sat looking toward the film of fountain that tossed and dipped and mocked us. And toward a little Japanese dwarf tree, three times our age, and beautiful. And toward all the things that need not age because, in sweet impermanence, they are permitted to die in the ecstasy and excess of their wonder. We only—only we were left unsanctified, neither properly dead nor wholly alive, condemned to "look on."

"Pelleas," I said, "I won't look on! I'll go to bed."

"Ah, well, the best of being neither dead nor alive," Pelleas replied, "is that one can still please other people."

After all, there was for me in those next days a sad kind of pleasure in helping the happy planning of Enid's friends. Every one consulted me—I dare say because my advice sounds neutral. Even Hobart Eddy asked me seriously whether I did not feel that Faust's true character entitled him to flirt outrageously with, say, one in lavender silk and Mechlin, seated on the chaperon's platform.

"By all means," I answered him. "I shall sit there in a garden of electric lights, with caskets of jewels on all sides, and I shall watch for you, Faust, and ask you for a lemon ice. Mind—lemon; and not shaped like a fish or a hippopotamus or a thorny cactus, either." For I cannot enjoy my dainties if they represent museum exhibits.

Faust promised, and he ordered his costume to be sent to Enid's house, since he was coming up from Washington at midnight on the night of the ball and would only have an hour or so to mask. I saw the dress when it came—an exquisite silver gray, with gray cloak and plumed cap and carven sword-belt and yellow wig. We were in Enid's room at the moment—Enid and Lisa and Avis and I—and to tell the truth Hobart Eddy's prospective splendor passed almost unnoticed, for Enid's gown had come home, and Enid had put it on, and had just appeared in the door of her dressing-room.

I shall not soon forget her as she stood there, almost shy in the storm of our enthusiasm—Enid, who to me was always a little like a mermaid, because of something both wild and shy in her great beauty. Her gown was all of soft autumn colors, a mist of faint gold and green traced in lines of shadow, curled like leaves and painted in fair October flame, such hues as light the frailest trees on heights touched earliest by the frost. About her waist was a zone of vines, and on her head a fillet of grapes and vine-leaves, and along her gown lay her bright hair, "yellow, like ripe corn." She held her mask in her hand and looked at us, laughing, from above it, and from her arm floated the long smoke of her scarf, immaterial as October haze.

"Are you Autumn, Enid," we asked, when we had tried to tell her how beautiful she was, "or Ceres—or Dionysia——?"

"Oh, no," she cried, "nothing so difficult. I am just October. I love October," she added, "and, besides, it was my wedding-month."

"Ah," cried I, "Enid—so it was mine! I think you are giving it back to me, that special October, fifty years ago."

Indeed, as I looked, it seemed to me that Enid was the very spirit of those days, the myth of the hours of late summer, quickened by the first breath of autumn, the elusive dream of October as my heart remembered. I told Pelleas something of this as we stood, on the night of the ball, ready to descend the stairs.

"Pelleas," I said, peeping over the balustrade to the hall below where already friars and contadinæ were gathering, "there will be some one wonderful at the ball to-night and I want you to be sure to look for her. She is not really a person," I added accurately; "she is a kind of symbol."

Pelleas shook his head.

"The trouble with symbols," he said, "is that they forget what they symbolize and get gamboling among themselves, as if they were real. Do you fancy that these masqueraders, for example, dance as what they symbolize or as who they are?"

"Pelleas," I said, being intent on things divine, "what time of year is the very, very dearest to you? What month do you love best—because of anything—or because of itself?"

"Why, October," said Pelleas, without having to think. Ah, I loved him for not having to stop to think.

"Ah, well, she's here to-night," I told him mysteriously. "Watch for her! Really—really October, Pelleas, with vine-leaves in her hair."

"No, indeed," said Pelleas stoutly, "she has on lavender silk and her best Mechlin."

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Never think that merely because you chance to be seventy you are too old to make some one else happy, as I was happy then.

We went up the broad stairs in a crowd of gay people on their way from the dressing-rooms; and above-stairs the corridors were bathed in a fire of lights that gave them a kind of youth, and as for the guests they seemed clothed in a most becoming immortality. Soft flame mingled with soft flame in the costumes; and, as I looked down the long ballroom, it did not turn aside as on my morning visit, but met my look confidently. The ivory and amber of the walls and floor were as beautiful as a place remembered, and I searched eagerly for her who was to be the very crown and seal of my memories.

But Enid was not receiving her guests on the landing, nor was she within the ballroom entrance. I divined that she wished to keep her mask a secret until supper-time, so I looked for her everywhere on the shining floor. When I did not find her there or in the corridors, I begged Pelleas to go to the white platform where Madame Sally Chartres and one or two others were already gathered, while I went down to Enid's room.

Outside Enid's door I met Bonnie, one of the maids, with a note for me. When I had hurried within her dressing-room I found the exquisite October gown laid upon a couch—but neither Enid nor her maid was there. And the agitated little messenger before me partly read and partly told me what had happened. Enid's father had been thrown from his automobile and injured, they feared quite terribly injured, and Enid and her maid had hurried to his hotel.

"Dear heart," Enid had written hurriedly, "I look to you to help David with all our guests. *And why don't you wear the gown?*"

Why did I not wear the gown, the October gown, the gown that meant as much to me as to Enid? And after all, why did I not? I looked at it, spread bewilderingly on the divan, and at the little maid, and then in a great gilt glass I had a glimpse of my lavender silk and white curls and Mechlin cap. I was as slight as Enid—she was no taller than I—I would leave at the unmasking and no one would ever know. . . .

"Bonnie," said I resolutely, without taking further thought, "will you be good enough to help me to dress?"

The little maid looked as compliant as if I had asked her to bring me tea. Really, I believe that I could not have borne it if she had seemed astonished.

So I stood before the great gilt mirror, and Bonnie dressed me in that gown of soft autumn colors, that mist of faint gold and green traced in lines of shadow, curled like leaves and painted in October flame. Round my waist went the zone of vines, and about my neck was folded the smoke of Enid's scarf, immaterial as October haze; and from the cloak-room, where they laid the extra masks and dominos, Bonnie brought a sun of golden hair such as a princess used to have, and it fell about my shoulders, "yellow, like ripe corn," and we crowned it with the grapes and vine-leaves and fastened on the mask of ivory gauze. And I protest that as I stood there breathless, drawing on Enid's gloves, the great gilt mirror gave me back myself—myself of that old October, long fallen asleep upon the heaven-kissing hills of dream.

I slipped out into the corridor, feeling a strange lightness and giddiness as if, from long flight, I were suddenly come before these gay people. I passed silently among them and up the thronged staircase, and within the ballroom, and breathless and triumphant I found myself in a circle of the maskers. And I knew myself *one of them*, one with their laughter and their glances, one with their mirth and their youth. The room blurred and dipped about me, women jostled me in passing, divinely jostled me who have been so long made way for with that detestable reverence which menaces age. And suddenly, from the high white gallery the music came stealing and summoning, and some one bowed before me, and it was a giant harlequin, offering me his arm! At last, at last I was no longer a looker-on.

Without a moment's hesitation I took the arm of Harlequin, and we fell in that slow and picturesque march which no *bal masque* is properly without. "Who is she—who is she?" I heard some one whisper, and the look was for me, unmistakably for me; and I protest that at the sound and the sight my blood went quickening as if new life were come upon me and as if Enid's gown had nothing to do with the matter. We stepped up the long shining room in that delicate measure, and I was aware of the slow motion, and the mincing going of the scarlet Pierrot, and the glitter of the gems on the shoulders of the woman before me, the nod of a plume, the breath of a flower—ah, I dare say that I seem a most frivolous old woman, but I cry to every one

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that one hour such as this is the very fairy-land of age.

We passed by the little raised place where the white chairs were, and I looked up trembling with the delight of it, and Pelleas met my eyes. It was, of course, the gown that challenged his look, the October gown for which I had bidden him watch as for something wonderful; and he could not possibly guess, but as I passed I saw his glance go anxiously to the doors, and I knew that he was looking for me, regretful that I was missing the shining spectacle. It was delicious secretly to divine his thought of me in his eyes, almost as if that October of fifty years ago were to see ahead and to know, past all doubting, that his dear eyes would never change.

Enid's gown must have been very beautiful, for I protest that I was a kind of belle. Harlequin and D'Artagnan and Richelieu and King Solomon, one after another they bent before me, and one after another I sat through a dance with them, on the veranda, on the terrace, in the garden dreaming under the high moon. They murmured this and this and bent over my hand—and besought me to dance, forsooth!—and some of them I knew, young friends of Lisa and Enid, or older men whom I had talked with as children, or middle-aged men fancying that they played the gallant to some young girl—ah, yes, Enid's gown must have been very beautiful. And at the close of each dance I promised myself to go boldly to sit upon that raised platform, pretending to breathe quickly for the dancing, and there to joy myself and to puzzle Pelleas by giving him some glimpse of that October that we both held dear. But when at last I turned to the platform on the arm of King Solomon, I found that Pelleas was not there.

Instantly I was filled with remorse, for I was certain that he had gone in search of me. What, I thought, if he were to ask for me at Enid's door, and thus to find out my surprise before I might bewilder him with it? I slipped away from them all and went looking for him; and because a dance was just beginning I avoided the thronging corridors and went through the conservatory, fast emptying into the ballroom. It was so idle and green, after the clamor and the color, that I stood still for a moment to foretaste the peace. Before me an arch led to the fernery, and there the lights were low and the peace was like the peace that is fallen after faint music. And while I stood there, half-minded to venture down for a moment, there appeared suddenly in the archway—silver-gray cloak and plumed cap and carven sword-belt—the Faust whom I had actually forgotten to expect. Had not Hobart Eddy asked me seriously whether I did not think that Faust's true character entitled him to flirt outrageously with, say, one in lavender and Mechlin? And what was there in Enid's beautiful gown to alter the matter? Immediately I dropped him a tiny courtesy—the mere hint of a courtesy which my age permits, appearing a greeting of the utmost hauteur. It would be delicious to banter Hobart Eddy, afterward, about his gallantry. Moreover, had I not gravely appointed tryst with him in a garden of electric lights?

From the low green arch Faust stepped forward, and his yellow curls fell about his shoulders and his mask as he bent before me, his hand upon his heart, the other sweeping the earth with his plumed cap. He offered me his arm and led me to a bench near the little film of fountain and the Japanese dwarf tree and all the things of sweet impermanence, to-night in the very ecstasy and excess of their wonder.

"Are you the spirit of October, madame?" asked Faust gently.

Now this was extremely clever of Hobart Eddy, who was of course not in the secret of Enid's mask, but it showed how perfect had been her conception.

"I am the spirit of one special October," I answered, speaking "small, like a woman," for my own voice is deep and, when I wish it, fairly clear. It delighted me beyond measure to find that Hobart Eddy, too, was disguising his voice, thinking to deceive me. "Perhaps," I added, "I am the myth of all the happiest Octobers in the world."

"Are there so many?" he asked—and I wondered at his gravity. I would have expected both Hobart Eddy and Faust to sing a serenade by the third observation.

"I know one happy October," I answered truthfully.

"Wholly happy?" he asked.

"Absolutely. Absolutely happy," I answered. "Indeed, I would not be the spirit of an October that was not wholly happy."

"This," he said then, "is very wonderful. When they are absolutely happy they usually go away—these Octobers."

I spread Enid's painted fan, gay with tinted leaves, and he took it from me and stirred the sweet air.

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"No," I cried, "believe me! I am October, and I know. The happiest ones never do go away. They stay as long as one likes, and wake whenever one likes, and they promise more."

"I have one, madame," said the gray mask, "a perfect October. Perhaps you recall it—since it must have been you?"

"Ah, perfectly," I answered, and smiled to think of Hobart Eddy remembering one October and its story from the next. "Perfectly," I assured him. "Shall I tell you something?" I asked boldly in my character of diviner of Octobers. "You do not remember alone!"

"Does she remember, too, madame?" he asked, with something like a laugh. Fancy, if you can, the joy of this way of talk when for years they have consulted me about nothing but poetry and remedies and embroidery and the durability of cloth.

"She remembers the month above all others," said I, like a sorceress.

"And does she love it," he asked, "as much as you love this special October which you resemble?"

"Ah, that," I said, "I cannot answer. But I think no one loves anything so much as I love that."

"But I do!" he cried quickly. "Do you not see my heart—that I do?"

"Perhaps," I told him lightly. "At all events it is very delightful being October. I have only to step out in the ballroom and cry my own name aloud for any number of people to remember pleasant things of me."

"I remember them now," he said softly.

"And I," I told him, smiling at the pretty play.

We sat for a moment looking toward the film of fountain that tossed and dipped and sang to us, and toward the things that need not age because, in sweet impermanence, they are permitted to die in the ecstasy and excess of their wonder. And I had fancied that, among all these things, Pelleas and I were condemned to look on, though I had only to pretend to be the spirit of that October that I loved in order to be happy! I must tell Pelleas of this instantly. . . .

I sprang to my feet and in the same moment this strange Faust beside me bent hurriedly, with a question.

"Tell me," he begged, "would you be happier to go back to that other October—the one you love? Just as I, Faust, went back to my youth? Would you?"

I turned to him almost fearfully, and as I did so I saw the shining of the ballroom and the myths of the flitting figures. But I was suddenly aware that the lights hurt my eyes, and the music hurt my head, and I was tired, and I had not yet found Pelleas. Fancy going back to that other October when Pelleas and I would have danced ourselves to death in the belief that we were mad with delight! Fancy having to listen to the enigmas of masked folk instead of looking in the clear eyes that met mine every day. . . .

"No!" I cried. "And nobody ought to know better than you how perfectly insane Faust was to wish back his youth!"

"Do you mean it?" asked the gray mask, and put his arm about me. "Do you mean it, Ettarre?" he said in his own voice; and then I knew him, that he was Pelleas.

"Pelleas!" I cried—but I, too, did not tear away my mask, for I could not bear to lose the wonder.

Pelleas was laughing as he bent above me—he is far taller than I, and his shoulders are quite as broad as Harlequin's or King Solomon's.

"Hobart Eddy telegraphed that he couldn't be here," he said, "and so I thought—I knew——"

"Did you know that I was October?" I demanded. "Did you, Pelleas?"

"I don't know anything *but* you and October," Pelleas declared, "and I never have known anything else."

With that he threw back his cloak of silver-gray and drew my arm in his, and we walked slowly past the film of fountain that tossed and dipped and sang to us. Steps came into the conservatory, and we heard voices.

"There go two real lovers," said the woman's voice—and softly: "Like us."

"How do you know, dear?" asked the man.

"Why, look," she cried; "wouldn't you know?"

We did not see them, but we wished them both the gladness of their June even as we knew the joy of our October. We went past the little Japanese dwarf tree, three times our age and beautiful, and so through the low green arch to the peace of the fernery. I think that there came to greet us that old October of ours, long fallen asleep upon the heaven-kissing hills of dream.

"Pelleas," I said then, "Pelleas — suppose we go to the ballroom and sit for a while on that little raised platform, and look on?"

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"BROKEN HILL" MINE, WHERE MR. THOMAS OF ADELAIDE ONCE LABORED; HE WAS, LATER, PRESIDENT OF A COMMISSION TO INVESTIGATE THE SHIPPING TRUST.

Soldiers of the Common Good

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—On the other side of the world—in Australia—Labor is in control of the government after a fierce struggle with entrenched capital,—Labor, with its "fanciful" platforms and Utopian theories. A stone-mason is a premier; an ex-hostler and job-printer is a leader in parliament; miners and day-laborers make the laws. What is the result? They are testing municipal ownership, and old-age pensions, and doing other "crazy" things. But Mr. Russell, in this article, claims that Australia is wonderfully well governed. He says they are solving the transportation problem there; successfully fighting one of our own Trusts; introducing unprecedented economy of government expenditure. With honesty of purpose and intense earnestness they are trying certain governmental experiments which the majority of our easy-going fellow citizens are wont to call "idealistic," "dangerous." This array of astonishing facts deserves a fair-minded hearing. Australia is across the world—but it is the same world—and the Australians are men like our own nation-builders, hewing a new land out of the raw.

CHAPTER XXIV

DEMOCRACY AND TRUSTS IN AUSTRALIA

AT Melbourne they were investigating the Tobacco Trust. Senator G. F. Pearce, one of the low, common persons of the Labor Party, presided at the head of the Federal Commission. Other low, common senators sat with him. To an American their work had rather unusual interest because the thing they were examining is one of the boons we have conferred upon mankind. When the American Tobacco Company had beaten the American retail tobacco dealer into a proper pulp of humility and subservience it crossed to England, reorganized itself under a convenient alias, absorbed all the leading British manufacturers, and spread its genial influence through the British Isles, ruining tradesmen and crushing competition. Thence it extended its domain to outlying British possessions, and at last descended with its familiar tactics upon Australia.

Two great Australian firms, one in Sydney, the other in Melbourne, united to resist the invader, and for purposes of stronger defense

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they formed a stock company. There was much valiantly planned action that never came to the battle-field, for the contest was over before it was fairly begun. One day the Australians awoke to find that the Tobacco Trust had quietly secured a majority of the new company's stock. After that the Australian tobacco market was at the Trust's mercy, and the Trust merely repeated the processes that had swelled its dividends and skinned the consumer in America.

This was the state of things the commission was investigating. Senator Pearce directed the inquiry—a quiet, grave, thoughtful man, well worth attention. He was very plainly dressed, even with some indication that he was not well-to-do, but the dignity of the man's attitude and his extraordinary manner obscured all other considerations. Reserve strength and self-mastery seemed to speak in everything he did. He was always at his full ease and yet without the least aggressiveness, exhibiting a kind of gentle firmness that I have never marked except in men that have thoroughly mastered themselves and their work. He never raised his voice, nor lost his temper, nor showed impatience, nor tried to play tricks nor to be smart, and he never varied from the straight, even line of questioning he had chosen. Representatives of the Trust, coached by the ablest lawyers in Australia, continually endeavored to hinder and delay the inquiry or to switch it from the track. With unwearied patience this man would instantly detect the device and pick the proceedings up and replace them on the rails. Once or twice somebody would think to be merry with him because he is a low, common Labor person. Upon such a one he would turn two keen, analytical eyes and a fine grave face so obviously honest that somehow the fun dropped out of the occasion and the jester seemed rather ashamed of himself. And then again this chairman evidently knew all about the subject in hand; knew, too, when witnesses were trying to be shifty and evade the truth, and the swiftness with which he tied knots about these and made them sit up and be careful was beautiful to see. But he never browbeat anybody, never spoke with harshness or vehemence, never said anything for the grand stand, never lost his one attitude of absolute fairness in the sole interests of truth. Steadily he sent the scalpel into the mass before him; steadily he laid it bare, bit by bit, until it was all separated and assorted and lying in the sunlight, labeled and ill-smelling. Nothing turned him aside, nothing disturbed him; but he drove into the heart of the matter, and no shred of it all escaped his noting. Hardly any lawyer skilled in verbal fence and cross-examining could more ably ply the probe. Yet this man is not a lawyer. He is a carpenter.

The report of the commission was a marvel of thoroughness, clearness, and accuracy. Every phase of the subject stood out like the white houses in an Italian landscape.

Photograph by Radford.

AUSTRALIAN BULLOCK DRIVER.

Yet the man that commanded this work is only one in the class of men that is leading Australia forward. The other Labor leaders are of his order, self-made students, thinkers,

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grave, reserved, and ready. To talk, for instance, with John Christian Watson, Premier in the Labor administration and now Labor

Photograph by The Swiss Studios, Melbourne.

SENATOR G. F. PEARCE, PRESIDENT OF AN INQUIRY COMMISSION; A CARPENTER BY TRADE.

leader in Parliament, will destroy your every preconception of the Labor advocate. He has that low-pitched voice and unobtrusive manner that I noticed in Pearce; and he, too, seems to try to secure emphasis only by understatement. In all he says he is evidently trying to be fair and decent and tolerant to all men. No, you can never reconcile him with the wild-eyed demagogue of tradition. He is a typesetter. Once (for a day) he worked as a hostler in a stable fronting the Commonwealth building, in which he now has his office.

These are remarkable men. In Sydney, another of them, Mr. Thomas, of Adelaide, was presiding over a commission that is making inquiry into the shipping and steamship monopoly. He has the same traits; in the same comprehensive and effective manner he was trying out the secrets of the shipping trade. He is a miner, worked in the Broken Hill mines, was "leaded" there, and was president of the Miners' Union in the great strike.

In South Australia one of the Labor leaders, Thomas Price, is Premier of the State Government. He was formerly a stone-mason and worked by the day on the Parliament House, in which he now sits, chief ruler of the state. He is of this same class, the same order of the economic student; he is a graduate of the same school, in which the lessons are learned at night when the day's work is over. He has this characteristic reserve, like the rest of the leaders, but I judge that at times he is capable of losing it. Ten years ago, when he was only a member of the South Australian Parliament, he told in a campaign speech certain things about this same Shipping Trust that threatens to grip by the throat the ocean commerce of Australia. All that he said has since been demonstrated before the Federal Commission to be perfectly true, but at that time the Trust had not been attacked and it was arrogant. By an arrangement similar to that employed in Mr. Lawson's case, the Trust put up a dummy to sue Mr. Price for libel. The libel laws of Australia are a relic of sheer savagery. The Trust got a verdict of $500. Mr. Price owned his cottage, the result of years of toiling at his trade, and beyond that he had not a dollar. So the great Shipping Trust, which annually gouged millions from the people of Australia, purposed to seize the $900 cottage to punish him for telling the truth.

JOHN CHRISTIAN WATSON, AN EX-PREMIER, NOW A LEADER IN PARLIAMENT; HE IS A TYPESETTER.

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YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES IN SCHOOL.

Just at that time the Labor Party of South Australia was urging a bill to abolish the pest of bookmakers and to check the race-track evil, and Price was in the thick of the fight. One day a delegated bookmaker went up to the little house the Shipping Trust threatened to grab and made its owner an offer. It might easily bear some other name than bribe; it was merely an offer of a good thing, a "chance for legitimate investment," a fine business opportunity. It had a nice ground floor and the door would be found open and perfectly safe; it was better than plum-trees and blind pools. Mr. Price declined the alluring proposal. Perhaps he declined it with unnecessary emphasis. Anyway, the gentleman that told me the story said he happened to be passing Mr. Price's home at the time, and, his attention being attracted by violent outcries, he looked up and saw the form of the bookmaker fleeing through the door and Mr. Price running after him. Beyond the threshold Price caught him and kicked him like a bundle of rags off the front steps and into the gutter. That closed the incident. It seemed to indicate that my friend on the steamer spoke with a measure of truth. There are times when it must be very painful to be governed by a stone-mason, especially if he has large, heavy feet.

Mr. Price mortgaged the cottage and delivered to the Trust its pound of flesh.

It is odd, but these men seem to have no bitterness in return for all the bitterness heaped upon them. As a rule they do not abuse their opponents, nor call them names, nor show any particular resentment, nor deal in personalities. They say they do not look upon their fight as against individuals, but only against conditions; and as they feel absolute confidence in the eventual triumph of their ideas they are not much concerned about persons. I have been much, very much, among politicians and the leaders of political parties, and this was the first time I had met men of that calling that based their political creed upon the Sermon on the Mount and seemed to like to talk about the political lessons of the life of Christ. Some of them have a little money, saved from the days when they worked at trades, but even these deny themselves every luxury and live the life of the workingman. Some wild Tolstoyan

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AUSTRALIAN GOLD DIGGINGS: "THE WHIM."

idea, I know not what, possesses them that to live more comfortably than the poorest of those about them is not in accordance with the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. Strange men they are, I know, but not without their merits. When George Ryland was elected to Parliament he dropped all other occupation and now lives on the exceedingly thin substance of his parliamentary salary. His sole business is to be a legislator and he attends to it with incredible industry. Senator Pearce takes long, lonely rides on his bicycle hundreds of miles into the bush to study the country and what it needs and what it can do. One of these bicycle excursions was through the two-million-acre tract that is owned by fewer than one dozen persons. When he came back he knew the Australian land question from end to end. How low these men may be I have no means of knowing, but they hardly seem what you would call common. I wish they were commoner. I know where about a million of them, with their Sermon-on-the-Mount platform, could be used advantageously.

What are these men trying to do in this splendid new commonwealth? What practical things do they battle for?

First, they stand for more democracy and a more direct operation of the will of the people.

You would find it hard to apprehend now that only a few years ago Australia was not a democracy at all but an oligarchy of landowners. As a rule the franchise was arranged so as to secure the government from any intrusion from the detestable lower classes. It had a property qualification, and, copying one of the worst features of the English system, a man could vote in every precinct in which he held property. This gave to some men four, five, six, sometimes as many as ten votes each. As the men that worked with their hands owned little or no property the oligarchy felt quite safe; but as a further bulwark of society and the better elements, it was enacted that only those men could vote whose names the justices of the peace chose to place upon the polling-lists. As the justices were to admit only the names of men known to them, it will be seen that here was an arrangement of great beauty. The justice could always refuse to "know" any person that he deemed to be dangerous to society, and in consequence such a person would be disfranchised.

The Labor Party undertook in the interests of democracy to change all these conditions.

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A Queensland man told me that he doubted if in his part of the country they could have achieved much if it had not been for the women. Every avenue of employment was absolutely in the hands of the entrenched governing classes, and every man that agitated for election reform was not only discharged but blacklisted and boycotted. He found it impossible then to obtain employment anywhere; no man dared to hire him.

George Ryland was blacklisted for five years. They would not let him plow nor chop wood nor drive horses. It looked like a hopeless fight against a power so great and so arbitrary. Often the men were discouraged, but the women, never; they had more pluck than the men. The savage injustice had stirred their utmost resentment; one and all they urged their husbands to keep on and never to yield. In many cases wives assumed the burden of supporting the family. Some turned dressmakers and some cooks. One family that I know lived four years on a weekly income of between $3 and $4 earned with her needle by the wife and mother. The husband tramped Queensland looking in vain for work. With such a spirit among the women the situation could not long continue. A body of voters grew up not of the Labor element but painfully convinced that existing conditions were wrong. These united with the few Labor men that had the franchise, the "better" element was outvoted and overturned, the suffrage was reformed, the Labor Party swept into possession of the Queensland state government, and holds that government to-day.

Curiously enough the "better" element had made a sad botch of the state finances so that with an annual revenue approximating $17,000,000 Queensland showed an annual deficit of about $1,000,000. The low, common Labor people stopped that. The first full year of their control showed a surplus of $59,000; the first seven months of the present fiscal year indicate a surplus of about $150,000.

Meantime, federation had been achieved, the days of the oligarchy were over, the Labor element had fought for and secured in the new nation universal and unlimited adult suffrage for men and women alike, the old drooling superstition about the inferiority of women got a staggering blow, democracy won such a historical triumph as still echoes around the world. Under the inspiration of that great victory the states are bringing the state franchise to the level of the national, and there will never be another man blacklisted in Australia for agitating for democracy.

Second, the Labor Party is opposed to continuing the upper house in the state legislatures. In several instances, as an odd survival of feudal conditions, the upper house is still appointive, and often it has blocked reform and interfered with progress. In the interests of democracy Labor is agitating against this species of reactionary influence.

Third, the Labor Party has a cure for Trusts.

Once Australians flattered themselves that they were immune from trust evils and looked with half-amused disdain upon conditions in the United States as upon troubles they had been wise enough to escape. They were fond of quoting Max O'Rell's remark about the Americans that had thrown off the yoke of one king to accept the yokes of sixty, and with pleasing self-complacency they would copy into their newspapers descriptions of the "System," or of an American Trust, and

TRADES HALL, THE LABOR HEADQUARTERS AT MELBOURNE.

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remark how fast such things would fade away in the purer air of Australia.

In the last few years these agreeable hallucinations have much changed. It has become apparent that not even Australia is exempt from the world struggle. Because its railroads are owned by the states and rebates and discriminations therefore are impossible, the country is secure against any such giant monopolies as the Standard Oil Company or the Beef Trust; but against combinations that work through the transportation over which the state has no control it has no such protection, as it has lately found.

I wish to tell of two phases of this development because they illustrate the general truth that transportation is the key of the trust evil, and because they show the result upon the public of the concentration of capital.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT ADELAIDE, WHERE TOM PRICE ONCE WORKED AS A STONE-MASON AND NOW SITS AS PREMIER.

Australia had seven years of drought. I suppose hardly another country in the world could survive such an affliction; even the unequaled resources of this marvelous continent were put to the severest test. Thirty million sheep died, and the other losses wrought in the seven years were appalling. Toward the end of the calamity some relief was discovered in the possibilities of the butter trade of Victoria. It was found that butter could be transported in refrigerator-ships from Melbourne to London and be sold at a profit; and as the Victoria butter is of a very superior quality, a great paying industry was soon inaugurated. A combination or trust was formed to control the butter business, the first object being to crowd out all other purchasers and then to reduce the price paid to the farmers and dairymen so as to enhance in a pleasant way the dividends of the Trust. Two lines of steamers, the Peninsular & Oriental and the Orient Pacific, have practical control of the carrying trade to England. The butter combination approached the steamship companies with a proposal that the combination's butter should be carried at lower rates than any other butter. The companies declined the offer. But the combination had learned how such things are done in America and promptly pulled the next string in its bow. It showed the companies completed plans for a new steamship line it proposed to establish to compete with the older lines and cut freight rates to bits. Then the steamship companies lost no time in climbing down. By means of the American rebate system they granted the reduction demanded, and the butter combination, thus being able to undersell its competitors in the English market, soon had the trade corralled. You see it had neatly duplicated the situation created in America by the pirates of the Beef Trust.

When the farmers found that there was now but one purchaser in the field and that one able to reduce prices to any level it chose, they looked about for some weapon of defense and hit upon cooperation, the beneficent discovery of the Rochdale weavers, which has carried its blessings all over the world. They formed a Cooperative Society to buy and handle their butter.

To the combination, armed with the tre-

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mendous artillery of rebates, a Cooperative Society was a mere jest. Cooperation could not stand for a moment against a power that could control and bedevil freight rates. The Society failed.

At this stage the Labor Party took up the fight and the state government of Victoria appointed a commission to investigate the combination and all its acts. The commission ordered the Peninsular & Oriental and Orient Pacific companies to produce their books. By night the companies threw all their books aboard a steamship and hurried them to Sydney, out of the jurisdiction of a Victorian commission.

But by this time the country was becoming aroused. The public sentiment that had elected the convicted miners to Parliament declared that the butter combination had gone far enough. The federal government appointed a commission of its own whose subpœna would be good in every part of Australia, the steamship books were seized in Sydney and the whole conspiracy was laid bare. The steamship companies, in terror for their fat mail contracts, abolished the rebates; under the protection of publicity Cooperation was revived among the dairymen, and the butter combination faded from these scenes.

Australia had had a sobering glimpse of the true meaning of a trust. But another lesson was in store for it.

So far this country is peculiarly dependent upon sea communication because as yet only the coast fringe of it has been developed and because its foreign trade is the breath of its being.

The steamship companies formed a combination to control all coastwise shipments anywhere in Australia. First they put up rates ten per cent. Then they copied the prize performance of the American Sugar Trust and made an arrangement with shippers by which if the shippers gave all their business to the combination they were to have at the end of the year a rebate of ten per cent. on their freight bills. The rest of the commercial world and all occasional shippers had to pay the full rates.

Now the combination included all the regular lines around the continent. But, of course, tramp steamers and sailing vessels and like occasional visitors were not included. Very few vessels arriving from abroad make only one Australian port; usually they visit three or four, and, passing from port to port, the tramps and sailing vessels frequently take Australian coastwise freight at low rates.

The combination found ways to discover shipments on such vessels and to follow them from hand to hand even to the consumers. One of the firms on its list for the annual rebate was a large house in Sydney. If I should mention its name it would look upon itself as ruined, so great is the fear of the combination. This house in the course of its usual transactions purchased early in the year from an importer a bill of goods that had been carried from Melbourne to Sydney in a tramp. The firm, you will understand, did not control this shipment and had nothing to do with it, nor knowledge of it, but merely purchased these goods in the market as it purchased others. At the end of the year it applied to the steamship combination for its accumulated rebates, amounting to three thousand and odd dollars.

The combination coldly negatived the proposition.

The firm remonstrated and brought out the contract.

"You bought goods shipped on an opposition boat," said the combination. "You get no rebates here."

Evidence brought before the commission showed that this practise had been applied as far as five and six removes from the original importer.

Now for the plague of the Tobacco Trust and the plague of the Shipping Trust the Labor Party proposes one remedy. It proposes that the government shall buy out and operate the entire tobacco business, becoming the sole manufacturer of and dealer in tobacco, and that the government shall build and operate steamships. Under the Australian constitution, planned to obviate our kind of troubles, both plans are perfectly feasible. If the government should elect to take over the tobacco business, the way would be simple. One valuer would be chosen to represent the government, one to represent the owners, and a Supreme Court judge would be a third. Two of the three would agree upon a price to be paid, and that price the owners would have to accept. A bill providing for the national purchase in this way of the tobacco business will be introduced at the coming session of Parliament. It seems certain to pass.

Fourth, the Labor Party strives to extend and amplify the principle of public ownership of public utilities.

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CHAPTER XXV

PRACTICAL OPERATION OF SOME OF THE LABOR PARTY'S IDEAS

In Australia, as everywhere else except in America, public ownership has already gone far to curb the extortions of private capital, and in many ways is likely to go further. In all the Australian states the Labor Party has stood steadfastly for every extension of the public-ownership principle. In national affairs it aims to secure the public ownership of every private monopoly of whatsoever kind. It has passed a law authorizing the federal government to exclude from Australia all commodities made by a Trust, but its real remedy for the trust problem is exactly the cure applied in such startling fashion by the Japanese. That is to say, it purposes that the government shall operate the Trust for the Common Good instead of for private gain.

Warfare against monopoly is somewhat easier in Australia than in some other countries for the reason that in Australia the close relation between monopoly and transportation is generally understood and is not an issue. Some few and for the most part small railroad projects, including mining and timber lines, are still in private hands. All the other railroads are publicly owned and operated.

So far the ownership is vested in the several states, each having its own system. In the good old conservative days before the Labor demon raised its head, there was much childish jealousy among the different governments. In the conservative view the destiny of Australia was not to be a nation but a handful of nice little colonies vying with one another in expressing loyalty to the monarchical idea and the established order. So in railroad building, each colony established its own gauge and stuck thereto. A more preposterous notion never bewitched the human mind, but the truth is that a gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches in New South Wales actually seemed a reason (to the conservative intellect) for a gauge of 5 feet 3 inches in Victoria and a gauge of 3 feet 6 inches in Western Australia. The annoyance, delay, and expense resulting to through traffic make the thing seem like a section of Bedlam. Between Melbourne and Sydney, for instance, a line with an immense traffic and with otherwise excellent accommodations, you must change cars on the frontier and all the freight must be transferred.

Eventually the federal government is to take over and unify the systems of the different states. Considering the multiplicities of systems and gauges the task that will then be set the federal government will not be for a holiday. Yet government ownership of Australian railroads, even with these drawbacks, has done well for state and people, undeniably well. Some difference of opinion exists as to the best policy for railroad operation. According to the Labor Party's doctrine all the profits, beyond a small percentage on the investment and the usual sinking fund and depreciation charges, should be returned to the public in the shape of reduced rates. According to other persons, not in the Labor Party but indorsing public ownership, the profits should be paid into the treasury. This difference should be borne in mind in estimating the net results.

From the records of government railroad operation in Australia in recent years, I quote the principal figures:

NEW SOUTH WALES

	1905	1904
Investment	$215,310,750	$211,440,585
Total cost a mile	$65,610	$64,450
Miles open for traffic	3,280	3,280
Earnings	$18,410,080	$17,182,065
Working expenses	$10,950,735	$11,294,700
Profits	$7,459,345	$5,887,365
Percentage working expenses to revenue	59.50	65.74

VICTORIA

	1905	1904
Investment	$206,395,220	$206,083,315
Total cost a mile	$60,810	$60,955
Miles open for traffic	3,393	3,380
Earnings	$17,911,325	$17,195,705
Working expenses	$9,355,685	$9,609,335
Profits	$8,555,640	$7,586,370
Percentage working expenses to revenue	52.23	55.90

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

	1905	1904
Investment	$67,939,030	$67,588,635
Total cost a mile	$38,923	$38,900
Miles open for traffic	1,745	1,736
Earnings	$6,366,605	$5,803,195
Working expenses	$3,683,955	$3,376,975
Profits	$2,682,650	$2,426,220
Percentage working expenses to revenue	57.86	58.26

QUEENSLAND

	1905	1904
Investment	$108,054,900	$104,437,925
Total cost a mile	$34,946	$34,309
Miles open for traffic	3,092	3,044
Earnings	$7,067,195	$6,527,760
Working expenses	$4,073,720	$4,059,755
Profits	$2,993,475	$2,468,005
Percentage working expenses to revenue	57.64	62.19

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TASMANIA

	1905	1904
Investment	$19,602,540	$19,418,645
Total cost a mile	$42,290	$34,309
Miles open for traffic	463	462
Earnings	$1,217,730	$1,038,415
Working expenses	$859,065	$831,775
Profits	$358,605	$206,640
Percentage working expenses to revenue	70.54	80.10

COMMONWEALTH

Investment	$672,240,025
Earnings	$59,110,780
Working expenses	$37,033,315
Profits	$22,077,475
Percentage working expenses to revenue	62.6

President Roosevelt could never persuade the people of Western Australia that the government ownership of railroads is "the greatest misfortune that can befall a nation," because they have had practical experience with a misfortune much greater. Once all their railroads were owned by private companies. There is no consideration that could induce them to return to that kind of ownership. A chapter from the history of their experiences will show why no consideration could induce the people of Western Australia to return to private ownership.

Before 1899 the Great Southern Railroad from Beverly to Albany, 243 miles, was private property, and even for a railroad operated solely for dividends the service it furnished seems to have been bad. Settlers complained incessantly of extortionate charges and arbitrary treatment. They used to exhibit tariff sheets showing that when the season had been good and the crops abundant, the company advanced the rates so that good harvests really meant nothing except to the railroad. I suppose that I need hardly say that the rates thus advanced were never afterward reduced. To reduce them would not be in accordance with railroad companies' practise all over the world. In Australia as easily as in America the companies worked the old humbug game about the vast mystery and difficulty of making railroad rates, and while they juggled like prestidigitators the rates always went up. Substantial demonstration of the justice of the settlers' complaints was found in the fact that in ten years the region showed practically no gains in population. There is nothing to tempt newcomers in a region where all the profits of the undertaking are skimmed off by the railroads. Tradesmen as well as farmers complained; they had to submit to extortion on their freight shipped in as much as the farmer was robbed on his freight shipped out. Of course the railroad was owned in England, and its resident managers, like the managers of the Irish railroads similarly owned, had no business and no responsibility except to gouge profits and to show dividends. So in 1899 the exasperated government determined to end a situation it had tried in vain to control, and bought outright the whole enterprise. Since then the railroad has been operated for the Common Good. One of the results has been that the settlers have had lower rates for their produce and better service. Another has been that in the seven years since the purchase the population in that region has quadrupled. And another has been that with increased service and lower rates the government has still made a profit on the investment.

Municipal ownership has not advanced in Australia relatively so fast as state ownership. Lighting enterprises are still generally in private hands, and so are many street-car lines in the cities, although these the municipalities universally plan to acquire in a few years. In Sydney the gas is furnished by a private monopoly, which charges high rates and makes profits that would compare favorably with the loot of any American gas trust, but this is undoubtedly a temporary condition. The admirably managed Syd-

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF AUSTRALIAN RAILROAD PROFITS

	1861	1871	1881	1891	1901	1905
New South Wales	$69,085	$791,285	$3,520,460	$5,965,220	$7,006,585	$7,459,345
Victoria	.....	1,789,100	3,661,115	4,784,915	6,008,625	8,555,640
Queensland	.....	108,300	573,190	2,065,170	1,047,140	2,093,475
South Australia	55,930	114,170	643,265	2,819,525	1,867,655	2,682,650
Western Australia	.....	.....	*—14,535	10,380	1,325,295	1,770,630
Tasmania	.....	2,955	33,605	105,530	161,955	358,605

* Loss.

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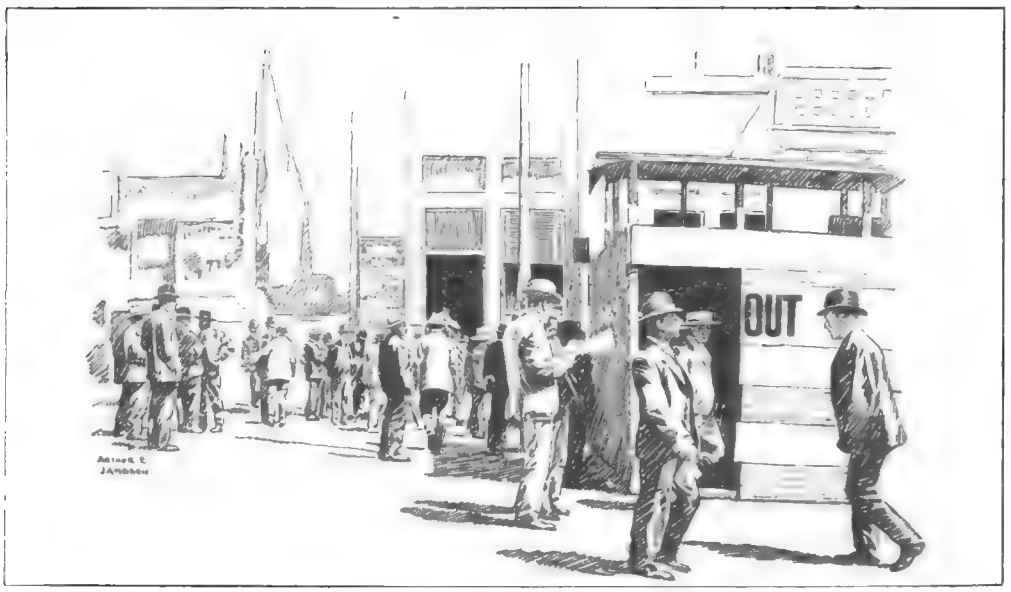
ney street-car system, one of the best in the world, furnishing quick, cheap, and comfortable service over 110 miles of track, and embracing all the suburbs and near-by resorts, is owned and efficiently operated by the state. On an investment of $12,507,540 this system, for the last fiscal year, returned, after all charges and deductions, net profits of 4.45 per cent. This includes the lines that were extended to build up new suburbs and to relieve city congestion, on which the present traffic is small. The fares are arranged on a distance scale. You can ride two miles for two cents.

Telegraph and telephone systems everywhere are government enterprises. Telephones were formerly in the hands of private companies, but the people wearied of the consequent exactions and annoyances. Likewise, Australia is free from the curse of express companies like Mr. Platt's grafting concern. The parcel post takes everything up to eleven pounds, and above that you can get fast and cheap service on the government railroads.

The telegraph rates are sixteen words for twenty-four cents from any place in any state to any place in any other state on the continent. Within the borders of a state you can send sixteen words within fifteen miles for twelve cents, or anywhere in the state for eighteen cents. From Sydney to Adelaide, 1,082 miles, you can send sixteen words for twenty-four cents. From Chicago to New York, 940 miles, the rate is forty cents for ten words. From Spring Park, Minn., to Chicago, 445 miles, the rate is fifty cents for ten words. The Australians seem to have rather the best of us on rates. But on the other hand it must be admitted that the Australian telegraph system is not ornamented with the common stock, preferred stock, watered stock, treasury stock, first-mortgage bonds, second-mortgage bonds, debenture bonds, refunding bonds, bogus bonds, water bonds, worthless bonds, consolidated bonds, plain bonds, and the other beautiful structures with which our superior enterprises are artistically adorned, and of course that makes a difference. By comparison the Australian system of transmitting telegrams for what it costs seems very crude and primitive.



AN ELECTION BOOTH IN SYDNEY.

As to the telephones I give some specimen charges that should have some interest to those of us that live in cities:

TELEPHONE RATES PER ANNUM, UNLIMITED SERVICE

New South Wales and Victoria

City exchanges, business houses	$45
City exchanges, residences	25
Country exchanges, business houses	40
Country exchanges, residences	25

South Australia

Business houses	$50
Residences	25

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Western Australia

Business houses	$35
Residences	25

Tasmania

Business houses	$30
Residences	22.50

These rates apply when the line on which the subscriber is situated is not longer than a mile. For greater distances the rates are somewhat increased.

In Victoria the charges for using the public telephones are six cents for three minutes. You can talk anywhere within twenty-five miles for twelve cents. The telephone system gives New South Wales an annual revenue of about $560,000, and has repaid the state several times the investment.

Fifth, the Labor Party agitates for a national system of old-age pensions.

At present New South Wales and Victoria maintain a state system of this kind. The age limit in both is sixty-five years. In New South Wales the pension is $2.50 a week; in Victoria it is $2. On this account New South Wales expended in 1904–5 $2,593.28 in pensions, including the expenses of the department. A Federal Commission (established at the Labor Party's instigation) is now preparing a bill to establish old-age pensions as a commonwealth undertaking.

There is no ruin in Australia. The tales of disaster and depression are wholly imaginary and made for campaign purposes. Observe some of these figures:

SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITORS, ALL AUSTRALIA

1871	100,799	1901	950,079
1881	250,070*	1905	1,117,709
1891	614,741		

SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS, ALL AUSTRALIA

1871	£3,220,806	1901	£30,869,591
1881	7,893,464	1905	35,844,839
1891	15,536,592		

BANK DEPOSITS, NEW SOUTH WALES

1881	£20,308,017	1901	£33,258,456
1891	35,659,690	1904	33,281,275

BANK DEPOSITS, VICTORIA

1881	£21,151,910	1901	£30,618,062*
1891	40,416,067	1904	31,674,797

*This decline was caused by the seven years of terrible drought.

NET EARNINGS, GOVERNMENT RAILROADS

1881	£1,685,220	1901	£3,663,451
1891	3,151,948	1905	4,415,493

AREA UNDER CROP, ALL AUSTRALIA

1871	Acres 2,345,922	(grass lands excluded)
1881	Acres 4,489,607	(grass lands excluded)
1891	Acres 5,365,685	(grass lands excluded)
1901	Acres 8,813,666	(grass lands excluded)
1905	Acres 9,365,022	(grass lands excluded)

POPULATION OF THE COMMONWEALTH

1861	1,166,877	1901	3,835,434
1871	1,703,080	1904	3,994,071
1881	2,323,384	1905*	4,200,000
1891	3,249,380		

* Estimated.

No, here is no ruin. The bank dividends paid in 1905 reached $10,000,000. Bank deposits mount up, mills run full time, the farmers prosper, the losses from the drought are recouped from the abounding fertility of the soil, irrigation is to battle with future droughts, the dissatisfaction with the new constitution is the mere froth of partizan politics, a great new nation has started upon a career that has every promise of the most splendid achievements. Some time the older world will discover what this wonderful continent really is, its vast possibilities of wealth, its agreeable climate, and the unequaled opportunities it will offer when its surviving feudalism shall have become wholly extinct. It is quite evident that with the advanced democracy of Australia, the absolute equality of men and women, and the consequent purity of its political atmosphere, it is to have strong attractions for all men that care for political freedom with decency and righteousness in a government administered with clean hands. And for these high aims much, very much, is due to the activity of the Labor Party, and to the plain, thoughtful men from the work bench and the machine, that, toiling by day and studying by night, hit upon exalted notions of the functions of government and then strove to put such notions into daily practise. After all, idealism cannot be so very bad; a nation with a flourishing party of idealists influencing its affairs is spared much evil; a political party with the Sermon on the Mount for a creed is not likely to work harm in this world.

In the November installment of ***"Soldiers of the Common Good"*** Mr. Russell will dwell upon the development of government ownership in that most advanced of all the communities which have been experimenting with new theories of political economy, New Zealand.

There is rather an important Publishers' Announcement on page 575—at least important to us—which you may care to read.

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BARBIE CAME TO TEA ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

The Blackwater Tantrums

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Illustrations by John Conacher

THE bad news about Willard Bartlett was being talked over in the parlor of the Buck house, opposite the Bartletts' own. The ladies at this council were all cousins of Mrs. Bartlett in varying degrees, though none was related to her on the Blackwater side—the side that had bequeathed Mrs. Bartlett her terrible temper.

"Wid should have thought of his poor mother," said the oldest lady there, half crying.

"She'd rather lose all her eye-teeth than hear of this," said Mrs. Buck.

"Wal, that hain't to the point. She must be told of it, and somebody must tell her."

This was the sense of the meeting.

"Let Wid tell her himself."

"He's afeared."

"No, he hain't afeared. He's willin', but he goes at it the wrong way. She'll have a tantrum anywise, but she'll have two if Wid tells her."

"Wal," sighed the oldest lady, "I hain't ekal to tellin' her."

"I have the heartburn so, I hain't ekal to it," another hastened to say.

"I be," said Mrs. Flanders.

She seemed the least equal to it of any of the party. Small and pale, with an incipient palsy affecting her chin, she looked as if a whiff from the fireplace would blow her up the chimney.

"Wal, you can do it the best of anybody, Mis' Flanders."

"I wonder how you dast, Mis' Flanders."

"Don't tell her all to once, Mis' Flanders, will ye?"

"Yis, I shall. That's the best way to tell such a thing," said Mrs. Flanders. "Whip up a person's pride, if ye can. I think it would be a good rule if you was allowed to slap a person in the face when you bring 'em bad news."

"Wal, any way that you can think of, not to bring on one of her tantrums."

"She'll have a tantrum anywise," said Mrs. Flanders. "She's bound up in Wid. The first time she hears the name of Barbie Marsarelle, she'll put her fingers in her ears, and begin to screech."

"Poor creeter, then don't tell her of it," cried the oldest lady.

"Why, Mis' Plum, Barbie Marsarelle has told all her kin, and it's all over France."

"Oh, wal, then, if it's all over France, it'll be all over Hatfield by to-morrow."

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France was the local name for the swarming settlement of Canadian French across the creek from Hatfield proper.

"I'll go over there this very afternoon, marm and ladies," said Mrs. Flanders.

"Oh, Mis' Flanders, I'm most afraid to let you go alone!" cried the oldest lady.

"Don't you need to think over what you'll say?" asked another.

"No, it don't signify. The conversation never goes the road you think 'twill," said Mrs. Flanders, folding her shawl and rising.

Mrs. Buck opened the door, and all the others pressed against the pane to see, as Mrs. Flanders set her small weasel face resolutely toward the ugly brown house with the hipped roof, where the Bartletts dwelt.

Mrs. Bartlett, at her sitting-room window, was also watching Mrs. Flanders pick her cautious way through the snow, with skirts held well above prunellas and white-stockinged ankles. She was tired of talking to her daughter Eliza, and awaited her caller with pleasant anticipation. Eliza, at her placid task of braiding rags, was almost nodding, though it was only the middle of the afternoon.

"Hello, ma—hello, sister!" Willard banged the door after him. "Where be you?"

"Here we be, Wid!" they replied joyously.

Eliza was the eldest, Willard the youngest, of a large family. The children between had all died, and left a gulf of twenty years between the sister and the brother. So Willard had practically two indulgent mothers.

MRS. FLANDERS PICKED HER CAUTIOUS WAY THROUGH THE SNOW.

In came Willard, red and blowing from the stinging air, calling the old dog Shep after him.

"By a rabbit! It's a hunderd in the shade in here." He sat down, took the dog's head between his knees, and tweaked Shep's ears.

"Wal, where ye be'n, and who ye seen, and what did they say?" asked his mother.

"Did the *South Derry Sifter* come in this mail?" inquired Eliza.

"Oh, there was a few up-street after their mail. No, the South Derry stage can't git through the drifts."

"Who was in the office? Who was in the store when you bought the yeast cake?" persisted his mother.

Willard had to repeat all the remarks that had passed between himself and the few other inhabitants of Hatfield who had been dragged out by errands to breathe the bracing air.

"I should think Mis' Sparks might have had something more to say than that," grumbled his mother, still unsatisfied. "What you got there, Wid Bartlett?"

"Which? Where?"

"That paper passel in your tail pocket."

"Oh! That?—Shep, you've got a flea on ye." Willard began searching behind Shep's ears for the flea; and as he did so a curious slow smile began, expanded, and died away on his face.

"There's Mis' Flanders stoppin' at our gate an' lookin' raound inside," observed Eliza. "Guess she's afeared o' Shep's runnin' out at her."

Mrs. Bartlett rapped, nodded, and beckoned violently. She pointed toward the kitchen, then to where she sat; opened her mouth as if to bite, then shook her head.

"Naow, I've told her we was in the fore part of the haouse, and not to be afeared of Shep."

Willard rose and stretched himself. "I guess I'll light out if Mis' Flanders is comin' over," said he. He departed, with Shep at

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his heels. Outside the door he stopped, and taking the parcel from his coat-tail, hurled it violently up the stairs.

"I'll teach you to be stickin' up and lettin' ma see you!" said he to the parcel.

"Wid has his secrets!" his mother sighed when he was gone.

"What say?" asked the drowsy Eliza.

"Why wouldn't he tell what was in that passel?" demanded her mother.

"Which passel?"

"A passel that's be'n bitin' you for the last five minutes," replied her exasperated parent.

"Oh, wal, it hain't nothing, it hain't likely," said Eliza comfortably.

"Elizy Bartlett, I knowed what it was!"

"Why did you ask, then?"

"I didn't ask to find out what was in the passel. I asked to find out what was in the wind."

"Wal, did you find out?"

IN CAME WILLARD, CALLING THE OLD DOG SHEP AFTER HIM.

"No, I didn't. That passel was a white necktie, Elizy Bartlett! What did that show? Your brother was a-goin' out to visit some girl, or else he was a-goin' to a dance!"

"I wun't believe that Wid goes to dances."

"He doos go." Mrs. Bartlett looked much worried. "That hain't the worst. Your brother goes to French dances. Your brother, Elizy Bartlett, dances with the Marsarelles and the Barreaus!"

"That I don't believe, nor I wun't believe!" cried Eliza, thoroughly aroused.

"Sh! Here's Mis' Flanders. Come right in and set right down. Shep ain't in this part of the house at all. Wid's took him. I signaled to ye that we was all in this end of the haouse, and that Shep wouldn't bite ye."

"Why, Mis' Bartlett, I saw all them signals, and I thought you was warnin' me not to come—that you was too gaouty to git up and purtect me, and that Shep was liable to bite me—you went through all the motions of bitin'! But still I thought I'd resk it."

"Wal, set ye down. Shep's gone with Wid. You hain't no safer to home with your kitty."

"Bert Cunnin'ham has throwed twigs and stuns at my kitty of late, and I think it's bringin' out the tiger in her. Tiger cats air fiercer than others, they claim. I guess I'll git me one of Mis' Thompson's calico cat's kitties."

"Wal, what's the news, Mis' Flanders? Who have ye seen, and what did they say?"

"I hain't heared a thing this hull week, Mis' Bartlett, 'm, scursely."

"You've heared something, I know, for you've be'n up to your sister's twice of late. I saw ye go; once afoot, and once in the buckboard."

"You're right about that, Mis' Bartlett, 'm."

"Wal, haow is your brother-in-law?"

"They tell Thomas he's doin' well; but I don't like his complexion. Too saller. Do you think, Mis' Bartlett, it's any kindness to let folks live on in a fool's paradise?"

Mrs. Flanders looked serious, but Mrs. Bartlett answered carelessly:

"No, I believe in tellin' the hull truth at once, like pullin' aout a tooth that's haowlin'."

"Wal, Mis' Bartlett, 'm, you've got such a tooth, and I'll pull it aout for ye if I can."

At this abrupt announcement, Mrs. Bartlett drew one or two short breaths, as if the wind had been knocked out of her lungs.

"What in the nation do you mean, Mis' Flanders?"

"I'd rather tell it to ye naow than on a Friday, Mis' Bartlett. You son Wid's in consid'able danger of ruinin' himself by a bad marriage. Thar! the tooth's aout."

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Mrs. Bartlett's face, drawn with sudden pain, bore out the simile.

"Mis' Flanders, do you know what you're sayin', or be you crazed?"

"I hain't crazed. Wid's in very deep waters. He's be'n for some time attendin' all the French dances in this neighborhood. That, p'haps you know. Wal, that was bad enough. But who did he beau home? The same one every time? Yis. Barbie Marsarelle."

Eliza sat still in her deep chair, and her fingers went on with their placid task. As she forgot her fingers and their monotonous braiding of the rags, so her mother and Mrs. Flanders had forgotten her. They sat leaning forward in their chairs, staring at each other. Mrs. Flanders looked as if she were taking Mrs. Bartlett's pulse. In reality she was watching the rise in Mrs. Bartlett of the untamed beast of the Blackwater temper. Mrs. Bartlett's head slowly dropped forward, her jaws set firmly together, while every ounce of blood fled from her cheeks. But Eliza still got all that befell me when I was young." Too seldom did these tidal waves of recollection lift her on their swell, for Eliza to escape at once from the unaccustomed sweetness of her thoughts. But at length the silence had grown so intense that it seemed to awake her into her every-day self, and to leave behind, like a vanishing sea, the magic "I remember . . . when I was young."

Willard must know! Of all the nine doors in this central living-room, but one was ajar, and that was the pantry door, which led to the back stairs. Eliza felt that Providence was helping her. She slipped out by that door, with agility unnatural for so heavy a woman, and, taking off her shoes, hurried noiselessly up to her brother's bedroom.

"Wid! Let me in!"

"Wait a week," replied Wid. "I hain't got my shirt on. What do you want of me?"

"Let me in, Wid. I wun't look at ye. I've got some mortal bad news to tell ye."

Willard opened the door. He was partly

"YOUR SON WID'S IN CONSID'ABLE DANGER OF RUININ' HIMSELF."

seemed sunk in pleasant thoughts. At first she had wondered if it were true—if Wid were really so happy—if he had really fallen in love. Following such thoughts had come the magic "I remember . . . I hain't forgot all that befell me when I was young." Too seldom did these tidal waves of recollection lift her on their swell, for Eliza to escape at once from the unaccustomed sweetness of her thoughts. But at length the silence had grown so intense that it seemed to awake her into her every-day self, and to leave behind, like a vanishing sea, the magic "I remember . . . when I was young."

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Willard opened the door. He was partly dressed in his best clothes, and had on a new white cravat, with fretted scrolls on a satin ground. "Bad news, eh?" he rejoined with that masculine cold blood which reassures a woman. "Hain't the wash come home?"

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"Oh, Widdie, it's special bad news for you. Mis' Flanders has heared something about you and some French girl, and she's told your ma!"

His face changed, first to a vexed look, then to one of almost impudent happiness, which sat well on him.

"What would you think, Elizy, if I was to say I was engaged to be married?" he replied. "To Miss Barbie Marsarelle," he added; and, as he said the name, he bowed.

"Widdie! Be you engaged?" There was more wonder than anything else in Eliza's tone.

"I certainly be."

"Wal, Willard Bartlett!"

"Why, hain't I got a right to get engaged?"

"How long you be'n—so?"

"Since the seventeenth of November."

"A hull month! Wal, wal!"

"I don't know why I didn't tell you before, Lizy."

"I wish you had, Widdie. I like to hear o' such things."

"I don't know why, but I felt a kind of grudge against anybody knowin' it."

"May you be very happy, Willard," said Eliza solemnly.

The front door blew to with a slam, and reminded Eliza of her errand.

"Oh, Wid, what will you do or say to git ma out of her tantrum?"

"Has she got into one of her tantrums?"

"Yis, one of her Blackwater tantrums is comin' on."

Willard groaned.

"Good heavens, Elizy, I don't know. It'll have to run its course, I guess. She hain't had one in a long while, has she?"

"Not since Mis' Epworth tore the bean-vines off the tenant house. I hain't forgot the terrible tant she had that day. Poor mother, she pulled up the black currant bush that she was so proud of, because it catched her petticoat."

"Elizy, what can we do?"

"You better go up to the village, Wid. I'll let her carry on till you come back, and p'haps the Sifter'll come by this mail."

"She won't stop for that," observed Willard, "not if all the Blackwaters in Derry was married or buried."

"It's a forlorn hope," replied his sister. "What else can we do, Wid?"

"I guess I'll go daown and have it aout with her."

"Wid Bartlett, I sha'n't let ye!" said Eliza, placing herself by the door.

"Let me by, foolishness!"

"Wid Bartlett, if you try to git past me, I'll have a Blackwater tantrum myself!"

"You have a Blackwater tantrum, hey? Let's see you have one. You'd be like that fightin' hen of Bert Cunnin'ham's, that tore the rooster's comb off his head."

"Willard Bartlett, I believe if I had a tantrum, it would prevent mother from havin' one!"

"I guess likely," said Willard indifferently.

"I shall have one!"

"You will, hey?" Willard began to play with the idea.

"That'll cure mother the best of anything!"

"Elizy, you've got a large head on ye."

"Haow can I work myself up to it? I'll break the washbowl and pitcher in my room!"

"Sister, you come right back here! What you doin'? I shall go daown-stairs myself and tell ma and have it over with. I wun't have you doin' so. Come back here! Woman alive, what——"

Crash went Eliza's pitcher on the floor.

"Ma!" called the distracted Willard. He burst in the door of his sister's room. The broken pitcher lay on the ingrain square, the water streaming to all four corners. Eliza sat on a chair, beating her heels on the floor, and shuddering as she had seen her mother do when the Blackwater temper was rising.

Mrs. Bartlett came limping heavily to the foot of the stairs.

"What's wanted?" she called.

Eliza screeched.

"Willard Bartlett, where is your sister and what ails her?"

"I don't know, ma! She's got into some awful kind of a tantrum!"

"Don't come near me!" screamed Eliza. "Wid, keep away! Ma, keep away!" She seized her lamp-chimney and shivered it on the broken pitcher.

"Elizy Bartlett, you come daown-stairs to me!" commanded the mother.

"Here, Elizy, I'll learn ye to kick aout to one side!" cried Willard, dancing round his sister and shooting out first one foot, then the other. Eliza's efforts to copy him filled him with such uncontrollable glee that he choked and strangled.

Meantime Mrs. Bartlett was painfully lumbering up the stairs; a footstep, then a click of her cane, a footstep, a click again.

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"KEEP AWAY! I'VE GOT SOME KIND OF A TANTRUM!"

"Sh, Wid! Ma's comin'!"

Eliza was sitting on the floor with her hair hanging in a tangle about her shoulders, when her mother came into the room. Immediately she shot to her feet, and began clawing the air.

"Child! What ails ye?" asked her mother in an awestruck tone.

"Keep away! I've got some kind of a tantrum!" screamed Eliza.

"What give it to ye?"

"Wid!" screamed Eliza, whirling about, and trying Willard's sidelong kick. Her foot caught between the rungs of a chair, and she hopped about, dragging it after her.

This was too much for Willard. He gave vent to an explosive shout.

"Wid Bartlett, have you got the high-strikes?"

"Ketch her, ma! Ketch her!" shouted Willard, dodging his sister, in a pretended effort to catch her.

"Yah! Grrrr! Keep away or you'll be hurted!" panted Eliza. She made a horrible face, spreading her lips apart and grinding her teeth until ribs showed in her forehead. This frightful visage she thrust close to her mother's, and was shocked to see how white and frightened Mrs. Bartlett looked. No trace of the Blackwater temper was left in that countenance; but Eliza knew that it was sleeping just below the skin.

"Wid's engaged!" hissed Eliza fiercely, pointing at her brother. "A-a-ah! She's catched him! Don't let me git at her, or I shall claw her!" She whirled round and round, her loosened shoestrings lashing her ankles.

Mrs. Bartlett's head dropped to one side. Eliza thought she was fainting. She relaxed for one instant her whirling and clawing, and her mother, seeming to gain a sudden strength, seized her eldest by the loose and crumpled collar, and feebly shook her.

"Elizy Bartlett, no more o' this—do you hear?"

"Let go my collar!" screamed Eliza, trying to resume her tantrum in all its fury, and shak-

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ing her mother from side to side; but the feeble grasp held on.

"Elizy Bartlett, old as you be, I'll punish you for this day's work! Wid Bartlett, why don't you come here and help me to git your sister under control?"

"Let go my collar, Ma Bartlett!"

"I wun't let go your collar, you ugly child! How did you git into such a tant?"

"Wid told me he was engaged—grrrr!—to that French hussy. Ya-a-ah! I've got the Blackwater tantrums! I'll claw that French piece if she comes into this haouse!"

"You wun't claw her, neither, you bad girl!"

"Don't let me git at her, then," cried Eliza, beating the air.

"Wid, come and ketch hold of her the other side. I'm losin' my purchase on her."

Willard, convulsed and choking, came to his mother's aid. He pulled one way, Mrs. Bartlett another, while Eliza, with horrible fish-mouth faces, twisted and bit to get free.

"You wun't claw your sister-to-be, nor make faces at her, neither, I tell ye!"

"I will! I will! I will!"

"If you don't behave pretty to your sister-to-be, I'll put you to bed without one bite o' supper! What ails her, I wonder?"

"Blackwater tantrums! I've got 'em!"

"Wal, you'll git over 'em when you're put in the closet, I guess. Wid, open that closet door." The excited mother saw in this heavy woman of forty nothing but a naughty child.

"I wun't have no French girl for my sister," cried Eliza, stamping her foot.

"You will, too. She's a-goin' to be invited here to tea, and you'll be polite to her, or you'll go without your jam and cake. Naow, I tell ye that. Your brother's got a right to git engaged if he wants to; and it's your place to bid Miss Barbie Marsarelle, if she's the one, welcome into the family. Naow you've got your orders."

"I hate her! She's pison to me."

"Hush your tongue! She's well enough. I wun't have a word said against her."

Eliza wondered if she heard aright.

"Be you ca'med daown, naow, Elizy Bartlett? What ails you naow? I thought you was over your tantrum."

Eliza gave one more kick to celebrate the end of her play-acting. Her shoe, already loosened, flew off her foot and sailed away to the ceiling. It brought a piece of plaster down, and fell on top of the flimsy what-not, knocking it over like a house of cards. Down went the tall vase of immortelles, the singing shell, and the button-box, flinging its buttons to every corner of the room.

Willard sank on a chair, feebly cackling.

"Do you see anything funny in this, Willard Bartlett?"

"Funny! No, marm. It hain't funny at all." Willard slunk away to the woodhouse to indulge his mirth.

"Thar, you see! Your brother's ashamed for ye. You needn't to think you can dictate who he's to fall in love with. Why, haow you went on here! What ailed ye?"

"Mother, I've had one o' the Blackwater tantrums, I guess."

"I guess you have. You inherit 'em from me. I thought you was crazed. I had to treat ye like a child."

"I hate so to have Wid engaged to that French girl."

"Haow foolish you talk! The French air a great nation. This one's pretty, and she's good—what more can ye claim for anybody?"

"Wal, I'll try and put up with her. When you goin' to have her here to tea?"

"A-Wednesday night."

Willard told Barbie about Eliza's tantrum, and when Barbie came to tea on Wednesday night, she kissed her future mother-in-law once, but Eliza she kissed on both cheeks and raised a little color there, which made Eliza, in her plaid silk and smoothly plastered hair, almost a pretty woman.

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The Strategy of the Ball Field

By ALLEN SANGREE

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

THE professional baseball team of to-day is a rare, consummate, highly polished, and magnificent machine. The play itself is a science, if that term may be applied to sport. Compared to "town ball," "corner ball," or other old-fashioned games, it suggests the present-day harvesting engine and its prototype, the scythe.

The attitude of spectators, or, as they are popularly called, "fans,"* has changed at about the same rate as the game. Formerly they were content with being amused; and the game developed comedians like Arlie Latham and "Ten-thousand-dollar Mike" Kelly. But now they demand faultless play. Genuine diversion is as scarce as the green carnation. Rugged, callous, unafraid though he be, the player seldom volunteers any original fun-making on the field or on the coaching-line, lest the "fans" take it amiss. By them and the press his conduct is at all times influenced.

"STRANGERS SMITE ONE ANOTHER ON THE BACK."

Not that the spectator is unwilling to be amused! He goes to the game with that hope and intention—so eager for amusement, indeed, that if McSwat somersaults on a wet field, or O'Toole doffs his cap with a sly, unwonted grimace after making a great catch, it provokes heaven-splitting laughter. The bank president holds his sides; the stout prelate reddens to his crown; strangers smite one another on the back:

"Well, if that wasn't the funniest thing I ever saw!"

On the other hand, mighty and bitter is the reward of wrath visited upon one who by lack of vigilance, activity, or quickness of wit brings disaster upon the "home team." "Punk! Awful!" is the cry. "Take him out. Put him on the bench! He can't play kissing ring! He doesn't know a baseball from a cheese cake! He couldn't hit a toy balloon with an umbrella! Well, if this isn't fierce! What'd they let him play for?"

In the season of 1904 Joe McGinnity, the Iron Man, won thirteen straight games in eleven days; yet when he returned to the New York Polo Grounds from Boston, bearing these laurels, he was hooted and hissed because Chicago made seven hits in the first inning. He was replaced by another pitcher, and—wept.

If those spectators that were called "fanatics" by Ted Sullivan twenty years ago deserved the term, what shall be said of the enthusiasm of the baseball crowd of

* This word originated either in the reporter's slang applied to a batter when he strikes out—fans; or in an abbreviation of fanatic, first used by Manager Ted Sullivan twenty years ago.

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to-day, and the way it permeates the population? The newspapers, the most sensitive indicators of the popular taste, find it worth while to bring out a stream of editions through the afternoon announcing the scores and to display bulletins giving the news of the progress of the games to unfortunates who cannot steal time from their business to witness the contest. No walk in life is free from the contagion of baseball enthusiasm. On the baseball grounds at Washington it is common during the sessions of Congress to see a sergeant-at-arms skipping up and down the benches hunting victims to fill out a quorum in the House, or reminding a Senator that one of his committees is in session and sorely needs his presence. Justices of the Supreme Court forget their august responsibilities in excited adjudication of the disputes of the game —Associate Justice William R. Day almost never misses a game; he is often accompanied by Justices Harlan, McKenna, and White. Clergymen find in baseball an innocent means of mixing in public pleasure; their enjoyment is intensified by the limitations on their frivolity, and they laugh and groan and cheer with the crowd, and are deaf to many expressions of disgust or approval around them that on other occasions seem to them distinctly and painfully secular.

"THE PRESS, FOR WHICH THE BALL-PLAYER HAS AN ALMOST MORBID REGARD."

In Philadelphia, recently, a reporter was sent to interview Archbishop Ryan on the occasion of his return from Rome. Half an hour of tact and persistency failed utterly to penetrate the archiepiscopal reserve, and the newspaper man was reluctantly moving down the steps when, from a street corner, came a shrill newsboy's cry: "Extry—Baseball—Extry!" Instantly the Archbishop became animated. He recalled the reporter and asked in honeyed tones: "Ah, by the way, my good friend, *could* you tell me if the Athletics won?" The unfortunate reporter could not, and wearily plodded his way back to the office, steeped in chagrin.

The latter-day baseball patron manifests at the game a spirit akin to that which prevails at the prize-ring. Hard set are the features; knotted the hands; and at a misplay uncensored words escape the lip. Young women keep a technical score, numbering the players from one to nine. Schoolboys bravely denounce a manager for ordering his men to "swing" on the ball instead of "sacrificing." Loyalty, such as college graduates evince for their alma mater at an athletic contest, is almost unknown. If the home team wins—tremendous joy; if it is vanquished—but little sympathy. Famous men are still heroes, in a way. Wagner, Lajoie, Mathewson, Rube Waddell, Chesboro, Chase will draw extra thousands of spectators, and are, therefore, a good financial asset to the stockholders. But a minor league recruit, if he wins the game with a home run, comes in for quite as much temporary worship. Either one is execrated for faulty work. The "fan" is no longer a mere spectator, but a severe critic. For fifty or seventy-five cents he demands the privilege of seeing his city represented by a team of nine professionals, each perfect in a certain position; a combination of one, two, or four great players, with mediocre remainder will not attract him.

Except for occasional individual dexterity and strategy the modern big league ball team becomes, of necessity, a machine. It is built up from the battery—catcher and pitcher. The catcher is the king-bolt; he is the center of the actual operation. His position requires not only vast manual deftness, but quick thought and retentive memory. Upon the approach of a batter the catcher must instantly recall the man's peculiarities. Here is one who can "kill" a ball pitched high, yet is ever foiled by a low ball. This

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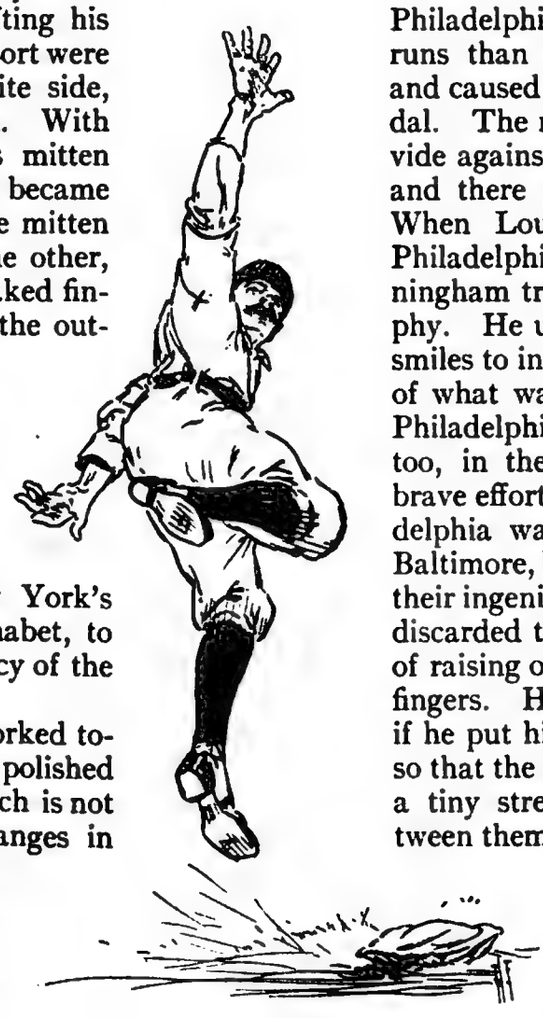
man "likes them fast"; that one slow. It should be remembered that professionals speak only of "fast ball" and "curve." The former is our old "in-shoot." It may be thrown with full speed and is hence called "fast." But the very process of curving a ball lessens its speed, so that out, drop, raise, and "spit balls" are ranged in the category of "curves."

If the batter happens to be a new man, the catcher notes the position of body and feet; whether he is nervous or cool; afraid of being hit or overconfident, and secretly signals accordingly to the pitcher and the rest of his men. He is constantly adding to his knowledge of the batter's measure and storing it up for future use. The pitcher is also a student of the enemy's individuality, and sometimes dissents from the back-stop's judgment by shaking his head.

Signaling in baseball had its origin about the same time as the discovery of the curve. Obviously the catcher should know whether an "in" or an "out" was coming in order that he might be prepared to catch it. At first the pitcher gestured. The mighty Radbourne signaled Mike Kelly by shifting his "quid" of tobacco. But codes of this sort were too easily interpreted by the opposite side, and catchers had to assume the task. With the adoption of the huge catcher's mitten worn on the left hand, signaling became comparatively easy. Shielded by the mitten on one side, by his right knee on the other, the back-stop now telegraphs with naked fingers, not only to the pitcher but to the outfielders. In case the outfielders are not able to see, short-stop and second-baseman relay the signs. Thus every man on the team knows what kind of a ball is going to be pitched, and all through the game Jim and Jack are conversing in their own secret code. Each player of New York's "Giants" knows the deaf-mute alphabet, to the great improvement of the efficiency of the nine as a machine.

After a company of players has worked together through several seasons, a polished baseball mechanism is built up, which is not seriously affected by occasional changes in the *personnel*. A newly organized nine is quite dependent on its signal code. But gradually a natural intuition, quick wit, and long association prompt the men to do the right thing at the right place. This is a desideratum. For while the team infield is conversing silently, fifteen or eighteen pairs of eyes are keenly watching to discover the key to the code. A runner on second base is in position to see the opposing catcher's signals. You may believe he is ever alert. To balk him the code must be temporarily "switched."

Frequently, however, an enemy succeeds in reading the code, and then there usually follows a batting slaughter. For the stolen news is transmitted to the "coachers" on the side lines, who quickly flash it along to the batter, so that he knows with what manner of ball the pitcher means to serve him. A most amazing theft of signals was that perpetrated by the Philadelphia National League Club several years ago. The club employed an old catcher, Morgan Murphy, to operate powerful field-glasses (they cost the club $125) from a secret post in the dressing-room back of center field. Murphy trained the lens on the enemy's catcher and telegraphed his observations to the Philadelphia "coacher" at the first base-line by means of an ingeniously arranged buzzer. The system worked so accurately that Philadelphia made 200 more runs than any other club and caused a season's scandal. The rules do not provide against signal stealing, and there was no redress. When Louisville went to Philadelphia, Pitcher Cunningham tried to fool Murphy. He used a method of smiles to inform the catcher of what was coming. But Philadelphia stole this code, too, in the first game. A brave effort to outwit Philadelphia was made also by Baltimore, led by Robinson, their ingenious catcher, who discarded the ordinary plan of raising one, two, or three fingers. He arranged that if he put his palms together so that the pitcher could see a tiny streak of light between them, a "curve ball" was expected; if no light streak showed, the ball would be fast. He knew the exact



"TRACEY'S THROW WAS FIVE FEET TOO HIGH."

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"ROBBER! THIEF! BUM UMPIRE!"

location of Murphy's lair and stepped out of line so that the signal-thief's vision was blocked. But Philadelphia met this stratagem, one of her substitutes reading the sign from the grand stand and communicating it to Murphy, who transmitted it to the coacher through the buzzer.

Interestingly enough, even with this advantage Philadelphia did not win the championship. Her players neglected base-running, sacrificing, and team-work tactics in the effort to "kill" the ball. Since then no such elaborate system has been used.

By reason of constant espionage it is preferable to do without signals, but this, of course, is impossible. When a man is at bat he must know whether the runner is going to steal. Consequently the players signal, just as mechanics do when handling a block and tackle. Jones on first, for example, rubs a sleeve across his eye and Smith at the plate wabbles his bat to reply that he has the sign. Some teams have intricate codes; others work with a few simple ones. Much depends upon the composite brain caliber.

In a big league team are college graduates and boys who never had a common-school training. The college player has, perhaps, studied physics; his companion could not define the word. But he knows quite as well what direction a ball is likely to take under certain propulsion, and fields accordingly. Suppose, by way of illustration, that the catcher signals for a "fast ball outside," the batter being right-handed. This means a swiftly thrown "in-shoot" which comes straight until within a foot of the plate, when it suddenly "breaks" toward the batsman. The primary course would be too wide for a strike, but that "break" brings the ball over the outside, or far corner, of the square marble slab, and makes it fair. Immediately when the catcher signals every man on the team figures that the ball will travel in the direction of right field—the chance of its alighting in left field being about one in twenty. Leisurely then, in order that the batsman may not "get wise," the entire field shifts in the direction of right. Ordinarily the short-stop and second-baseman signal as to which will cover second, but in this contingency there is no need to signal. The second-baseman's place is over near first where he is in position to seize the grounder that may result from that "fast ball outside."

For a left-handed batter the conditions are reversed. The out curve is a fast ball to him and he will hit somewhere between short-stop and second base, or in left field. Like automatons the players arrange themselves to conform. The aim of every good batsman is to hit contrarily, but so difficult is this that Willie Keeler, accounted the most scientific of all professionals, rarely clouts a curve ball elsewhere than in left field. In the major and minor leagues a man becomes known as a "right-field" or "left-field" hitter.

In order that the mechanism of a ball team may be perfectly carried out the pitcher must have control, for it stands to reason that if the field is set for a "fast ball outside" and he delivers it inside there will be a change of direction. Men like George Edward ("Rube") Waddell have such terrific speed that they do not necessarily depend upon their fellows. It is recorded that on

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one occasion the eccentric "Rube" motioned his outfield toward the bench, saying: "Come on in, boys; I c'n beat this team without you. They won't hit off the diamond." But pitchers of the "Cy" Young and McGinnity type win nearly all their games by accurately placing the ball so that it must travel a prescribed route. In their case fielders watch the pitcher and not the batter. This explains why men forty years old continue in the game with notable success. Younger fellows have twice the speed and better curves, but the gray-haired veteran relies on the mechanical perfection and quick wit of his team.

Critics who have devoted their lives to promoting the game frequently complain that baseball has become too mechanical, and that the separate players have little opportunity to exhibit personal strategy. Often one sees stupid plays that enforce this notion. In a game between Rochester and Hartford, Manager Buckenberger, who handled the Rochesters, was compelled to devise hastily a new code of signals because one of his former players had joined Hartford.

"Now, boys," he cautioned as they went on the field, "don't forget that Danny Coogan will sign for any one to 'steal' by putting his right foot on the bench, clasping his hands around his shin. Keep your eye on Danny's legs."

The game was close. Every run counted. George Smith reached first base, and the manager ordered, "Let him go." Coogan doubled his leg when the pitcher began to "wind up." Away scooted Smith to second base and reached it in safety. Perched there, recovering wind, Smith was amazed to see the signal to "steal" still flying, and with mechanical obedience made another wild rush for third base, and was tamely caught.

"Are you crazy?" shouted the enraged Buckenberger. Words failed to express his wrath.

Smith himself was in no pleasant humor. "By ginger!" he panted, "I guess—whew-w-w—if I'd 'a' got to third—whew—you'd 'a' signaled me to steal home!"

"Lobster!" exclaimed the irate manager. "Lobster! You got no signal to steal third."

"I didn't, eh? Well, there it is; see for yourself!"

In the excitement Coogan had neglected to lower his foot.

From one of the so-called "bush leagues" came a lad to be tried out by Billy Murray, of Jersey City. Though untutored in the ways of "fast company" he knew enough to do what he was told; knew that the game is "one for all and all for one"; that nothing original was expected of him—merely blind obedience. That, at least, was his exaggerated idea. Consequently, when going to bat in the ninth inning, the score tied, two out and the bases full, he sought the manager's eye for orders. The experienced and intelligent ball player would know there was but one thing to do at such a moment—hit the ball "a mile."

Disheartened at such ignorance Murray replied sarcastically: "Oh, strike out—confound you!"

"It is almost unbelievable," relates Murray, "but that's exactly what he deliberately did. There was almost a riot."

What a contrast between this stupid conception of machine play and the brilliant if not altogether moral performance of the historic Mike Kelly. Playing left field in Chicago on a cloudy day, it is recorded that he won the game in the ninth inning by pretending to catch a tremendous drive which really skimmed ten feet above his head and over the fence. A home run meant victory. Kelly went through all the motions, even to slipping the ball into his pocket, and tore away to the club house. If a few persons did see the ball's true course their protests were not heard by the joyful thousands who were hoaxed, and swept down the benches, homeward, in the departing tide.

A LOW DEVICE TO SPOIL A HIT.

Just after the National League had made

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a rule permitting a manager to take a player out of the game at any moment, Kelly gave, perhaps, the best expression of his shrewd wit and genius. He was managing his team from the players' bench. His renowned understudy, "Silver" Flint, was the catcher. A low "foul fly" went in Kelly's direction. The catcher shed his mask and started after it in frantic hopelessness, for the game was at a critical point. Realizing the importance of catching this foul, Kelly, as manager, took extreme advantage of the new rule. With a shout of "Flint, you're out of the game," he made a flying leap and seized the ball himself, replacing Flint behind the bat through the rest of the game.

In semi-professional and "bush league" contests, where the spectators are not hypercritical and the tension of the game is less, the players often avail themselves of a license to use amusing scalawaggery. Sometimes the catcher "uses the potato," like Jim Tracey, catcher for Chippewa Falls, in a championship contest with Mansfield. It was the last half of the ninth inning; Chippewa Falls was leading by the score of 4–3. Two Mansfield men were out, and the bases full. The crowd was near hysteria. Between innings Jim Tracey, who was soon to bask in immortal fame, procured a round, khaki-colored potato. This he concealed in his blouse.

Five thousand hearts were throbbing in hope and despair. But no trepidation wrenched the countenance of Catcher Tracey; he wore only a confident leer, at sight of which the "fans" plucked up spirit. One, two, three balls; one, two strikes, called the umpire. A hit, error, or base on balls would tie the score. It might mean victory.

"MUFF! YOU CAN'T GET IT! MISS IT!"

Suddenly James Tracey drew back his good right arm. Ten thousand eyes seemed to see him "shoot" the ball to third base to catch a Mansfield runner "asleep at the switch." One awful groan arose—Tracey's throw was five feet too high. It sped far out into left field. Mansfield "rooters" wept for joy. Chippewa Falls bellowed with the rage of a bloodthirsty mob.

But Tracey? Crouching low, his stout legs set, his valiant arms reaching forward, he waited for that Mansfield runner to approach, and then tagged him, as a truthful chronicler narrates, "with the hard side of the ball."

Of the following riot; of the separate fisticuffs; of denunciations by the Mansfield press of "this sneaking subterfuge"; of the recovery by the victim himself of the potato that Tracey had thrown instead of the ball —there is no room to tell. The umpire weakly declared that he knew of no rule to cover the case. He awarded the game to Chippewa Falls.

In the major leagues, where baseball mechanism has been so wonderfully improved, one seldom witnesses individual strategy, except as directed by the manager.

Ted Sullivan, who contributed not a little toward perfecting team work in baseball, was handling the St. Louis Browns when he lost an important game in Cincinnati by one run. "I went to bed at nine o'clock that night," he relates, "and lay awake for several hours, studying how defeat might have been averted"—in other words, how efficiency of "the fielding machine" could be increased. "Finally it dawned upon me that two 'pop flies' could have been caught by either the short-stop or the second-baseman in the ninth inning, had either of these two men been playing back in his natural position instead of coming in to catch at the plate the man who was on third. It also occurred to me that a hot grounder would have gone into Short-stop Gleason's hands if he had been back. Thus three men would have been put out and Cincinnati would have been defeated. I explained this to the club next morning and instructed them to play back thereafter when we were ahead in the eighth or ninth inning. We did not lose an-

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other ninth-inning finish the rest of the season."

Free to do the thing that appealed instead of what his manager ordered, the old-time baseball player invariably swung with all his might, wasting little thought for his team mate on base. But now the big leaguer is commanded to strike out on a "bad" ball, to the end that a runner may steal; or he must "sacrifice" to advance another—one base.

This self-immolation, so vital in a twentieth-century baseball mechanism, has reached consummation in the celebrated "squeeze play," as invented and operated by Clark Griffith, of the New York American League Club, who uses it when there is one out, a man on third base, and a run sorely needed. The common measure in such an emergency is to try for a hit or a long fly. The latter being most likely, the runner clings to his base so that he may start home the instant the ball is caught. But when a signal is given for the "squeeze," the runner at third begins a furious sprint just as the pitcher "winds up." If this should be a prolonged effort—and some pitchers gyrate their arms three or four seconds—the runner is half-way home before the ball is released. In any event spectators are treated to the rare and thrilling sight of a man rushing to apparently certain doom. Success, of course, depends upon the batter's ability to hit that ball. He does not attempt to make a single, but merely "meets" the sphere, which rolls in front of the plate. This is quite far enough to permit the runner scoring, for it is well-nigh impossible to field the ball and "tag" him. The batter expects to be retired at first on this "sacrifice," though often the pitcher and catcher are so rattled that they fumble, leaving both runners safe. Accurately done, the "squeeze" is more fascinating to watch than the execution of a Mergenthaler linotype machine.

"THAT UMPIRE OUGHTER BE KILLED."

Banded with one definite purpose—team work; each no longer a dynamo, but only one of the cogs, professional ball-players have come to regard themselves in an impersonal light. You are not to blame any particular member of the club for defeat—blame the manager alone—just as the motorman on a trolley car should not be held responsible for a blockade. Hence individual criticism is taken so hardly by the player that, however sunny his temper before joining "fast company," he soon grows reticent, surly; yes, savage.

No manager would restrain an employee from useful originality. Personal resource is valuable to any team. Note the amusing cleverness of Short-stop Tommy Corcoran when he was playing with Philadelphia against Cincinnati. Rain had fallen in the morning, the ball was slippery and hard to control, black clouds obscured the vision. Under these conditions, it was a hard job for Catcher Mike Kehoe to catch Elmer Flick stealing second, and from the moment the ball left Kehoe's hands Corcoran saw that it would sail far overhead into center field. Flash! He leaped three feet in the air and brought down his empty gloved hand "kerplunk" on the runner's prostrate form. Even Jimmy Barrett, center-fielder, was deceived until the ball whizzed by, on toward the fence. But one glint from Corcoran and he understood.

Furious argument arose between Corcoran and Flick, the former keeping his gloved hand closed as though holding the ball. "Hey!" shouted Flick to the umpire. "This idiot wants to say that he put it on me. Why, I was here by a mile!"

Firmly, angrily, the Cincinnati short-stop appealed for justice, pointing out the exact part of Flick's anatomy that he had touched, and its distance from second base. Meanwhile Center-fielder Barrett quietly trotted back the distance of a city block, picked up the ball unseen, and tossed it into the diamond. This ruse saved a run.

Another Cincinnati player, Jake Stenzel,

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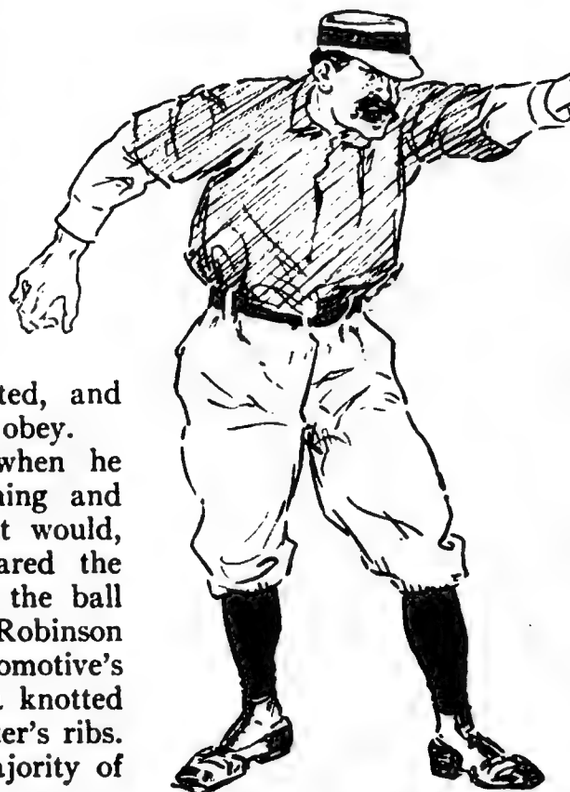
was circumvented by the rough though sharp wit of Wilbur Robinson, hero of the Baltimore champions, a team perfect as any in machine work. When Stenzel, who had been hitting hard all day in this particular contest, came to bat for the last time —ninth inning, the bases full, two out, and Baltimore ahead by one run —Robinson signed for a straight ball over the plate. His pitcher was amazed at this judgment and shook his head. But "Robby" insisted, and the other could only obey.



"FLINT, YOU'RE OUT OF THE GAME!"

Stenzel grinned when he saw what was coming and started a swing that would, doubtless, have cleared the bases. But just as the ball neared the plate Robinson mildly imitated a locomotive's shriek, and thrust a knotted forefinger in the batter's ribs. Stenzel, like the majority of professional ball-players, was so highly strung that this abrupt assault completely unhinged him. With a cry similar to Robinson's he sprang upward, his countenance a picture of dread. "Three strikes—you're out," came the monotonous call of the umpire, who refused to alter the decision. And Baltimore won the game.

For one another ball-players show decided loyalty; not a particle for their club. The modern "big leaguer" feels toward his public much as did a Roman gladiator, who could satisfy only by conquest or death. The ball-player's contract is such that he might be held for life by one club without increase of salary; thus he is ever at odds with capital. Years of experience prove that organized baseball can exist in no other way.

The real fun, for the player, has passed out of baseball. Until quite recently the coacher was a sort of unlicensed buffoon, a court jester. He strove to give the "fans" a laugh at least once an inning. Fellows like Arlie Latham were real wits. For weeks after the notorious bank robbery at Northampton men, women, and children had turned detectives. Two of the safe-crackers had been captured. But the third was still at large and the bank offered a $20,000 reward for his apprehension.

Standing on the third-base coaching-line, Latham, who had complained several times of the umpire's injustice, threw up both hands, after an especially rank decision, and commanded attention from the entire arena.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he roared in the solemn tones of a circus announcer, "I claim the $20,000 reward. There"—pointing to the umpire—"stands the third Northampton Bank robber." And he was not put out of the game.

No more do "big leaguers" thus indulge their fancy. Machinery has killed originality. The game is too strenuous. Perfect play and quick action are demanded. Our nation is passing the ingenuous stage. We must take even our baseball seriously.

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The Strings of Liberty

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Illustrations by Thornton Oakley

RESTING on his shovel, Cavvitch, the Slav, swept a glance about him. He was a new man, you might say; less than a year had passed since his coming. Overhead, blue heaven arched itself in a sweeping, cloudless void, and poured down upon the defenseless flat the searching, pitiless light of a midsummer sun. In the fierce glare, all the gross unloveliness of the place lay disclosed, bare and squalid, and sprawling grotesquely beside a stream befouled by many trades. There rose the tall column of the furnace, its stack keeping sentinel beyond a file of hot-air stoves, guttering flame by night and day and ever humming thunderously with the blast that roared in its vitals. Long trestles set a-straddle of the ore-heaps stretched uncouthly, rank by rank, along the yard; steam and smoke blew in clouds about the place; the dinkey engines drilling their strings of loads and empties screamed incessant warnings from track to track; and over all this world beneath spread the legs of the traveling hoists, gritting and rumbling as they moved and dangling monstrous buckets swung in mid-air like toys in the hands of a child.

The Slav's eye, conning it over, took in the panorama with a scowl. Edging the furnace yards lay a field of slag-dumps, the gray detritus of the volcano; and on a step of the hillside, overlooking the scarred and ravaged valley, the tenements of the gangs huddled unhealthily, reeking with the grime and the disorder of their kind. The noon had passed; idleness, for a while, had come among the huts, and a throng of slattern women passed from door to door, or, in the shade of the houses, jibed each other in the lingo. But all this, so far from moving him with its repellence, was passed over in the man's low understanding of decencies. Food and drink were offered plentifully enough—what more could one ask?—and with that a place to sleep. It was not the sordid cast of existence, the grime and the defilement and the clustered unprivacy of this life that wrought him to his anger, but, instead, the price one paid for it—work—only that—the perpetual call to labor. Not only did he hate his toil, but hated the men who, toiling, gave it countenance; though each one of them, as he knew, had a goal of future ease set up as the star to all ambition.

The man's dull eyes, cruising shiftily, returned again to the task before him; and instinctively he grasped his shovel and bent to the hated toil. But not for long. He and another Slav had been set that day to clean up the dribblings of the grab-buckets as they swung on their way to the skip-bins, and the work was slow and wearing. Standing his shovel by a trestle timber, he pulled out his pipe and filled it comfortably at ease, his eye fixed warily on the distant figure of the boss on his way down the trestles. Once he grinned, a frank sneer of contempt for the taskmaster dull enough to leave him there unhindered. His wary eye, returning, fell, then, upon the other Slav working near at hand; and spitting savagely, Cavvitch spied on him in uncertainty. For the fellow—one Grabo by name—still kept to his labor, and shoveled away sturdily, filling the barrow at his knee. Perhaps he could not see—Cavvitch, taking the pipe from his mouth, divided his watch between Grabo and the boss; and then grunted to the man in his jargon.

Grabo looked up stupidly. "Heyh?" he asked. Cavvitch answered with a hitch of his thumb toward the distant gang-boss and another meaning grunt. But Grabo, instead of profiting by the call to rest, kept on scraping up the heaps of ore and tossing them into his barrow.

The boss, turning at the trestle's end, came back along the line. Cavvitch, still watching, measured the distance; at a certain point in the boss's forward march, he reached out a hand for his shovel—a little farther and he had risen; then when the man had come to a point nearly abreast of the stack, Cavvitch

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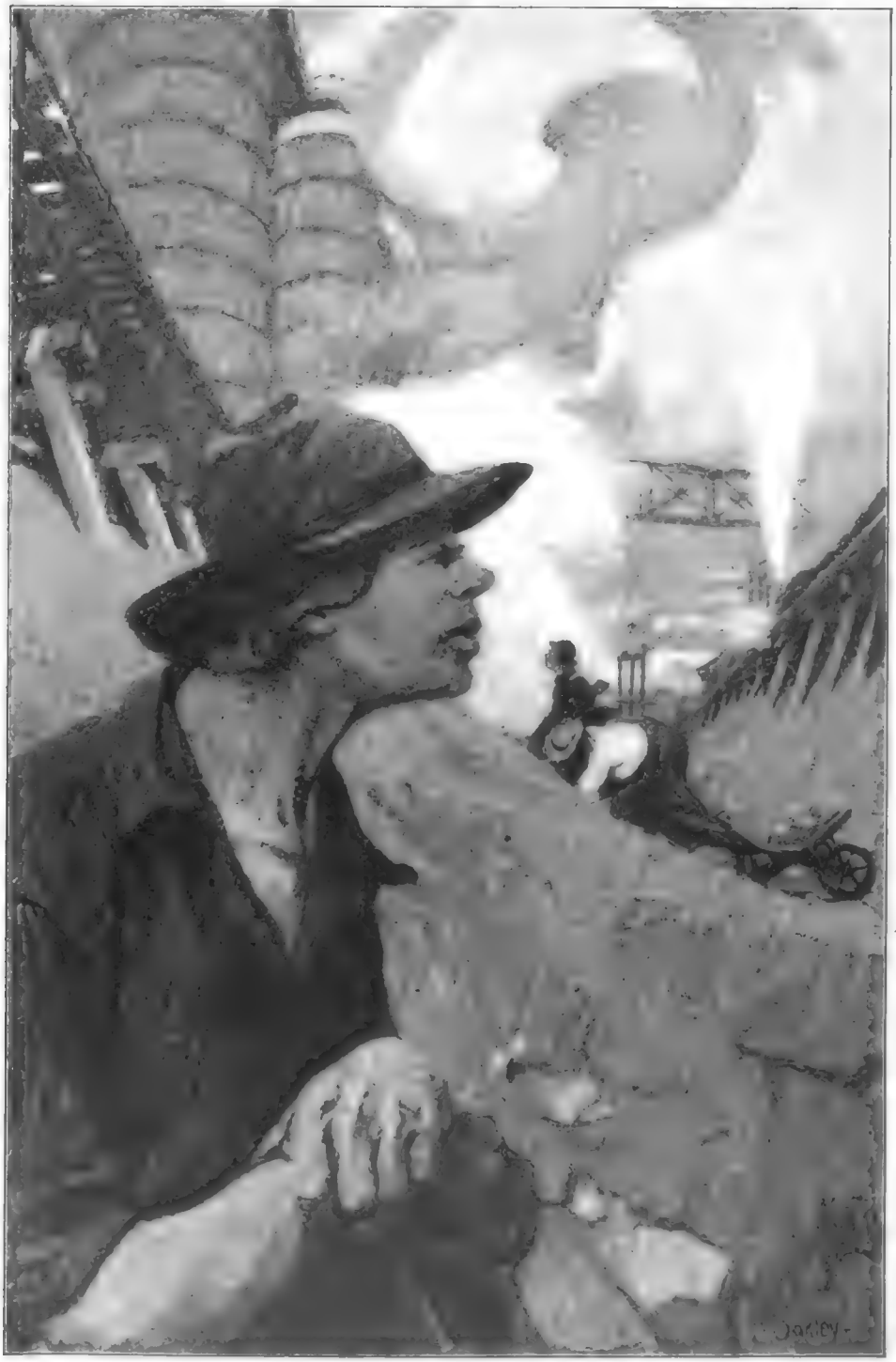

RESTING ON HIS SHOVEL, CAVVITCH, THE SLAV, SWEPT A GLANCE ABOUT HIM.

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was up and doing, his back bent over the work and swinging lithely to the job. He could not see the trestle while he stooped, but another sense told him that the boss had halted above him and was critically regarding the results. After a moment's study of Cavvitch laboring, he stepped on down the trestle, and noting but little progress, singled out the fellow, Grabo, as the one malingering on the work.

"You down there!" bawled the taskmaster; "you git a hump on yourself—d'ye hear?"

Cavvitch heard, and understanding, shot a half-frightened look sideways from under his heavy brows. Authority he hated; but still the fact remained that its voice filled him with respect—the one leash that holds the class of Cavvitch fast to order. "You there!" roared the boss again; and the other Slav, Grabo, singled out, stood up awkwardly, facing the man with a childish uneasiness and bewilderment.

"D'ye hear!" roared the gang-boss, and cursed him.

Grabo hunched up his shoulders in expressive protest and thrust out an appealing hand.

"Me no 'stan'!" he stammered helplessly, and looked from the boss to Cavvitch, who went on shoveling ore. "Me no 'stan'," he repeated; "me work all ri'!"

Cavvitch had learned. While this colloquy kept on above him, he plied his shovel swiftly, knowing that by work alone could he distract attention from himself. So when the gang-boss, his anger complete, came scampering down the ladder to the flat, he sidled away from the danger zone, though not quite out of hearing.

"You gimme any o' yer back talk," rasped the taskmaster, "an' I'll run ye by the scruff o' the neck outer here!"

But while he menaced Grabo with an uplifted fist, the boss kept a wary distance between them. For even among the lowest there are limitations—bounds beyond which it is not safe to venture.

"D'ye hear me?" roared the gang-boss, still keeping at a distance.

"Me no 'stan'!" cried Grabo again; "look—me work all ri'!" Bending to his labor, he shoveled wildly, crying out in angry protestation: "You look—you look! Me good man!"

In this simple childish earnestness there was something to have disarmed even greater wrath; and the gang-boss, lowering his hand, began to grin disdainfully. "All right, Joe," he laughed—"Joe," the term by which he dubbed collectively in his contempt all that class of "Hunkie"—"all right, Joe. But don't you let me catch ye playin' hooky at the job, or I'll trot ye up to the office for your time."

Grabo hunched his shoulders angrily at the half-jesting threat. "Me no like!" he grumbled sullenly. "Me work all ri'. Cavvitch, *he* no work!"

Still mumbling and muttering, the Slav turned his back and shoveled, snatching up the lumps of ore as if to vent his choler on them. "Hey—what's that?" snarled back the boss. He was half-way up the ladder now, but he turned scowling with a glance from one to the other. Cavvitch still plied at his task, quite blind, as it looked, to the affair, and not at all a party to it. But the gang-boss knew the character. After overhauling Grabo with a contemptuous eye—"The dirty sneak!" he muttered—he climbed to the trestle; and striding abreast of Cavvitch paid him the tribute of a long and sour scrutiny.

At Grabo's betrayal, the face of Cavvitch had darkened ominously. Into his weasel eyes there came a glint that boded trouble; but he bent his head, watching covertly. All well enough to boast his hatred of authority—there were times in the drinking-places when he pounded the table till the glasses clinked and the others looked on wondering. But the long stare, pointed and disconcerting, stirred his mind uneasily; and he shifted about, blinking cravenly like a night thing caught abroad in the glare of day. Then he cringed.

"What's yer number there?" roared the gang-boss, with a sudden directness. Cavvitch sank his head between his shoulders as if to dodge a blow. "Yer number, I say!" the boss repeated. Cavvitch, after one deprecating gesture with hands outstretched, fished in his pocket, and again in an attitude of intercession held out the check.

"What's the matter?" he demanded weakly. "Me work all ri'! Me noomber twoonty-s'ven."

"Twenty-seven, hey? I'll mind that, ye blisterin' Hunky. You work or git—you and him, there! Ye hear that, both o' ye!"

Cavvitch, still in that craven posture, stood there till the gang-boss passed on down the trestle. Then thrusting the check savagely into his pocket, his eyes narrowing to slits,

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he clinched a fist and shook it wildly at the retreating man. *God*—how he hated then! It was rage—rage impotent, unavailing—so great in its stress that the man returned to his toil like one insane; and the boss, coming that way again, laughed to see "the licks that damned Hunky put into the job." But delving on, the Slav had forgotten not only that he worked but how much he hated it; and his insensate wrath, feeding on itself, grew to that madness where it would wreak vengeance on the first creature that confronted it. There was the man, Grabo, close at hand. Aye—there was the chance; and dropping his shovel with a gesture of hate, Cavvitch turned and stared at Grabo, baring his yellow teeth in a savage anger that would maim rather than destroy.

So, as he stood there, idle again, the gang-boss, looking backward, saw him. "Git, now!" he cried, dropping down the trestle to the flat; "out o' here, ye swine!" Red with anger, he advanced on Cavvitch, and waved a hand sharply toward the gate. A sudden rush of passions seized the Slav, drowning under all his reawakened craft. As the man strode down upon him, he snatched up the shovel and menaced him, muttering darkly. "By God—what's that!" cried the boss, gritting his jaw; "threaten *me*—will ye!" Squaring himself, he leaped forward as if to run in under Cavvitch's guard, and the Slav, leaping aside, struck wildly with his tool. There was the signal of war—open war; the boss dodged the blow that would have murdered had it landed, and raised the cry for help. Cavvitch, half irresolute, stood before him threatening, roused now beyond all thought of discretion. Once again he lifted his shovel in menace; the boss retreated before him, and at this quick sign of uncertainty there came into Cavvitch's eye the gleam of awakened knowledge—the lust for killing of the beast that knows, at last, its strength. A moment more and he would have succumbed to stronger authority. But the vaunted arm of order had shown its moment's weakness too—his rage returned, and crying "Hoh!" he strode forward, his shovel brandished like a sword. Giving ground, the boss turned and ran.

Cavvitch dropped the tool and looked about him. He was master now—for once in his life he tasted dominance, and he threw back his head, drunk with this draft of untrammeled liberty—license—his one idea of freedom. Over beyond, he saw the brisk figures that climbed to the trestles and ran along toward him; and the yard, like a hive, hummed with growing excitement. He saw in that moment, too, the face of Hun and Slav fixed on him in blank perplexity at his daring, and gloried in their wonder, raising his shovel again; but he saw, too, as he looked, that there were others coming on, impressed by none of his vaunting gestures—the bosses, yard men of authority—Saxon blood hotly eager for even such impersonal warfare as this. Once again he squared himself defiantly—he would fight, driving them off as he had driven away the other. But there he wet his lips—a shrill whistle sounded; he knew the alarm. The yard police—and they were armed—they were coming now. Cavvitch dropped his shovel, and sprinting across the flat, ducked under the trucks of a line of ore-cars, dodged and doubled along the track, and reaching the fence, scrambled over and was gone.

But as he fled, he gloated. Strength against strength—Cavvitch had awakened.

In a country as wide as this of the river works, the so-called black list becomes a jest. Give a man his time and tell him, too, that he's marked—what are the odds? He'll laugh and go on to the next gate and find a job for the asking. All Hunks look alike, they say; turn one of them out at the gate, and the next hour, ten chances to one, he'll be back again and at work under the elbow of the boss that fired him. Cavvitch grinned. He knew; but for safety's sake, he laid by a day or so in his den till the storm blew over and they had had a chance to forget him. Once, he had a sudden gust of cowardly fear when he looked out and saw a town constable poking among the dwellings; but the man passed on and Cavvitch was left unmolested. After that he drank; and at night, when he came out of his hole and went among the drinking-places, he pounded the tables more fiercely than before and preached his anarchy with the fierce power of awakened lawless strength. In his slow but passionate mind, he had grasped, at last, the full reason of his hatred for his toil—hatred that others besides himself should gain profit from his labors. It was robbery, he yelled, and feeling his strength, preached the gospel of destruction. They should wreck and burn—but how this was to regain what had been taken from them he did not say. Striking the wood with his fist until the room reechoed with the crash and clinking of glassware, he stalked

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HE STRODE FORWARD, HIS SHOVEL BRANDISHED LIKE A SWORD.

on to the next foul dive; and there again howled his sermon. All was theirs, he cried—all—everything—were they but men enough to take it; and they listened open-mouthed, stupid in wonderment at his frenzy.

But when the last of his savings had gone in drink, he awoke, cursing horribly and mindful of the months of labor this wild debauch had cost him. He sought another job up the river. Work was easy enough to find. But the change of place brought no change in the dreary round of his toil—all night he sweated on the trestles, breaking out the ore in the never-ending string of cars that backed up to the bin-heads. For a while, he worked in tonnage gang, his pay depending on the amount of ore the five men handled in the shift. But the others, incensed at last by the fellow's shiftless trimming, put him out of the job; and he was driven as the thing nearest at hand to sweeping up the car floors before the empties were switched down into the billet yard. In this belittling toil, darkness brought him many chances to sham and soldier.

But even this was not to last. He had soldiered at the job less than a month when, one night, word came around the yard that the furnace was to be let down that week and put out of blast. "Hey, vat's the matter?" he asked dully; "no get work—chess?" That was the case indeed. With a new ardor of hatred in his breast, he slouched down the trestle and reported to the time-boss in an ugly mood.

That night the overworked stack ran wild, voicing in its many ways the need of rest and repairs. For many months they had forced the furnace to its utmost; and the pitted lining above the tuyères showed the case in slip after slip that vomited blazing gluts of coke and ore about the yard below. A rain of flue dust sifted down to leeward like the ash of a raging volcano. Cavvitch, delving among the loads, looked up each time in affright as the burst of gas screamed aloft from the pipes; and once, as a blazing shower of coke thumped down about his ears, he fled, dashing over the gondola's end sill and under its truck for safety. There a night-boss found him crouching long after the slip had passed, and with a curse drove him back to his work still shaking from the weakness of cowardly fright.

As he delved on after that, soldiering as usual, he became conscious of a new figure at work in the adjoining car. "Huh!" he cried, speaking his terror weakly, and shifting his elbow upward, pointing at the stack; "sure—me no like—hey, vat?" But the man gave no answer, and worked away dumbly, so that Cavvitch was as much alone as before.

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"Huh!" he grunted savagely, and turned about. And just then the stack let go once more.

As the ocher cloud of the discharge, underlaid with the flame of its gases, burst out into the night, there poured from its belly again a bombardment of blazing coke. All the fields brightened at the glare of the eruption. Night thundered with its violence, too; and as the first clumps of blazing carbon thudded on the metal roofs about him, Cavvitch took to his heels. Dropping his broom, he threw a leg over the gondola's end gate, perched there for an instant, and looked along the trestle. There at the other end of the car adjoining was the man to whom he had spoken—he, too, was running to shelter; and as Cavvitch hung poised, the fellow turned his face upward toward the vomiting stack and in that brief instant Cavvitch knew him. It was Grabo—Grabo, the Slav that had peached on him at the down-river yard. Rage gripped him anew. Even in the cowardly impulse of his flight he halted, hatred transfiguring his evil face. But a fresh belching of the overladen stack drove him on; and sliding under the car, he waited, his teeth bared and a fever of insensate fury touching all his nerves.

Once more the stack settled to the even rumbling of its blast. Then he crept forth stealthily. Beside the track, lying where he had dropped it, was an iron lever used for tripping the hopper bottoms of the loads. He slid his hand along till he found it, and rising craftily, peered about him. The two men were alone. Then craft began its play of strategy; he hustled along the narrow staging, once puckering his lips to a crude melody, and climbing to the car, noiselessly dragged the heavy iron with him. "Hoh—me no like!" he cried loudly, with a laugh, and swung quickly over the end gate. But as he went over the edge, watching, crafty, cat-like, one hand held fast to the heavy bar of metal; and waiting until Grabo had turned, he snatched it lightly after him and leaned back to watch.

Thud! The skip-bucket, sliding down its ways, thumped to a standstill at the mouth of the bin below. Listening, with a guilty start of terror, Cavvitch heard the ore flow out and fall with a clatter into the steel carrier beneath. *Hooj! Whooj! Whoo! Whoo!* The white steam gushed from the pipes of the engine-room; the sheave-wheels at the furnace top turned with a loud complaint, and as the loaded skip slid aloft, its companion, empty, came trundling down the slanting guides alongside. As long as the buckets moved, Cavvitch stood watching, his hand still upon the iron bar; and in that hour of his hatred there came a crafty thought. There was the bin below, its maw open to the vent in the car above. Aloft, the wide mouth of the furnace awaited; and looking up he saw the skip tilt on its guides, halt, and with a muffled roar pour its charge into the hungry blast. Peering through the gloom, he gripped the iron anew; and at a leap, stood beside his victim.

"Hoh!" he grunted, the iron poised. The man, bent over at his task, turned, looking upward with a start, and his eye, dully curious, fixed itself upon the uplifted bar. "Hoh!" grunted Cavvitch; and struck with all his force. All around the furnace, the noisy evidences of life went on—the roar of the blast—the stacatto coughing of the hoist's exhaust, a dinkey-engine's sudden scream, and the low thundering clatter of an ingot train as it came up out of the converter yard on its way to the rolling mills above. Vague figures disclosed themselves in the narrow patches of the lamps; there, too, arose the cries of the bosses driving the gangs to toil. But against this—here in the dim and narrow arena of the car floor—showed grim evidences of tragedy: The huddled bundle sprawled uncouthly, its arms and legs outstretched in awkward pose; and over that shapeless bulk, the figure of the murderer, standing furtive and watchful, his breath sighing noisily between his teeth. One moment he stood there, spying about him in the first quick alarm of the deed. Then, as the steel skip thudded into place below, he stooped and with violent hand thrust into the opening the victim's unresisting figure. Upon that panic seized him.

He fled, and not too soon. As he leaped to the edge of the car, an engine, backing up the trestle, gripped the forward coupling, and started forward with a jerk and a sudden clanking of the draft-gear. The shock, catching him unawares, tossed Cavvitch from his hold, and in that instant the crime was nearly repaid. But somehow missing the wheels as he fell, he clung to the narrow staging of the trestle; and with a beating heart, half fainting at the imminence of death, lay shuddering until the cars had passed. Then he arose weakly, though in haste, and clambering down the trestle to the flat, stood with tottering knees within the shadow of the ore-pile.

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THE OVERWORKED STACK RAN WILD, VOICING THE NEED OF REST AND REPAIRS.

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In that moment came to him, despite his fears of capture, all the morbid curiosity of the criminal. He watched and waited. The raucous cough of the hoist's exhaust sounded through the night, thudding on his ears like sledges. He saw the great skip loom above the trestle, and as that tragic burden went on its way to the furnace mouth, his heart leaped anew and the surge of blood in his throat half strangled him. A moment more —already the cables slackened—*whoof!* cried the steam. In one brief instant that last ghastly memoir of his crime would have passed from the ken of man. But—a shrill cry—another! The top-man had seen. A very babel of shouts, keen and pygmy from their height, cried through his ears like the roar of a multitude; and sick with a deadly fear of capture, the murderer turned and ran. In his veins boiled anew the terror of the law. Liberty—license he had tasted, bolstering up his courage in every act with derision of the power of the law. But there was the wild thing's knowledge of the brute force it owned all offset again. Yet only for the time.

All that night, by turns he walked or ran. Dawn found him still going, and when at last the light of day showed him where he wandered, he was far back among the hills that edged the winding river. Once, glancing at his bloody hands, his heart leaped anew, not in the awakening of conscience, but instead with a sudden, blinding terror lest these telltales of the night of violence might trap him as he fled. Beside the hill, a little brook came talking over its pebbled mossy reaches; and he crawled in there among the bushes and, bending down to the rivulet, soused his hands till the last grim stain was gone and the waters ran away turgid and befouled. All that day he lay by in the copse in the hillside, watching the roads below with blinking eyes; and when night came and he was still free—untrapped—still at large, the load lightened on his breast; and he arose, stumbling away to the south.

As he walked his courage grew. In that spirit of reawakened boldness, he stumped on beneath the stars laughing, chuckling to himself, snapping his fingers at the law, which even then was blindly groping through the river slums to find him. *Hoh!* it was Cavvitch they sought—him—Cavvitch! Trudging onward in the night, he came down among the outlying houses of a narrow hamlet, and as a dog ran at him, barking stridently, he egged it on with taunting capers, and when the brute overstepped itself, maimed it with a stone snatched up from the roadside. Then, before the crippled thing could escape, he was upon it; and afterward he went on, gloating, wiping his knife on his sleeve, while the maimed beast yelped its life away. At dawn, after robbing a farmer's garden patch, he lay by again in the woods, and at dark took up his travels anew. Night after night, he walked; by day he peered out of the thickets where he hid, and hated in his heart the stray travelers by the roads or the farm hands that toiled in the fields. To his mind, then, all men were to be hated, for they meant only peril to himself; and so the time passed by. But there came a day, at last, when even this rogue, turned out of the society of his kind, longed for human companionship.

Arising, he left his bed among the thickets, and eying every creature warily, sidled into one of the country's coal towns. The gaunt, frowning hulk of a foreigner walked in among his fellow men, untouched, unhindered—he was of a familiar type. A great load in that moment was lifted from his mind. The stigma was not upon him—the advertisement of Cain. Feeling in his pockets he found a few small coins, and with his shifting eyes going on every side, slouched into a drinking-place, and buying himself a drink, craftily eyed the men about him. Once more he heard the familiar sound of voices; the place was filled with his own people, though none there knew him. He sat at a table in the corner, one eye out for a quick escape by the door, and the other bent hungrily upon his companions. All that day he stayed there, using his money cautiously, and was the last to be turned out at midnight. On the day following he returned, rising from his lair in the woods, still hungry to herd with his kind. It was a great risk, he knew, but the long immunity had nursed his courage, and that night, when the last of his money was gone, he had determined to ask for work.

In that region there was work in plenty. Every hillside boasted a coal-pit of its own; the gaunt tipples reared themselves on their stilts in every quarter of the view, and with the brawn and muscle that Cavvitch owned, he found a ready market for his labor.

But toil, he soon enough showed, he hated more than ever. Dawn after dawn came in the round of time and each one found him on his way to the pit-mouth, clumping heavily along, and, with a scowl of hate, frowning at God's bright day. The peaceful valley,

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filled with its evidences of prosperity and happiness—the farms, the little cots of the thrifty, the gardens crowded with the season's greens, the rows of homely blossoms by the walks—all these filled his heart with a scorn and a certain bewilderment that such things should fulfil the promise of human happiness. For this class he felt the bitterest hate of all; he cursed them for their contentment, and the harder they toiled at their various labors, the more he despised and hated them so long as he was denied even their little. His home was a den among the tenements of the blocks; he and a dozen others of his kind herded there like so many cattle in a pen. By night, or in the days when he lay by, filling his skin with liquor, he pounded on the tables again till the glasses rang, crying out against the swindle of society, all his hatred aimed against any one, impartially, who had more of life than himself. It was this same feeling he had always felt in his old home across the sea, the same bitterness as when he had slouched along in the dust of the road and glowered with venomous rage upon the castles of the mighty, homes of men that kicked him and his kind aside from their paths as if these peasants were mere swine. Only the difference was this, that over there he would not have dared to raise his tongue against it. But—new life, new laws, new liberty; the freedom that Cavvitch found offered him in this new land of ours was an open invitation. He pounded the table or sawed the air with his arms, and cried out upon the others to avenge themselves—to regain their "own" by violence, if need be; so that his listeners sat, open-mouthed, and wondered at his rage.

In that section was a class of low-tonnage mines owned mostly by men that had risen from the ranks. But the fact that thrift, hard work, and unswerving industry had brought this reward to them made no odds to Cavvitch. Upon these men—one and all—he fastened the crime of paying the money-wage to others. Something they owned that the Slav, Cavvitch, would never possess; he hated them openly, in his derision of the liberty allowed him—hated them as he had hated the hereditary custodians of his own country's laws—and had not dared to speak of it. The chance that this new-found liberty really offered, the Slav never saw. All that freedom hatched out for Cavvitch—besides the license that he called liberty—was rancor, malice, and envy.

But at last he overdid his ranting. Into the dull intellects of his hearers came a subtle fear of the man, a misgiving and a gradual edging off from this feverish high-priest of destruction. As a knowledge of his own exclusion at last forced itself into his mind, the Slav's sullen rage redoubled. He drew into himself, fierce even in his silence.

In that period came the first mutter of trouble among the mines. Little disorders broke out quick on the heels of each other, the uneasiness bred of a long period of peace; and Cavvitch, finding a new crop of listeners, regained his tongue again. Who were these men, these owners—were they sovereigns?—that they should set up for themselves to drive their fellows to toil? His red, pig-like little eyes gleamed hotly as he poured out his venom; and the others that had dropped away from him before, returned now to listen curiously to this lawless ardor in their cause. In their hope of a higher wage, they were all together—a unit—justly so in that a man is entitled to all that he can rightly get; but the ways by which Cavvitch urged them to take it—theirs—their own—the wealth they had been robbed of, he screamed—that was a different matter. As each harangue was uttered and no hand of the law reached out to stay him, his violence grew apace. "To hell with them!" he yelled, snapping his fingers in contempt. They would not dare touch Cavvitch—or men like him. He had tried it—*he knew*, he muttered with dark significance, and leaned back, rolling his head upon his slouching shoulders. Some, heeding the talk, believed him. Over here, they said, nodding sagely with a little grin of contempt, there was not much to be feared from the law; and at the name, Cavvitch cackled outlandishly. But when the strike came, the men paid no heed to the Slav's appeals to violence, and the battle against the owners for weeks went a peaceful course.

Yet as the strike dragged on, restlessness began to show itself on either side. There were fresh efforts by the owners to rush in outside help; sharp skirmishes cropped out here and there; and growing more desperate as their funds gave out, the violent element at last asserted itself.

Cavvitch's time had come. His tirades renewed themselves more wildly; the crowd of aliens, gaining courage from his unhindered license, believed themselves paramount; and noting their awakened attention, he howled himself into a convulsion of hatred. Roaring

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hoarsely, he beat the air with his arms, crying on them, appealing madly for one quick show of force—a sudden stroke that should win all they asked for in the terror it would spread among their oppressors. A low growl answered. They had awakened. The crowd grew, muttering in excitement. Perhaps the man was right. Peace had won them nothing. They had been forced almost to their knees. "Up—away!" yelled Cavvitch, his passion fed along hotly by the liquor he had swilled; and crashing his glass upon the table, he leaped up, his face ablaze, and cried his prophecies of destruction.

Clamorous shouts egged him on. Would they follow? "Aye!" they roared, answering, "Lead on, Cavvitch!" Jumping to the floor, he drove his way through them fiercely, the mob falling in behind him. Into the road spilled all this bedlam, a riot of furies led by a maniac; hill after hill took up the scream of voices and bandied it about in startled echoes, and the dust of the road, beaten by the tramping feet, arose like a cloud of war along the sunny valley. "*Cavvitch—Cavvitch!*" they roared; and the Slav, leaping like a fiend of dreams, sprang out in the lead; and with tossing arms and eyes gleaming hotly, marshaled his forces of destruction. Once more he tasted the liberty he had dreamed about—the license of the brute unleashed—the drunkenness of unresisted force. At the head of his rabble, he led on, going giddily, his face convulsed with the abominable passions that swayed him. His way was toward the mine where he had worked—toil had jailed him there, and there should the first blow fall. Unfenced and unprotected, its top-works stood awaiting the destroyer. All was silent about it—all lifeless and quiet, it seemed, against their uproarious coming. Cavvitch, turning, screamed the word to his poor dupes, and led on gleefully.

But against the background of a stack of mine-ties a single human figure arose, quick and disconcerting. "Stand!" the man called, and raised a warning hand. Cavvitch ground his teeth. "Kill the scab!" he howled, and the mob took up the cry, "Kill him—kill the scab!" But there was a pistol in the man's hand; he had shown courage enough to front them. They halted.

Cavvitch, watching craftily, saw that uplifted hand tremble with a sudden misgiving. As the mob swelled up toward him, its tatterdemalions screaming in their argot horrid threats, the lees of the lone guard's courage ebbed away. Fearfully, he cast a quick look to right and left. He was trapped and he knew it. "Kill the scab!" they yelled, and, filled with the courage of that shout, surged nearer.

So once more Cavvitch, gloating, leaped out in front. "Huh!" he yelled, his gnarled hands tearing away the shirt from his throat. "Huh!" he roared, beating at his naked breast; "shoot—you shoot at me!" There he stood, daring, his hairy chest heaving fiercely, but still watching with those crafty eyes, prepared to dodge the still possible shot. "Huh—shoot—shoot!" But the pistol, weakly leveled, only wabbled with the uncertainty of the hand behind it; and when Cavvitch leaped forward, the man dropped his weapon, and, his face like chalk, turned swiftly and ran.

They caught him on the slope beyond the tipple. It was Cavvitch, leaping on his back, that brought him down—Cavvitch's feet, trampling furiously, that stilled the screams of horrid fear; Cavvitch that brought the tragedy to its close. Then, wild with that taste of it, the mob swarmed back along the hill, and left that inert bundle lying out there alone, stark and featureless in the light of God's own noonday.

But the mob gave no heed to that. It drove its way in and out of the sheds, destroying all within its reach. A shrill cry sounded—they fled, and from a distance, stood waiting—watching. With a crash that shook the hills, a wall of the brick power-house stepped up into the air, crowded sideways, and in the swirling haze of the explosion sluiced back into its foundations in an avalanche of dismembered brick. Cheering hoarsely, the destroyers stood there for a moment looking at the ruin; and again, with louder cries, plodded on along the valley.

Again Cavvitch, his face transfigured with horrid joy, led them. It was he that took the van, hurrying—hastening—half running, his swart face blazing like a flag of war. A cry arose that they were pursued. "To hell with them!" he screamed in his lingo, and they cheered. This was liberty—who should stop them now? Another mine—another field for their work—lay just beyond. As they swarmed down the dusty pike, they could see the stacks of its boiler-house standing over the edge of the nearest hill; and they rushed on, eager in their longing that was stripped free, at last, of all restraint. Around the bend of the hill-slope they turned; and a

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THE SLAV, LEAPING LIKE A FIEND OF DREAMS, SPRANG OUT IN THE LEAD.

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roar burst from them anew. Facing them in the narrow highway stood a little knot of men—six—no, there was another running up—seven there were in all. Seven men! Cavvitch howled gleefully. But the seven calmly closed in, elbow to elbow, and stood there waiting, the mob bawling viciously at the sight.

Cavvitch turned, waving his arms, and cackling in frenzied glee. Seven! They would eat them up as they had eaten up the other. A cry went up that it was the county's sheriff and his deputies. "To hell with them!" Cavvitch raged, and turning back, cursed derisively. For all that inbred, hereditary awe of lawfulness and order had gone out now in the madness of his untrammeled liberty—the liberty, the license that he had looked for and at last had found. Once again he cackled his joy. Liberty—it had passed him by before; and there it had been all the time—ready—waiting—waiting to be taken by the first hand strong enough to grasp it. "Kill them!" he cried, beckoning on the mob.

They closed up behind him. A few had guns or pistols; others had armed themselves with whatever likely tool for killing they could lay their hands to in the march. There was one, close at Cavvitch's heels, who flourished a sledge—another was armed with a coal-pick—a third with a stake from the roadside fence. Crowbars, tool handles, shovels; all these they brandished fiercely, and wild in their lust to destroy, crowded down upon the standing men.

But the seven held their ground. There was no wavering of that line, no furtive move to flee; they stood there in silence awaiting the outcome. Then when the mob had come within thirty paces and still pushed on, a man at the center of the line stood out and raised a warning hand. "Stop!" he ordered; and at that voice, snapping like a whip, the mob fell back. If Cavvitch had taken heed—if his once crafty eyes had not lost their crafty keenness in the blood-streaked lust they showed, he would have noted that there was no wavering of that uplifted hand, no white flag of a coming rout in that square, determined face. There was the law he had derided. But he couldn't see it, now.

An insensate rage gripped the Slav anew. He stood up in his height, his head bare and his wild locks streaming over his eyes. Again he cursed horribly; and again his gnarled hands flew to his throat, tearing away the shirt till his hairy, ape-like chest was disclosed. Again he dared them to shoot. "Come on!" he shrieked, hoarse and bestial, to the rabble; and bellowing, they sprang after him.

There was Cavvitch in the lead, running. As he ran, he brandished overhead a bar of steel grabbed up in a shed of the ruined buildings behind him. "Hoh!" he bellowed; and drumming on his breast, with hideous gestures, dared them. Crack! A man beside him opened fire—another; the splatter of shots became a fusillade. One of the line of seven wavered gently forward, recovered himself, and sank to his knee, bracing his shoulder against the man alongside. Looking up, he waited; and Cavvitch howled joyously. The killing had begun. Then the man in the center said something sharply; the kneeling man looked down from him and leveled his gun to his cheek. "Now!" All the valley roared with the crash of the answering volley.

Out there, alone in the center of the road, stood Cavvitch, halted suddenly, one hand to his hairy breast. In his eyes the fierce gleam snuffed out suddenly like the light of an extinguished taper; in place of it came a look of almost childish bewilderment. The mob, too, had halted, breathing loudly. A moment's silence followed—a scream ripped through the quiet—another! A figure at the front of the throng tripped forward, and throwing up its arms, pitched down into the dust on its face. It lay there all of a huddle—a something like that sorry bundle they had left behind them in the field above. Another fell—there were three down in the dust; and Cavvitch, turning, saw his followers break suddenly like a flock of sheep and pour away on every side, shouting in their fear. Standing there, his eyes filled with that childish stupor, he saw the rout; but of the three twitching hulks lying in the road, he took no heed. The others—they were fleeing; he was left alone! He turned about, and there stood that single line of avengers facing him. The wild signals of terror flew into his eyes! His liberty—where was it?—what had it brought him? A cry bubbled up in his throat, hoarsely; he turned, the scream of agony on his lips. Under the hand gripping at his hairy breast, a little stream of red poured forth. Gently he swayed to and fro.

Then, again, with that cry of terror voicing all the agony in his soul, the Slav pitched forward on his face—all a huddle—his liberty at an end forever.

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

LOUIS JAMES AS *FALSTAFF* IN "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

THE PLAYERS

THE autumn season of theatricals, marking the new dramatic year, begins in New York in August, gathers headway in September, and is in full swing by October. This year it is richer in promise than usual. But your experienced patron of the playhouses knows that those who control amusements are prodigal of promises, devoting a great deal of energy, enthusiasm, and ingenuity to their clever and artistic fashioning.

Directors of amusements are optimists by nature; they needs must be to spend such vast sums of money on so many bad shows. But when one realizes the large profits arising from some of the worst of these, it is not difficult to understand why the managers are willing to take chances. Your Experienced Theatre Goer is also an optimist until he is seated, prepared to pass judgment upon a new production. Then his attitude is that of one who hopes for the best, but is prepared for the worst and is morally certain that it will be inflicted upon him. But until that time arrives, the experienced one finds genuine enjoyment in managerial promises, having an educated and discriminating taste in them. He considers these promises as a separate entity,

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Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

ALICE LONNON, LEADING LADY WITH E. S. WILLARD.

dissociating them from the particular shows they exploit. If they be clumsy, stupid things, as many of them are, without form and void, the E. T. G. scoffs at them and reviles their maker. But if they be audacious, original, arrogant promises, or a beautifully conceived and exquisitely executed design of delicate suggestion, the E. T. G. lifts his voice in admiration. Mr. Kipling is not the only one who has found pleasure in a well-made lie. But your E. T. G. doesn't permit this enthusiastic approbation to influence him when he comes to pass upon the fulfilment of these promises.

This is the season of first nights; and the audiences that attend them in New York are strange and fearsome things, the like of which, I am persuaded, is to be found no place else on the face of the earth. There is a pleasant fiction that these audiences are made up of highly intellectual, cultivated folk, a self-constituted tribunal whose scholastic attainments are so high, whose critical taste is so finely developed that from its judgment there is no appeal.

Really, the first-night audience is nothing of the sort. To be a first-nighter three things are essential: the inclination to buy seats for every first presentation on Broadway, the ability to pay for them, and to appear at the performance in evening clothes, or at least in an evening jacket. It is unnecessary to remark that genuine High-Brows have small respect for these qualifications; in fact they hold them rather cheaply, as being unworthy of consideration by Superior Minds.

One can always recognize the first-nighters because they occupy the best seats and display no emotion whatever, their faces being very perfect mirrors of their minds. They are mostly celebrated persons, whose names appear constantly in newspapers; for instance, "Honest John," "Diamond Jim," "Plunger Mike," and alimony lawyers—picturesque persons who go to make up the life of a great city. There are some two hundred seats reserved for every first-night production on Broadway, some of the patrons having the same chairs year after year; for these first-nighters are proud of that designation, and jealous of it. Of course managers are glad to have the money for these seats, but they and the actors pray that the first-nighters may not occupy them. If they do, it goes hard with the players, for they have

Photograph by Kovaak József, Budapest.

ILZA SZAMOSY, OF BUDAPEST, AS *MADAME BUTTERFLY*.

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before them rows of stolid, fat faces, staring across the footlights with dull concentration. Between acts the first-nighters solemnly file out to the lobby, and wag their heads seriously as if they really knew, for they realize that even an amateur critic can gain respect only by consistent condemnation, leavened occasionally by that faint praise which is damnation.

Behind the first-nighters are the friends of the author, the actors, and the manager, who are there to make loud noise. The worse the play, the more boisterous their approbation. They must see and hear, because they have eyes and ears; possibly they think; but chiefly their business is to make loud noise. They have heard about a "howling success," and they are determined to furnish the howls. At a musical play, the paid disturbers of the peace employed by the song-publishing concerns take command after each number, and their energy and persistency are appalling. Never was there a *claque* to compare with them. No man is hired unless he has callouses a quarter of an inch thick on each hand, and can bring his palms together 740 times in three minutes with a force of twenty-five pounds, making an impact that can be heard 300 feet away. The rivalry is so intense that the professional applauders all exceed these requirements.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

ETHEL POWERS IN "THE VIRGINIAN."

Of course in the orchestra chairs is a sprinkling of persons who have paid for seats in the sincere hope of being entertained, but they cannot escape the soggy influence of the first-nighters, who sit like so many owls, looking wise, and saying nothing; and they must experience a reaction from the uproar of the determined, friendly noise-makers. Even the professional critic is distracted by these widely separated factions, for it is as much his business to describe the effect upon the audience as to record his own impressions. The fairest, surest judgment is to be found in the balcony and gallery, where are those who have paid money, not for the privilege of posing, but for entertainment.

When, on occasion, the *blasé* first-nighter feels his sluggish blood stirred, and the faithful noise-makers have real excuse for their wild ballyhoo, and the musical pluggers with the Harveyized hands have real support, then

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Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MARGARET ANGLIN, WHO APPEARS THIS SEASON IN REPERTOIRE.

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

ROBERT MANTELL AS *MACBETH.*

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there is a genuine and a great success. But these are few and far between.

At best a first-night performance is a painful ordeal for author, manager, and players,

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.
TRIXIE FRIGANZA IN "HIS HONOR THE MAYOR."

and the conditions existing in New York make it a sort of refined torture. When a play just fails of success, the first-nighters are condemned with especial vigor. One might think that there would be a disposition on the part of player-people to dodge them, but it is very seldom that a production can make money "on the road" unless it has the benefit of Broadway approval. Of course a star with an established following can get along, but even these yearn for the plaudits of the Great White Way. Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia do not hesitate to approve of a production whether New York likes it or not, but other cities are prone to follow the metropolis.

Of course, after all, the first-night verdict in New York is oftener right than wrong; otherwise it would soon cease to have any value whatever. But it frequently errs. Many a good play that afterward ran for months has been condemned, and many a bad one boosted to financial success. The first-night audience didn't approve of "Peter Pan," and it was only the personal popularity of Maude Adams that carried it along until its real value was recognized. "Florodora," one of the greatest musical successes ever known, which made more than $1,000,000 for its managers, fell absolutely flat for its first two weeks.

New York first-nighters had a long rest during the summer. There were only three roof gardens and three Broadway theatres open, which indicates less than the usual hot-weather frivolity in amusements. There are no real roof gardens any more, but roof theatres, which are enclosed so that performances do not have to be abandoned when it rains. Hammerstein's clung to straight vaudeville, as usual, while the New York Roof had a sort of musical *revue* in connection with vaudeville—a lively *revue* it was, with Carrie De Mar, Cheridah Simpson, Clifton Crawford, Al Leech, and other well-known players who sing.

In the New Amsterdam aerial theatre, George M. Cohan gave a new version of "The Governor's Son," the musical comedy that he wrote for the translation of the four Cohans from vaudeville to the regular theatres. One of the Cohans married and then there were three. The personal popularity of the youngest member of the family resolved the Cohans into one, as far as starring is concerned, although the father, mother, and wife of the youthful George are in the company. In "The Governor's Son" there were new songs and new excuses for people to rush about the stage. It was one of those "hurry-up" shows that travel at a great pace and never get anywhere.

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"The Social Whirl," a typical hot-weather show, got started in April, and therefore really belongs to last season. It kept the theatre comfortably filled right through the summer, which shows that able tinkers can do much for a performance of this kind. When it was produced in Chicago under another name, it was a sad, sad thing that had small hope of survival. Joseph Herbert, one of the few comedians who can construct comedy, did wonders for it, and in New York it struck popular favor at once. The fact that it has a plot visible to the naked eye may have had something to do with its success, but probably it was owing to the fact that there were real fun-makers with opportunities given them on the stage. Also there were some of New York's best-known chorus girls who sang the jolly jingles and displayed amazing activity, to the delight of the summer visitors that chiefly support the warm weather shows. The principals of "The Social Whirl" discovered that they could not play all the time, so they arranged to take half the week off—an innovation that pleased the managers when they found that the audiences seemed just as much pleased by understudies. For of course the principals did not draw their large salaries when they were not playing.

"His Honor the Mayor" came in with the hot weather and departed when it grew cool, so that it was a true summer show. It crept in very quietly, possibly because people in cities where it had been presented didn't care for it. It is just an average musical show without any novelties, but it happened to strike popular taste. It has a lot of pleasant songs, which were very well sung, as well as the Pony ballet, Blanche Ring, and Harry Kelly. And as long as one of these was on the stage the audience was sure to be amused. Blanche Ring is a very remarkable young woman, who can sing a certain kind of song more effectively than any one else on the stage in this country. She has a vast deal of what is called magnetism. Her ingratiating, wholesome smile seems so spontaneous as to make one believe her the best tempered and most cheerful of beings. She has, besides, an audacity that is superb. She gives the impression that if she chose she could play *Lady Macbeth*, and that she sings rollicking songs because they are more fun. Now, as a matter of fact, Miss Ring has never done anything but sing merry roundelays on Broadway. She first attracted attention to herself by introducing "In the Good Old Summer-time." Then Mrs. Osborne engaged her for her playhouse and Miss Ring straightway had the town humming "The Belle of Avenue A," which had been sung a lot of times without striking popular fancy. Then came "Bedelia," the

Photograph by Langdon, Chicago.

WILLIAM FARNUM AS *PRINCE MOHAMMED* IN "THE PRINCE OF INDIA."

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

WILTON LACKAYE AS *JEAN VALJEAN* AND WALTER PENNINGTON AS THE *BISHOP* IN "THE LAW AND THE MAN," MR. LACKAYE'S DRAMATIZATION OF VICTOR HUGO'S "LES MISÉRABLES."

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only bright spot in a weirdly painful musical comedy, "The Jersey Lily." "My Irish Molly" was her next great success, and she still sings it with her latest "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie."

This year will show whether Miss Ring is a real actress, as she left her rôle in "His Honor the Mayor" to Trixie Friganza, and went starring in "Miss Dolly Dollars," in which Lulu Glaser appeared last season.

Harry Kelly, the *Deacon Flood* of "His Honor the Mayor," is a genuine comique, bubbling with truly original humor. He has a delicate sense of characterization and a keen appreciation of the limitations of horse-play—a rare and valuable endowment for a low comedian. He is a stepson of John T. Kelly, who has been making people laugh all his long life in extravagantly exaggerated Irish rôles. For years the elder Kelly was with Weber & Fields in New York, but when he went forth on the road again he found that he had not been in the least forgotten. Harry Kelly is very young to have won so secure a place as a comedian, and he should go far.

Officially the autumn season opened with "The Little Cherub," a musical play that introduced Hattie Williams as an individual star, and that was produced on what was, up to that time at least, the hottest night of the summer. It wasn't especially exciting, being in fact a very hackneyed sort of thing as to story, with pleasant, inconsequential music by Ivan Caryll, who can write really good scores if he pleases. It is a tale of a hypocritical old man whose son is in love with an actress of free and easy manners, but perfectly pure morals, a notion that has been worked harder than anything else on the stage in the last dozen years. It was designed to be a pleasing, dainty, "sweetly pretty" kind of show, but the only bright things in it are *risqué*. However, there are not many of them.

The least important principal is the star, who must devote twice as much time to changing her gowns as she does to acting and singing; this isn't, however, especially to be regretted. She has a song called "Experience," which is extremely clever and rather fresh, and which she sings inimitably, but beyond that she has small opportunity to do anything. On the whole, the cast is infinitely superior to the comedy, and one shudders to think how utterly dull it would be in the hands of people who were not passed masters of fun-making.

There is James Blakeley as *Algernon Southdown*, who makes a part that is atrociously bad seem a good one. He is one of the most finished of comedians, so excellent an actor that he would shine in "straight" parts, especially those giving opportunity for characterization. He had a very small rôle in "The Schoolgirl" with Edna May, but he made *Tubby* stand out clearly and humorously. In "The Little Cherub" he has an inane part, which he makes the star part by sheer ability and indefatigable industry. He has a quaint little face, which in repose seems to be utterly blank, and yet he can make it express any emotion he pleases, and so eloquently that words are unnecessary. The meaning and significance he injects into the comic songs he sings are a revelation. There is never a dull moment when he is on the stage.

The excellent Thomas Wise, fat and unctuous, plays the hypocritical father, a kind of character that he seems unable to escape, probably because he does it so well; in this instance he even tries to sing, thereby making a martyr of himself and the audience as well. He can act, as he has proved time and time again, and never more effectively than as the butler in "The Prince Chap" last season, but melody and he are not on speaking terms. Yet in all good faith he thrusts out his manly chest, and sends forth hoarse, discordant sounds suggestive of an asthmatic fog-horn.

There are four very clever and very pretty young women who are a delight to look upon, playing the daughters of the posing *Earl of Sanctobury*. They are May Naudain, who has an exquisite voice, and who was in "Nordland" last season; Grace Fields, who sang the "Matinée Girl" song in the same show; Mabel Hollins; and Winona Winter, a dainty miss with a gift for rather novel imitations, including a ventriloquial one.

Even the minor parts, like the *Alderman Briggs* of Richard Chawner and the *Shingle* of Will West, are admirably done, and one wishes these players had a vehicle really worthy of them.

The only dramatic play that continued straight through the summer was "The Lion and the Mouse," which displayed extraordinary vitality. Proving superior to changes in cast and to the heat, it will run through more than a straight year in New York, and is, indeed, likely to continue in popularity indefinitely. The company playing the Klein

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drama in the West found that it makes as much of a sensation there as in the East. At one time in Chicago three performances a day were given, so great was the demand for seats.

The managers supposed that the success of "The Lion and the Mouse" was due to its excellence as a play, and for that reason believed it would appeal as much to English audiences as to American. So they arranged for a London production, with an especially good cast. But there, where it was judged purely as a drama, it was a failure. The critics pronounced it crude and unconvincing, dwelling upon certain inconsistencies that pass unnoticed in this country. The truth is that this play is purely American; it is of the soil and the people in it are indigenous, and it is not strange that another country cannot understand them or the ideas they represent. "The Lion and the Mouse" is a big play in that it dramatizes with much force a part of the present vital thought of the United States, and that there is as much action in the mind of those that make up the audience as on the stage. This is what makes it a truly notable achievement, and one of the greatest successes the stage has known. Probably the author was the only person who realized the quality of the play before it was produced, for in manuscript the absurdities of the drama stand out menacingly, and one is more conscious of them than of the two big situations, which are tremendously dramatic. Few plays have had so wide an appeal. Ever so many persons who have seen it are convinced that it is one of the finest dramas ever written. I was interested to note that those who I thought would not like it at all are highly enthusiastic over it. These are certain hard-headed business men who represent the particular kind of financial selfishness at which the play is aimed. The real idea didn't get to them at all, but only the emotional, superficial effect.

"The Girl of the Golden West" might have played through the summer had not Blanche Bates and Frank Keenan demanded a holiday. Its run, interrupted during July, was resumed in August when the weather was hottest, and large audiences gladly sweltered to see the Belasco melodrama. New York is always crowded in August, and visitors will endure any discomfort to see a play that has had a long run and much acclaim. As to the players, if they are not acting in August they are pretty sure to be rehearsing, which is a far more trying hot-weather occupation.

There was much enthusiasm over rehearsals this season, because, as I said in the beginning, those connected with them seemed to think that the plays are rather better than usual, and that people are disposed to spend much money to see them. We are likely to have a good deal of Shaw, although Arnold Daly may decide to exploit some one else and bring him into fame, possibly Shakespeare. Ellen Terry is coming from England to give us "Captain Brassbound's Confession," one of the earlier Shaw comedies, and Henry B. Irving is to make his first appearance in this country as a star, his repertoire ranging from classical drama to modern French plays. He is going to play *Iago*, in which he has won great distinction abroad, and possibly he may give a few performances with Robert Mantell as *Othello*, which would be very much worth while. Mr. Mantell adds "Julius Cæsar" and "The Merchant of Venice" to his repertoire. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will not make a new Shakespearian production, but will present a Joan of Arc play and one of D'Annunzio's modern tragedies. Louis James will be seen as *Falstaff*, and that should be a fine performance, as he is the best comedian of modern times among the so-called legitimate actors. With this, and Annie Russell playing *Puck* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Shakespearian comedy will receive more attention than it has had in a long time. While there is but one English play that has made a real sensation coming over, "His House in Order" is said to be the best thing that Arthur Wing Pinero has written, and that is really extravagant praise. One doubts very much, however, whether it will appeal as much to this generation as did "Sweet Lavender" to a former one.

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"CEREAL, SIR?" ASKS JONES, POLITE AS EVER.

"JONESY"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Cap'n Eri," "Partners of the Tide," "Mr. Pratt," etc.

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

'TWAS Peter T. Brown that suggested it, you might know. And, as likewise you might know, 'twas Cap'n Jonadab that done the most of the growlin'.

"They ain't no sense in it, Peter," says he. "Education's all right in its place, but 'tain't no good out of it. Why, one of my last voyages in the schooner Samuel Emory, I had a educated cook, feller that had graduated from one of them correspondence schools. He had his diploma framed and hung up on the wall of the galley along with tintypes of two or three of his wives, and pictures cut out of the *Police News*, and the like of that. And cook! Why, say! one of the fo'mast hands ate half a dozen of that cook's saleratus biscuit and fell overboard. If he hadn't been tangled up in his cod line, so we could haul him up by that, he'd have been down yet. He'd never have riz of his own accord, not with them biscuits in him. And as for his pie! the mate ate one of them bakeshop paper plates one time, thinkin' 'twas under crust; and he kept sayin' how unusual tender 'twas, at that. Now, what good was education to that cook? Why——"

"Cut it out!" says Peter T., disgusted. "Who's talkin' about cooks? These fellers ain't cooks—they're——"

"I know. They're waiters. Now, there 'tis again. When I give an order and there's any back talk, I want to understand it. You take a passel of college fellers, like you want to hire for waiters. S'pose I tell one of 'em to do somethin', and he answers back in Greek or Hindoo, or such. *I* can't tell what he says. I sha'n't know whether to bang him over the head or give him a cigar. What's the matter with the waiters we had last year? They talked Irish, of course, but I understood

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the most of that, and when I didn't 'twas safe to roll up my sleeves and begin arguin'. But——"

"Oh, ring off!" says Peter. "Twenty-three!"

And so they had it, back and forth. I didn't say nothin'. I knew how 'twould end. If Peter T. Brown thought 'twas good judgment to hire a mess of college boys for waiters, fellers who could order up the squab in pigeon-English and the ham in hog-Latin, I didn't care, so long as the orders and boarders got filled and the pay-roll didn't have growin' pains. I had considerable faith in Brown's ideas, and he was as set on this one as a Brahma hen on a plaster nest-egg.

"It'll give tone to the shebang," says he, referrin' to the hotel; "and we want to keep the Old Home House as high-toned as a ten-story organ factory. And as for education, that's a matter of taste. Me, I'd just as soon have a waiter that bashfully admitted 'Wee, my dam,' as I would one that pushed 'Shur-r-e, Moike!' edgeways out of one corner of his mouth and served the lettuce on top of the lobster, from principle, to keep the green above the red. When it comes to tone and tin, Cap'n, you trust your Uncle Pete; he hasn't been sniffin' around the tainted-money bunch all these days with a cold in his head."

So it went his way finally, as I knew it would, and when the Old Home opened up on June first the college waiters was on hand. And they was as nice a lot of boys as ever handled plates and wiped dishes for their board and $4 a week. They was poor, of course, and working their passage through what they called the "varsity," but they attended to business and wa'n't a mite set up by their learnin'.

And they made a hit with the boarders, especially the women folks. Take the crankiest old battle ship that ever cruised into breakfast with diamond headlights showin' and a pretty daughter in tow, and she would eat lumpy oatmeal and scorched eggs and never sound a distress signal. How could she, with one of them nice-lookin' gentlemanly waiters hangin' over her starboard beam and purrin', "Certainly, madam," and "Two lumps or one, madam?" into her ear? Then, too, she hadn't much time to find fault with the grub, havin' to keep one eye on the daughter. The amount of complaints that them college boys saved in the first fortnight was worth their season's wages, pretty nigh. Before June was over the Old Home was full up and we had to annex a couple of next-door houses for the left-overs.

I was skipper for one of them houses, and Jonadab run the other. Each of us had a cook and a waiter, a housekeeper and an up-stairs girl. My housekeeper was the boss prize in the package. Her name was Mabel Seabury, and she was young and quiet and as pretty as the first bunch of Mayflowers in the spring. And a lady—whew! The first time I set opposite to her at table I made up my mind I wouldn't drink out of my sasser if I scalded the linin' off my throat.

She was city born and brought up, but she wa'n't one of your common "He! he! ain't you turrible!" lunch-counter princesses, with a head like a dandelion gone to seed and a fish-net waist. You bet she wa'n't! Her dad had had money once, afore he tried to beat out Jonah and swallow the stock exchange whale. After that he was skipper of a little society library up to Cambridge, and she kept house for him. Then he died and left her his blessin', and some of Peter Brown's wife's folks, that knew her when she was well off, got her the job of housekeeper here with us.

The only trouble she made was first along, and that wa'n't her fault. I thought at one time we'd have to put up a wire fence to keep them college waiters away from her. They hung around her like a passel of gulls around a herrin' boat. She was nice to 'em, too, but when you're just so nice to everybody and not nice enough to any special one, the prospect ain't encouragin'. So they give it up, but there wa'n't a male on the place, from old Dr. Blatt, mixer of Blatt's Burdock Bitters and Blatt's Balm for Beauty, down to the boy that emptied the ashes, who wouldn't have humped himself on all fours and crawled eight miles if she'd asked him to. And that includes me and Cap'n Jonadab, and we're about as tough a couple of women-proof old hulks as you'll find afloat.

Jonadab took a special interest in her. It pretty nigh broke his heart to think she was runnin' my house instead of his. He thought she'd ought to be married and have a home of her own.

"Well," says I, "why don't she get married then? She could drag out and tie up any single critter of the right sex in this neighborhood with both hands behind her back."

"Humph!" says he. "I s'pose you'd have her marry one of these soup-totin' college chaps, wouldn't you? Then they could live on Greek for breakfast and Latin for dinner

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and warm over the leavin's for supper. No, sir! a girl hasn't no right to get married unless she gets a man with money. There's a deck-load of millionaires comes here every summer, and I'm goin' to help her land one of 'em. It's my duty as a Christian," says he.

One evenin', along the second week in July 'twas, I got up from the supper-table and walked over toward the hotel, smokin', and thinkin' what I'd missed in not havin' a girl like that set opposite me all these years. And, in the shadder of the big bunch of lilacs by the gate, I see a feller standin', a feller with a leather bag in his hand, a stranger.

whirligig top on to it, and a light checked suit, and gloves, and slung more style than a barber on Sunday. If *I'd* wore them kind of duds they'd have had me down to Danvers, clankin' chains and pickin' straws, but on this young chap they looked fine.

"Good evenin'," says the seven-footer, lookin' down an' speakin' to me cheerful. "Is this the Old Ladies' Home—the Old Home House, I should say?"

"Yes, sir," says I, lookin' up reverent at that hat.

"Right," he says. "Will you be good enough to tell me where I can find the proprietor?"

"OH, RING OFF!" SAYS PETER. "TWENTY-THREE!"

"Good evenin'," says I. "Lookin' for the hotel, was you?"

He swung round, kind of lazy-like, and looked at me. Then I noticed how big he was. Seemed to me he was all of seven foot high and broad accordin'. And rigged up—my soul! He had on a wide, flat felt hat, with a

"Well," says I, "I'm him; that is, I'm one of him. But I'm afraid we can't accommodate you, mister, not now. We ain't got a room nowheres that ain't full."

He knocked the ashes off his cigarette. "I'm not lookin' for a room," says he, "except as a side issue. I'm lookin' for a job."

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"A job!" I sings out. "A *job?*"

"Yes. I understand you employ college men as waiters. I'm from Harvard, and——"

"A waiter?" I says, so astonished that I could hardly swaller. "Be you a waiter?"

"*I* don't know. I've been told so. Our coach used to say I was the best waiter on the team. At any rate I'll try the experiment."

"GOOD EVENIN'," SAYS THE SEVEN-FOOTER.

Soon's ever I could gather myself together I reached across and took hold of his arm.

"Son," says I, "you come with me and turn in. You'll feel better in the mornin'. I don't know where I'll put you, unless it's the bowlin' alley, but I guess that's your size. You oughtn't to get this way at your age."

He laughed, a big hearty laugh, same as I like to hear. "It's straight," he says. "I mean it. I want a job."

"But what for? You ain't short of cash?"

"You bet!" he says. "Strapped."

"Then," says I, "you come with me tonight and to-morrer mornin' you go somewheres and sell them clothes you've got on. You'll make more out of that than you will passin' pie, if you passed it for a year."

He laughed again, but he said he was bound to be a waiter and if I couldn't help him he'd have to hunt up the other portion of the proprietor. So I told him to stay where he was, and I went off and found Peter T. You'd ought to seen Peter stare when we hove in sight of the candidate.

"Thunder!" says he. "Is this Exhibit One, Barzilla? Where'd you pick up the Chinese giant?"

I done the polite, mentionin' Brown's name and hesitatin' on t'other chap's.

"Er-Jones," says the human lighthouse. "Er-yes; Jones."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Jones," says Peter. "So you want to be a waiter, do you? For how much per?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'll begin at the bottom, bein' a green hand. Twenty a week or so; whatever you're accustomed to payin'."

Brown choked. "The figure's all right," he says, "only it covers a month down here."

"Right!" says Jones, not a bit shook up. "A month goes."

Peter stepped back and looked him over, beginnin' with the tan shoes and endin' with the whirligig hat.

"Jonesy," says he, finally, "you're on. Take him to the servants' quarters, Wingate."

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A little later, when I had the chance and had Brown alone, I says to him:

"Peter," says I, "for the land sakes what did you hire the emperor for? A blind man could see *he* wa'n't no waiter. And we don't need him, anyhow; no more'n a cat needs three tails. Why——"

But he was back at me before I could wink. "Need him?" he says. "Why, Barzilla, we need him more than the old Harry needs a conscience. Take a bird's-eye view of him! Size him up! He puts all the rest of the Greek statues ten miles in the shade. If I could only manage to get his picture in the papers we'd have all the romantic old maids in Boston down here inside of a week; and there's enough of *them* to keep one hotel goin' till judgment. Need him? Whew!"

Next mornin' we was at the breakfast-table in my branch establishment, me and Mabel and the five boarders. All hands was doin' their best to start a famine in the fruit market, and Dr. Blatt was wavin' a banana and cheerin' us with a yarn about an old lady that his Burdock Bitters had h'isted bodily out of the tomb. He was at the most excitin' part, the bitters and the undertaker comin' down the last lap neck and neck, and an even bet who'd win the patient, when the kitchen door opens and in marches the waiter with the tray full of dishes of "cereal." Seems to me 'twas chopped hay we had that mornin'—either that or shavin's; I always get them breakfast foods mixed up.

But 'twa'n't the hay that made everybody set up and take notice. 'Twas the waiter himself. Our regular steward was a spindlin' little critter with curls and eye-glasses who answered to the hail of "Percy." This fellow clogged up the scenery like a pet elephant, and was down in the shippin' list as "Jones."

The doc left his invalid hangin' on the edge of the grave, and stopped and stared. Old Mrs. Bounderby h'isted the gold-mounted double spy-glass she had slung round her neck and took an observation. Her daughter "Maizie" fetched a long breath and shut her eyes, like she'd seen her finish and was resigned to it.

"Well, Mr. Jones," says I, soon's I could get my breath, "this is kind of unexpected, ain't it? Thought you was booked for the main deck."

"Yes, sir," he says, polite as a sewin'-machine agent, "I was, but Percy and I have exchanged. Cereal this mornin', madam?"

Mrs. Bounderby took her measure of shavin's and Jones's measure at the same time. She had him labeled "Danger" right off; you could tell that by the way she spread her wings over "Maizie." But I wa'n't watchin' her just then. I was lookin' at Mabel Seabury—lookin' and wonderin'.

The housekeeper was white as the tablecloth. She stared at the Jones man as if she couldn't believe her eyes, and her breath come short and quick. I thought sure she was goin' to cry. And what she ate of that meal wouldn't have made a lunch for a hearty hummin'-bird.

When 'twas finished I went out on the porch to think things over. The dinin'-room winder was open and Jonesy was clearin' the table. All of a sudden I heard him say, low and earnest:

"Well, aren't you goin' to speak to me?"

The answer was in a girl's voice, and I knew the voice. It said:

"You! *you!* How *could* you? Why did you come?"

"You didn't think I could stay away, did you?"

"But how did you know I was here? I tried *so* hard to keep it a secret."

"It took me a month, but I worked it out finally. Aren't you glad to see me?"

She burst out cryin' then, quiet, but as if her heart was broke.

"Oh!" she sobs. "How could you be so cruel! And they've been so kind to me here."

I went away then, thinkin' harder than ever. At dinner Jonesy done the waitin', but Mabel wa'n't on deck. She had a headache, the cook said, and was lyin' down. 'Twas the same way at supper, and after supper Peter Brown comes to me, all broke up, and says he:

"There's merry clink to pay," he says. "Mabel's goin' to leave."

"No?" says I. "She ain't neither!"

"Yes, she is. She says she's goin' to-morrer. She won't tell me why, and I've argued with her for two hours. She's goin' to quit, and I'd rather enough sight quit myself. What'll we do?" says he.

I couldn't help him none, and he went away, mopin' and miserable. All round the place everybody was talkin' about the "lovely" new waiter, and to hear the girls go on you'd think the Prince of Wales had landed. Jonadab was the only kicker, and he said 'twas bad enough afore, but now that new dude had shipped 'twa'n't the place for a decent, self-respectin' man.

"How you goin' to order that Grand

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Panjandrum around?" he says. "Great land of Goshen! I'd as soon think of tellin' the Pope of Rome to empty a pail of swill as I would him. Why don't he stay to home and be a tailor's sign or somethin'? Not prance around here with his high-toned airs. I'm glad you've got him, Barzilla, and not me."

Well, most of that was plain jealousy, so I didn't contradict. Besides I was too busy thinkin'. By eight o'clock I'd made up my mind and I went huntin' for Jones.

I found him, after a while, standin' by the back door and starin' up at the chamber winders as if he missed somethin'. I asked him to come along with me. Told him I had a big cargo of talk aboard, and wouldn't be able to cruise on an even keel till I'd unloaded some of it. So he fell into my wake, lookin' puzzled, and in a jiffy we was planted in the rockin' chairs up in my bedroom.

"Look here," says I, "Mr.—Mr.——"

"Jones," says he.

"Oh, yes—Jones. It's a nice name."

"I remember it beautifully," says he, smilin'.

"All right, Mr. Jones. Now, to begin with, we'll agree that it ain't none of my darn business, and I'm an old gray-headed nosey, and the like of that. But, bein' that I *am* old—old enough to be your dad, though that's my only recommend for the job—I'm goin' to preach a little sermon. My text is found at the Old Home Hotel, Wellmouth, first house on the left. It's Miss Seabury," says I.

He was surprised, I guess, but he never turned a hair. "Indeed?" he says. "She is the—the housekeeper, isn't she?"

"She was," says I, "but she leaves to-morrer mornin'."

That hit him between wind and water.

"No?" he sings out, settin' up straight an' starin' at me. "Not really?"

"You bet!" I says. "Now down in this part of the chart we've come to think more of that young lady than a cat does of the only kitten left out of the bag in the water bucket. Let me tell you about her."

So I went ahead, tellin' him how Mabel had come to us, why she come, how well she was liked, how much she liked us, and a whole lot more. I guess he knew the most of it, but he was too polite not to act interested.

"And now, all at once," says I, "she gives up bein' happy and well and contented, and won't eat, and cries, and says she's goin' to leave. There's a reason, as the advertisement folks say, and I'm goin' to make a guess at it. I believe it calls itself Jones."

His under jaw pushed out a little and his eyebrows drew together. But all he said was, "Well?"

"Yes," I says. "And now, Mr. Jones, I'm old, as I said afore, and nosey maybe, but I like that girl. Perhaps I might come to like you, too; you can't tell. Under them circumstances, and with the understandin' that it didn't go no farther, maybe you might give me a glimpse of the lay of the land. Possibly I might have somethin' to say that would help. I'm fairly white underneath, if I be sunburned. What do you think about it?"

He didn't answer right off; seemed to be chewin' it over. After a spell he spoke.

"Mr. Wingate," says he, "with the understandin' that you mentioned, I don't mind supposin' a case. Suppose you was a chap in college. Suppose you met a girl in the vicinity that was—well, was about the best ever. Suppose you came to find that life wasn't worth a continental without that girl. Then suppose you had a dad with money, lots of money. Suppose the old fo—the gov'nor, I mean—without even seeing her or even knowin' her name or a thing about her, said no. Suppose you and the old gentleman had a devil of a row, and broke off for keeps. Then suppose the girl wouldn't listen to you under the circumstances. Talked rot about 'wasted future' and 'throwin' your life away' and so on. Suppose, when you showed her that you didn't care a red for futures, she ran away from you and wouldn't tell where she'd gone. Suppose—well, I guess that's enough supposin'. I don't know why I'm tellin' you these things, anyway."

He stopped and scowled at the floor, actin' like he was sorry he spoke. I pulled at my pipe a minute or so and then says I:

"Hum!" I says, "I presume likely it's fair to suppose that this break with the old gent is for good?"

He didn't answer, but he didn't need to; the look on his face was enough.

"Yes," says I. "Well, it's likewise to be supposed that the idea—the eventual idea—is marriage, straight marriage, hey?"

He jumped out of his chair. "Why, damn you!" he says. "I'll——"

"All right. Set down and be nice. I was fairly sure of my soundin's, but it don't do no harm to heave the lead. I ask your pardon. Well, what you goin' to support a wife on—her kind of a wife? A summer waiter's job at twenty a month?"

He set down, but he looked more troubled

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ALL HANDS WAS WATCHIN' THE GAME.

than ever. I was sorry for him; I couldn't help likin' the boy.

"Suppose she keeps her word and goes away," says I. "What then?"

"I'll go after her."

"Suppose she still sticks to her principles and won't have you? Where'll you go then?"

"To the hereafter," says he, namin' the station at the end of the route.

"Oh, well, there's no hurry about that. Most of us are sure of a free one-way pass to that port some time or other, 'cordin' to the parson's tell. See here, Jones; let's look at this thing like a couple of men, not children. You don't want to keep chasin' that girl from pillar to post, makin' her more miserable than she is now. And you ain't in no position to marry her. The way to show a young woman like her that you mean business and are goin' to be wuth cookin' meals for is to get the best place you can and start in to earn a livin' and save money. Now, Mr. Brown's father-in-law is a man by the name of Dillaway, Dillaway of the Consolidated Cash Stores. He'll do things for me if I ask him to, and I happen to know that he's just started a branch up to Providence and is there now. Suppose I give you a note to him, askin' him, as a favor to me, to give you the best job he can. He'll do it, I know. After that it's up to you. This is, of course, providin' that you start for Providence to-morrer mornin'. What d'you say?"

He was thinkin' hard. "Suppose I don't make good?" he says. "I never worked in my life. And suppose she——"

"Oh, suppose your granny's pet hen hatched turkeys," I says, gettin' impatient. "I'll risk your makin' good. I wa'n't a first mate, shippin' fo'mast hands ten years, for nothin'. I can gen'rally tell beet greens from skunk cabbage without waitin' to smell 'em cookin'. And as for her, it seems to me that a girl who thinks enough of a feller to run away from him so's he won't spile his future won't like him no less for bein' willing to work

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and wait for her. You stay here and think it over. I'm goin' out for a spell."

When I come back Jonesy was ready for me.

"Mr. Wingate," says he, "it's a deal. I'm goin' to go you, though I think you're plungin' on a hundred-to-one shot. Some day I'll tell you more about myself, maybe. But now I'm goin' to take your advice and the position. I'll do my best, and I must say you're a brick. Thanks awfully."

"Good enough!" I says. "Now you go and tell her, and I'll write the letter to Dillaway."

So the next forenoon Peter T. Brown was joyful all up one side because Mabel had said she'd stay, and mournful all down the other because his pet college giant had quit almost afore he started. I kept my mouth shut, that bein' the best play I know of, nine cases out of ten.

I went up to the depot with Jonesy to see him off.

"Good-by, old man," he says, shakin' hands. "You'll write me once in a while, tellin' me how she is, and—and so on?"

"Bet you!" says I. "I'll keep you posted up. And let's hear how you tackle the Consolidated Cash business."

July and the first two weeks in August moped along and everything at the Old Home House kept about the same. Mabel was in mighty good spirits, for her, and she got prettier every day. I had a couple of letters from Jones, sayin' that he guessed he could get bookkeepin' through his skull in time without a surgical operation, and old Dillaway was down over one Sunday and was preachin' large concernin' the "find" my candidate was for the Providence branch. So I guessed I hadn't made no mistake.

I had consider'ble fun with Cap'n Jonadab over his not landin' a rich husband for the Seabury girl. Looked like the millionaire crop was goin' to be a failure that summer.

"Aw, belay!" says he, short as baker's pie crust. "The season ain't over yet. You better take a bath in the salt mack'rel kag; you're too fresh to keep this hot weather."

Talkin' "husband" to him was like rubbin' pain-killer on a scalded pup, so I had somethin' to keep me interested dull days. But one mornin' he comes to me, excited as a mouse at a cat show, and says he:

"Ah, ha! what did I tell you? I've got one!"

"I see you have," says I. "Want me to send for the doctor?"

"Stop your foolishin'," he says. "I mean I've got a millionaire. He's comin' to-night, too. One of the biggest big-bugs there is in New York. Ah ha! what did I tell you?"

He was fairly boilin' over with gloat, but from between the bubbles I managed to find out that the new boarder was a big banker from New York, name of Van Wedderburn, with a barrel of cash and a hogshead of dyspepsy. He was a Wall Street "bear," and a steady diet of lamb with mint sass had fetched him to where the doctors said 'twas lay off for two months or be laid out for keeps.

"And I've fixed it that he's to stop at your house, Barzilla," crows Jonadab. "And when he sees Mabel—well, you know what she's done to the other men folks," he says.

"Humph!" says I, "maybe he's got dypepsy of the heart along with the other kind. She might disagree with him. What makes you so cock sartin?"

"'Cause he's a widower," he says. "Them's the softest kind."

"Well, you ought to know," I told him. "You're one yourself. But, from what I've heard, soft things are scarce in Wall Street. Bet you seventy-five cents to a quarter it don't work."

He wouldn't take me, havin' scruples against bettin'—except when he had the answer in his pocket. But he went away cacklin' joyful, and that night Van Wedderburn arrived.

Van was a substantial-lookin' old relic, built on the lines of the Boston State House, broad in the beam and with a shiny dome on top. But he could qualify for the nervous dyspepsy class all right, judgin' by his language to the depot-wagon driver. When he got through makin' remarks because one of his trunks had been forgot, that driver's quotation, accordin' to Peter T., had "dropped to thirty cents, with a second assessment called." I judged the meals at our table would be as agreeable as a dog-fight.

However, 'twas up to me, and I towed him in and made him acquainted with Mabel. She wa'n't enthusiastic—havin' heard some of the driver sermon, I cal'late—until I mentioned his name. Then she gave a little gasp like. When Van had gone up to his rooms, puffin' like a donkey-engyne and growlin' 'cause there wa'n't no elevators, she took me by the arm and says she:

"*What* did you say his name was, Mr. Wingate?"

"Van Wedderburn," says I. "The New York millionaire one."

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"Not of Van Wedderburn & Hamilton, the bankers?" she asks, eager.

"That's him," says I. "Why? Do you know him? Did his ma use to do washin' at your house?"

She laughed, but her face was all lit up and her eyes fairly shone. I could have—but there! never mind.

"Oh, no," she says, "I don't know him, but I know *of* him—everybody does."

Well, everybody did, that's a fact, and the way Marm Bounderby and Maizie was togged out at the supper-table was a sin and a shame. And the way they poured gush over that bald-headed broker was enough to make him slip out of his chair. Talk about "fishers of men"! them Bounderbys was a whole seiner's crew in themselves.

But what surprised me was Mabel Seabury. She was dressed up, too; not in the Bounderbys' style—collar-bones and diamonds—but in plain white with lace fuzz. If she wa'n't peaches and cream, then all you need is lettuce to make me a lobster salad.

And she was as nice to Van as if he was old Deuteronomy out of the Bible. He set down to that meal with a face on him like a pair of nutcrackers, and afore 'twas over he was laughin' and eatin' apple pie and tellin' funny yarns about robbin' his "friends" in the Street. I judged he'd be sorry for it afore mornin', but I didn't care for that. I was kind of worried myself; didn't understand it.

And I understood it less and less as the days went by. If she'd been Maizie Bounderby, with two lines in each hand and one in her teeth, she couldn't have done more to hook that old stock-broker. She cooked little special dishes for his dyspepsy to play with, and set with him on the piazza evenin's, and laughed at his jokes, and the land knows what. Inside of a fortnight he was a gone goose, which wa'n't surprisin'—every other man bein' in the same fix—but '*twas* surprisin' to see her helpin' the goneness along. All hands was watchin' the game, of course, and it pretty nigh started a mutiny at the Old Home. The Bounderbys packed up and lit out in ten days, and none of the other women would speak to Mabel. They didn't blame poor Mr. Van, you understand. 'Twas all her—"low, designin' thing!"

And Jonadab! he wa'n't fit to live with. The third forenoon after Van Wedderburn got there he come around and took the quarter bet. And the way he crowed over me made my hands itch for a rope's end. Finally I owned up to myself that I'd made a mistake; the girl was a whitewashed tombstone and the whitewash was rubbin' thin. That night I dropped a line to poor Jonesy at Providence, tellin' him that, if he could get a day off, maybe he'd better come down to Wellmouth and see to his fences; somebody was feedin' cows in his pasture.

The next day was Labor Day, and what was left of the boarders was goin' for a final picnic over to Baker's Grove at Ostable. We went, three catboats full of us, and Van and Mabel Seabury was in the same boat. We made the grove all right, and me and Jonadab had our hands full, bakin' clams and chasin' spiders out of the milk, and doin' all the chores that makes a picnic so joyfully miserable. When the dinner dishes was washed I went off by myself to a quiet bunch of bayberry bushes ha'f a mile from the grove and laid down to rest, bein' beat out.

I guess I fell asleep, and what woke me was somebody speakin' close by. I was goin' to get up and clear out, not bein' in the habit of listenin' to other folks' affairs, but the very first words I heard showed me that 'twas best, for the feelin's of all concerned, to lay still and keep on with my nap.

"Oh, no!" says Mabel Seabury, dreadful nervous and hurried-like; "oh, no! Mr. Van Wedderburn, please don't say any more. I can't listen to you, I'm so sorry."

"Do you mean that—really mean it?" asks Van, his voice rather shaky and seemin'ly a good deal upset. "My dear young lady, I realize that I'm twice your age and more, and I suppose I was an old fool to hope; but I've had trouble lately, and I've been very lonely, and you have been so kind that I thought—I did hope—I— Can't you?"

"No," says she, more nervous than ever, and shaky, too, but decided. "No! Oh, *no!* It's all my fault. I wanted you to like me; I wanted you to like me very much. But not this way. I'm—I'm—*so* sorry. Please forgive me."

She walked on then, fast, and toward the grove, and he followed, slashin' at the weeds with his cane, and actin' a good deal as if he'd like to pick up his playthings and go home. When they was out of sight I set up and winked, large and comprehensive, at the scenery. It looked to me like I was goin' to collect Jonadab's quarter.

That night, as I passed the lilac bushes by the gate, somebody steps out and grabs my arm. I jumped, looked up, and there, glarin'

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down at me out of the clouds, was friend Jones from Providence, R. I.

"Wingate," he whispers, fierce, "who is the man? And where is he?"

"Easy," I begs. "Easy on that arm. I might want to use it again. What man?"

"That man you wrote me about. I've come down here to interview him. Confound him! Who is he?"

"Oh, it's all right now," says I. "There was an old rooster from New York who was actin' too skittish to suit me, but I guess it's all off. His bein' a millionaire and a stock-jobber was what scart me fust along. He's a hundred years old or so; name of Van Wedderburn."

"*What?*" he says, pinchin' my arm till I could all but feel his thumb and finger meet. "What? Stop jokin'. I'm not funny to-night."

"It's no joke," says I, tryin' to put my arm together again. "Van Wedderburn is his name. Course you've heard of him. Why! there he is now."

Sure enough, there was Van, standin' like a statue of misery on the front porch of the main hotel, the light from the winder shinin' full on him. Jonesy stared and stared.

"Is that the man?" he says, chokin' up. "Was *he* sweet on Mabel?"

"Sweeter'n a molasses stopper," says I. "But he's goin' away in a day or so. You don't need to worry."

He commenced to laugh, and I thought he'd never stop.

"What's the joke?" I asks, after a year or so of this foolishness. "Let me in, won't you? Thought you wa'n't funny to-night."

He stopped long enough to ask one more question. "Tell me, for the Lord's sake!" says he. "Did she know who he was?"

"Sartin," says I. "So did every other woman round the place. You'd think so if——"

He walked off then, laughin' himself into a fit. "Good night, old man," he says, between spasms. "See you later. No, I don't think I shall worry much."

If he hadn't been so big I cal'lated I'd have risked a kick. A man hates to be made a fool of and not know why.

A whole lot of the boarders had gone on the evenin' train, and at our house Van Wedderburn was the only one left. He and Mabel and me was the full crew at the breakfast-table the follerin' mornin'. The fruit session was a quiet one. I done all the talkin' there was; every time the broker and the housekeeper looked at each other they turned red.

Finally 'twas "chopped-hay" time, and in comes the waiter with the tray. And again we had a surprise, just like the one back in July. Percy wa'n't on hand, and Jonesy was.

But the other surprise wa'n't nothin' to this one. The Seabury girl was mightily set back, but old Van was paralyzed. His eyes and mouth opened and kept on openin'.

"Cereal, sir?" asks Jones, polite as ever.

"Why! why, you—you rascal!" hollers Van Wedderburn. "What are you doin' here?"

"I have a few days' vacation from my position at Providence, sir," answers Jones. "I'm a waiter at present."

"Why, *Robert!*" exclaims Mabel Seabury.

Van swung around like he was on a pivot. "Do you know *him?*" he pants, wild as a coot, and pointin'.

'Twas the waiter himself that answered.

"She knows me, father," he says. "In fact she is the young lady I told you about last spring; the one I intend to marry."

Did you ever see the tide go out over the flats? Well, that's the way the red slid down off old Van's bald head and across his cheeks. But it came back again like an earthquake wave. He turned to Mabel once more, and if ever there was a pleadin' "Don't tell" in a man's eyes, 'twas in his.

"Cereal, sir?" asks Robert Van Wedderburn, alias "Jonesy."

Well, I guess that's about all. Van Senior took it enough sight more graceful than you'd expect, under the circumstances. He went straight up to his room and never showed up till supper-time. Then he marches to where Mabel and his son was, on the porch, and says he:

"Bob," he says, "if you don't marry this young lady within a month I'll disown you, for good this time. You've got more sense than I thought. Blessed if I see who you inherit it from!" says he, kind of to himself.

Jonadab ain't paid me the quarter yet. He says the bet was that she'd land a millionaire, and a Van Wedderburn, afore the season ended, and she did; so he figgers that he won the bet. Him and me got weddin' cards a week ago, so I suppose "Jonesy" and Mabel are on their honeymoon now. I wonder if she's ever told her husband about what I heard in the bayberry bushes. Bein' the gamest sport, for a woman, that ever I see, I'll gamble she ain't said a word about it.

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The Burning Insurance Issue

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The culmination of the long fight against the plundering and maladministration of the great insurance companies is set for September 18–December 18. That is the date of the annual election, when in compliance with the new laws, the terms of the old trustees end and full boards must be elected in their place. Two sets of candidates are in the field: on one side the old administration slightly disguised; on the other a ticket submitted by the International Policy-holders' Committee, at the head of which is Hon. Richard Olney, Judge George Gray of Delaware, United States Senators, the governors of certain States, and others whose names are a guarantee of fair public dealing and represent high personal probity.

It was Mr. Lawson's purpose and wish to end in this issue the wonderful crusade he has led against the robber band whose ravenous greed had so long fed fat upon these great institutions of the people's savings, and in careful array to marshal the series of damning facts that prove the régime of the McCalls and McCurdys, Rogers, Standard Oil, and Morgan unworthy the confidence of a deceived people. The absence of a promised contribution from our last number was explained by the serious illness of Mrs. Lawson. Since then the much-loved wife of the author of "Frenzied Finance" has succumbed to the malady that for the last nine years had rendered her an invalid and on August 6th died, with her husband and her six children at her bedside. The untimely taking off of a wife and mother in any circumstances ranks among the bitterest tragedies of our common life, but this death meant the loss of a marvelous and heroic fight for a life, and the ending of a very rare and beautiful relationship. In the midst of a grief so intimate the other sorrows of the world grow dim and remote, and if in this instance Mr. Lawson has, as he feels, done less than justice to the cause he champions, a full measure of his readers' sympathy will surely be accorded him.

As Emerson says: "You cannot see the mountains near." There is abroad only a dim comprehension of the big work that the author of "Frenzied Finance" has performed for our country. No iconoclast is beloved by the priests of those gods he has destroyed, and it stands to reason that a man who has cast down so many idols from the high places of finance must be bitterly hated by all devotees of the religion of gold. The opinion of Christ among the money-changers He drove from the temple could not have been complimentary. Crowns are seldom conferred on reformers by those whose unwilling steps they have set aright; and so we shall continue to hear the voice of the detractor raised against Lawson and his ways and methods; and as Lawson is no more perfect than any other human being, there may often seem a basis in fact for the carping of his critics. But when all that the bitterest may allege has been set down, there remains a credit of splendid service to this generation the degree and extent of which the historian delving, a century hence among the archives of this period may alone estimate at its proper value. At this moment, it may be said here, it is by the light of the conflagration set ablaze by Thomas W. Lawson that we have been reading the events of the last eighteen months. It was he who illuminated the dark places of the financial world and revealed the skulking horde of assassins and cut-purses who had so long and with such perfect immunity gouged and black-jacked their savings from the people. If his book were not the most typical document of the period, if his pen had not been the biggest lever in the great moral uplift we are still experiencing, these would yet be services of consummate worth.

No man ever kept so sternly separated his business and his home life as Thomas W. Lawson. The former was always secondary to his family. He was little more than twenty when he married, and through the years of life together his wife was a helpmate indeed —a woman of more than ordinary sense and feeling, an admirable mother, a generous and loyal friend. She was the object of a

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devotion so passionate that to have spared her pain or saved her life, her husband, had he the power would have torn the stars from their courses. Dear to him as is the cause to which he has given himself so strenuously, he may fairly be forgiven detachment at this sad juncture.

Mr. Lawson had set his heart on the winning of the insurance fight to which he had devoted so much time and money, and he had fully intended to throw one more bomb in an attempt to dislodge the vultures of the "System" from the hundreds of millions of the people's savings which they have so long regarded as a sort of private prey. At the last moment, before publication, he sent us a dictation somewhat broken and rambling, with the statement that it was the best he could do in the circumstances, and requested that it be made as presentable as the time allowed. Though lacking the eloquence of his finished pleadings, the article represents Mr. Lawson's attitude on the subject of the burning issue so soon to be determined:

Policy-holders: The Battle is Joined

In all human contests—and life is an affair of contests—there are three stages: the attack, the fighting, and the conclusion. However brilliant the first or exciting the second, it is the third stage that is decisive. Therein victory or defeat is recorded. The slave who rebels against the master, the victim who raises his hand against the tyrant had better cherish his yoke than fail in an attempt to throw it off. Rebellion is costly to the unsuccessful, for it claps new fetters on servitude and adds fresh burdens to oppression.

Something over two years ago a campaign was begun against the system in control of the three great insurance companies of America. There has been fierce fighting. As the contest has waxed, the odd million and a half of policy-holders have grown more and more excited. They have seen the pebbles of the Davids of Reform find the ears and mouth slits of the Goliaths of Finance. They have seen the blind, mad rushes of the giants to overwhelm their audacious if puny assailants. The air has been filled with objurgations and disclaimers, with shouts of rage and cries of pain. One vantage-point after another the Davids have won. The crests of the Goliaths are battered, their escutcheons tarnished, and now their backs are against the wall of their stronghold. But they are not defeated, not even dejected, and they await the real moment of the battle with fixed teeth and frenzied rage, with unsheathed knife and uplifted bludgeon, and in their brute wrath and suspended lust they are menacingly mighty.

They know, these Goliaths, that what has happened during the twenty-six months that have gone by was but preliminary to the real struggle that is now at hand. If in the coming election they can but beat the Davids of reform and retire into their citadels, what will matter the scars taken in the combat? Then they will be stronger and their victims more helpless than ever before. Relying on their undiminished prowess they await the final throes, for at that stage the slings and pebbles of the Davids will be no longer of avail and it will be mass against mass and victory to the heaviest battalion. Never since the world began has there been a like contest. Upon one side millions of the toilers and workers of humanity, helpless as children despite all their knowledge and weak as ants despite all the strength of their scattered numbers, lined up against the entrenched and embattled forces of the financial world, cohesive, arrogant, pitiless. Who will prevail?

From September 18 to December 18 occurs the election of new boards of trustees to govern for the future the New York Life and Mutual Life Insurance companies. This is a stipulation of the insurance laws enacted by the State of New York after the investigation of the Armstrong Committee. It must be borne in mind that up to this moment there has been no real upshot to the alarming disclosures made before the Armstrong Committee. What has been done so far amounts to no more than a paving of the way for real results. True, policy-holders have been given an insight into the wrongs that have been done them; and certain ringleader dummies have been banished or have died; others are threatened with punishment; but the two great institutions upon which these men preyed are still in the custody of the individuals responsible for the crimes that now stink to high heaven.

Against these officials is arrayed the International Policy-holders' Committee, which proposes to oust the present management,

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clean house from top to bottom, punish the thieves, compel the restitution of their plunder, and so reorganize and man the great corporations that forever afterward they will be run in the interests of the wage-earners whose money they collect and conserve. Both sides appeal to the suffrages of the million two hundred thousand-odd policy-holders. Already the battle has been joined. The old administration proposes to keep its hold on the hundreds of millions of assets of the two corporations, and thus secure not only immunity from the punishment of its crimes, but a new franchise to plunder the people. The Policy-holders' Committee confronts these old officers with their record and is as strongly determined to dislodge and punish them as they are to remain in power. At this last gasp the policy-holder, so long deluded and despised, has the say. To clear the ground and shape up the issues so that the men whose votes must determine the contest may know what they are to do, is the object of this article.

THE MEANING OF VICTORY

Facts alone count. In this great emergency policy-holders must weigh the facts—the history of the past and the evidence of the present—and make up their minds for themselves what bearing these have on the future. They must decide whether their best interests will be subserved by the perpetuation of the plundering powers that have so long preyed on their vitals, or by the substitution of a clean-handed, upright, and honorable band of men who are pledged to morality, reform, and restitution.

If it can clearly be set before the million-odd policy-holders of the New York and Mutual Life Insurance companies just what the success of the administration ticket will mean to them and theirs, and contrariwise what significance to their interests and pockets lies in the victory of the Policy-holders' Committee ticket, then there will be no question of the result.

Victory for the policy-holders spells much more than loss of power and place to the men now in control of the Mutual and New York Life. It means their surrender of the citadel and its secret places, together with all the books and documents in which is buried the evidence of their crimes. Is it surprising that these guilty ones are now exerting all their forces, pulling every wire and string within their reach to prevent a catastrophe fraught with such alarming consequences to their persons and pockets? Is it surprising that they should have their plausible agents out arguing and maneuvering—even dragooning policy-holders into agreeing to vote for the continuance in power of the new dummies of Rogers, Rockefeller, and the "System" who have replaced the McCalls and McCurdys in charge of the people's millions? During the forthcoming six weeks their efforts will be redoubled and every man who is insured will have tendered him all manner of suggestions and advice as to the disposition of his proxy in the election. My readers must suspect the hundred and one stock-lawyer-minister-bank-official-railroad-director-merchant-statesman agents of the "System" who will besiege them with polite recommendations and adroit insinuations. Before listening to advice let each man to whom it is suggested test the motives of him who offers it. Make him explain on what ground he arrogates to himself the privilege of offering counsel; then interrogate him as to his knowledge of the disclosures of the Armstrong investigation. You will soon find whether or not his admonition is entitled to consideration, and if the slightest ulterior motive creeps in, regard him as an emissary of the enemy and act accordingly.

In order that my readers who are insured in the two great companies may know what to expect and be equipped to recognize the appeals that will be made to them, together with the motives beneath them, I shall briefly set forth here the different classes of persons who will at this juncture come forward with admonition or instruction.

THE MEN WHO WILL ADVISE POLICY-HOLDERS

1st. The thieves who have robbed and oppressed policy-holders in the past—thieves who fear punishment and loss from restitutions and who seek further opportunity for pillage in the future.

2d. The business tools, associates, and hirelings of the above.

3d. The vast army of dependents and beneficiaries of the "System"—"statesmen," politicians, ministers, lawyers, and officials of colleges and charitable institutions.

4th. That part of the press and weekly and monthly and trade journals which is secretly subsidized by the "System" and its affiliated branches.

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5th. The thousands of agents of the New York and Mutual Life companies who have been directly or indirectly coerced by the present management, and the scores of thousands of agents of other companies who through fellow-feeling have been impressed into the service.

6th. Dummy committees ostensibly working for the Policy-holders' Committee, but really in the direct or indirect pay of the present management, or individuals and self-constituted committees ostensibly working in the interest of policy-holders, but really working for a position from which to sell out to the present management or any others who will buy, or to graft for themselves.

7th. The International Policy-holders' Protective Committee.

8th. Honest men, individuals, and committees who really have the policy-holders' best interests at heart.

9th. The honest, fearless, independent section of the press—magazines and other journals—that desire to do all in their power to aid policy-holders.

10th. I, who began, and have continued, the fight for the purpose (the sole purpose) of being in at the death of the thieves, the restitution of the plunder to the plundered, and the establishment of premium reforms, so that I might assist at the first real unhorsing of the cruelest and most depraved band of robbers of the people since the world began.

WEIGHING ADVICE

As policy-holders must vote for either the administration or the International Policy-holders' ticket, it is unnecessary to dissect or analyze the motives actuating each of the several classes of advisers, for they divide themselves into two classes: those who indorse the administration ticket and those who recommend the Policy-holders' Committee's ticket. Therefore I will deal with the *creators* of the two tickets alone, first pointing to my own license to advise policy-holders, and my reasons for knowing whereof I speak.

In July, 1904, the life-insurance business of America was at its zenith. The New York and Mutual Life companies, its leaders, were the two greatest business institutions in the world. For over a quarter of a century both had been steadily and uninterruptedly climbing the ladder of success. In that year their prestige and power were practically unlimited. Their presidents and high officials were the business world's Czars, their thrones and crowns apparently as stable and permanent as those of any of the real kings of Christendom. They were laws unto themselves. When they waved their wands, the people uncovered, small men became great, and the already great made obeisance. Not a breath of suspicion had as yet misted their companies' mirrors.

ACCUSED AND PROVED GUILTY

In the issues of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE from July to December of 1904 I made, over my signature, statements about the managements of the New York Life and the Mutual that at the time seemed rash and unreasonable beyond belief. I stated that the men in charge of these great hoards of the people's savings were no more than puppets whose strings were pulled by the most ravenous organization of robbers the world has ever known—the "System." All that stood between the policy-holders' savings and the greed of this "System" was the presumed integrity of certain individual life-insurance presidents. And then in various ways I proved that on these men but slight dependence could be placed, for they were neither truthful nor wise. Next I went deeper into the sins of the management and showed the various ways in which the funds of the widow and orphan were stolen. I instanced one round of fraud after another, and made plain that there was arising a terrific terror and danger to the American people which, if not abated, must lead to wide-spread misfortune. Then I dared the men I had brought these terrible accusations against to hale me into court to pay the proper penalty for libel if libel had been committed. Never was there any direct reply to my accusation. I was abused, discredited, hooted, called liar, but never answered.

To-day my indictment of these men and their methods is a matter of history and I am still at large. I kept repeating my charges with new exemplars of crime, until two satraps of the insurance world began to fight over their personal privilege to control the people's millions, and in the explosion that ensued it was shown that my accusations were gossamer in comparison with the actual facts. In a year from the time I began my crusade the heads of both the New York Life and the Mutual and many of their associates

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were in the pillory admitting under oath the outrages to which they had been party and offering restitution of part of their plunder. A few months later one of these had found relief in death, another was an exile from his home.

But though these men that have been punished had done serious wrongs they were not the real sinners. They were but tools of the master thieves of the "System" who in the looting of the policy-holders had taken a dollar for every cent appropriated by these dummies. As soon as these black-hearted desperadoes saw the clouds gathering, they promptly flung overboard their pliable tools, like the sneaking scoundrels they are, and installed new dummies to carry on the criminal methods of the discredited offenders. The men in charge to-day of the New York Life and the Mutual Life are as much the creatures and the creation of H. H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, and other lights of the "System" as ever were the unfortunate McCurdy and the ill-fated McCall. I am as familiar as any one else with the reform talk put forth by the unco respectable Peabodys and Orrs, but I assure you that it is no more than an adroit subterfuge to gain time and so avert suspicion as to induce policy-holders to entrust to the same hands the custody of their valuable savings. It is as though a gambling-house which had become notorious for cheating should change the curtains at its windows and the name over its door and without sacrificing its cogged dice or its double-decked faro-boxes should attempt to attract back the patronage of the gambling public with the cry that it had become virtuous. A few virtuous announcements and a fresh firm name are not convincing proofs of a change of heart. A new era of virtue and fair dealing can only be inaugurated by the extirpation, root and branch, of the old gang, and the substitution therefor of a new order pledged to a square deal.

A COSTLY CAMPAIGN

As I stated previously, the men whom I attacked in the big insurance companies never dared hale me into court, but proceeded in a characteristic way to discredit me before policy-holders and the American people. They organized a campaign of vilification and character thugs were sent out through all parts of the country to abuse and denounce me. Thereupon in answer I laid out a campaign to awaken and educate the policy-holders of the great insurance institutions to their wrongs. This campaign I conducted single-handed at a direct expense of over two hundred thousand dollars, and an indirect expense of a number of times this amount, and at its end I had received a larger number of proxies and authorizations to act for the policy-holders of the New York and Mutual companies than had ever been given to any one man during the existence of these companies. Then I formed a committee of governors of States and leading citizens of the United States, and traveling from place to place, backed up with personal pleading the arguments I had promulgated. My success in convincing citizens of the necessity of taking hold of my fight for reform in these corporations is now a matter of record.

DISINTERESTED COUNSEL

I may repeat again that in this campaign, as in all my work, I pledged myself to the public to accept no office, no pay, no reimbursement of money spent, no benefit of any kind, and I agreed to turn over my proxies and authorizations to be used in the election of the board of directors selected by my committee or its successors. The sole condition I made was that such directors upon assuming office should pledge themselves to compel full restitution of stolen funds and enforce full punishment of those who had stolen them, and to inaugurate a reform of methods in the interests of all policy-holders. Since then, the New York Legislature has passed laws instituting a complete new order of things within the two great companies, and ordering the election of new boards of trustees in November. When a new committee, the "International Policy-holders' Committee," was organized under what I regarded as the best possible auspices, I merged with it the committee I had formed and, turning over all my papers, data, and authorities to act for policy-holders, I withdrew as an active participant in the further phases of the contest. I have not stipulated

"***The Burning Insurance Issue***" is continued on page 73 of the ***Advertising Section.***

There is rather an important Publishers' Announcement on page 575—at least important to us—which you may care to read.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

Wayside Ambrosia

By Bessie R. Hoover

THE little Huckabys were not of this world, practically speaking, for they lived like rejuvenated patriarchs in a later edition of the Book of Daniel; there were two of them, Dan and Jerry, growing up on a vegetarian diet, with even butter eliminated from their scanty fare.

Their parents were devout members of the tribe of Daniel, which obstinately cherishes a strange creed whose main tenet of faith is the speedy coming of the end of the world. Its followers refuse to eat meat and frown upon all kinds of fine cooking as akin to black magic; they aim to live chaste lives devoid of all carnality, so that they may be found ready and waiting at the first trump of Gabriel's horn on the Last Day.

The Huckabys were poor and lived on a rented farm; and Mrs. Huckaby and the boys often picked berries for neighbors, to eke out their meager living.

One day in August the little Huckabys and their mother were working in a blackberry field about a mile from home. The boys, for devout members of the tribe, were remarkably discontented; and though they had every spiritual gift to make them happy, as their mother had just been telling them, they grumbled at the drudgery of the work.

Gradually Dan and Jerry, who picked on the same row, fell behind Mrs. Huckaby and dawdled purposely till she was out of hearing so that they might enjoy the pleasure of a stolen conversation on tabooed subjects.

Jerry, rising for a moment's rest, saw the baker's wagon, dimly discernible in the distance, moving snail-paced along, its yellow canvas cover enveloped in a cloud of dust.

"Gee, but that baker takes it easy," commented Jerry.

"Pa says that baker's horse runs away every time it gets a chance," said Dan, straightening up to watch the wagon.

"Aw, go on," cried Jerry; "it ain't in him." Jerry was several years older than little Dan, and so spoke with authority.

"But pa says—" began Dan.

"Say," interrupted Jerry, "the baker had seven punkin pies the last trip—I saw 'em."

"Uh-huh," grunted Dan. Words failed him—seven pumpkin pies called for more of a vocabulary than he had at command.

After a long silence, filled with the wicked thoughts engendered by the mere mention of pie, Dan remarked fervently, "I'd like to wake up some morning and find the floor covered with punkin pies, and the bureau piled up with fried cakes."

"Say," exclaimed Jerry, "I had the queerest dream last night. I dreamed that I was eatin' a fried cake; yes, sir—a fried cake! I thought I'd about half et it when an old man, jest like them in ma's book of Bible stories from Daniel—with whiskers twice as long as pa's, and all togged out in robes—pointed to my fried cake and said: 'That's Satan's bread, my little man.'

"'Tain't no such fool thing, neither,' says I to him, and then I didn't have no more sense than to wake up."

"Berries is most as good as pie," said Dan reflectively.

"Berries!" snorted Jerry. "Who's allowed to eat berries?"

"Nobody," answered Dan shortly, "but sometimes I put 'em in before I think."

"If ma catches you, your dinner's gone, that's all," warned Jerry. "You know we're never allowed to eat berries between meals; ain't ma beat that into us, I'd like to know? She wouldn't let us eat 'em here in the field anyway, 'cause the berries ain't ours."

"You eat 'em yourself," accused Dan.

"No, I don't eat 'em," corrected Jerry; "I jest swaller the juice and spit out the rest and bury it; that ain't really eatin' berries; ma

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never said nothing against juice. Try it," tempted Jerry. "And if you keep your tongue in your head where it belongs, ma'll never know the difference."

Thus encouraged, Dan began to squeeze the juice out of sundry fat, overripe blackberries and to bury the pulp in the sand; this took considerable time, but anything was better than working. And the juice was like nectar to his frugal palate.

At noon Mrs. Huckaby, a thin, patient, sanctified-looking woman with a face like a Salvation Army sister's, called the boys into the berry shed. She cut some chunky slices of bread, which were to be eaten without butter, dipped sauce from a glass jar of canned raspberries into three saucers, and told Dan and Jerry to seat themselves on empty berry cases.

But as Mrs. Huckaby was about to hand them their dinner, she caught sight of Dan's tongue, which he was rubbing thoughtlessly over his lower lip in anticipation of the coming meal.

"Daniel Huckaby, show me your tongue; hold it out—a little farther, please. Thank you, that will do. A boy that disobeys his mother and eats between meals doesn't deserve any dinner. But you may take a drink of water and rest till time to return to work." She said all this very calmly, for she was a conscientious disciplinarian.

SHE ATE HEARTILY.

Jerry laughed; it was so funny to see Dan's face cloud over and the quick tears fall. But his mirth was ill-timed.

"Let me see your tongue, Jerry," Mrs. Huckaby ordered pleasantly.

"I—I ain't et a berry," mumbled Jerry, too frightened even to think of explaining that he had only swallowed the juice.

"Show me your tongue, Jerry."

The tip of a tongue as black as ebony reluctantly appeared.

"Thank you, Jerry. I am surprised"; but she did not act surprised. "I shall speak of this to papa."

Without paying the least attention to the boys, who sulked and fidgeted in the hope that she would take pity on them, Mrs. Huckaby bowed her head and asked a short blessing on the food that she was about to eat; then, being hungry, she ate heartily.

At one o'clock Dan and Jerry went grudgingly back to work. If it had been hard to pick in the forenoon with the thought of dinner to buoy them up, it was doubly hard now. Supper-time seemed as far off as the Last Day.

Not a berry did the hungry brothers filch that afternoon; the very sight of their glossy globes was hateful to them.

"If it hadn't been for you I'd had something inside of me now," grumbled Jerry, throwing down an overripe berry and grinding it into the dusty furrow with his bare heel.

"How'd I know she'd see my tongue?" snapped Dan.

"I told you to keep your tongue in your head," answered Jerry.

"You teased me to eat berries," accused Dan, and then, "I could eat most anything now," he sighed.

"So could I," cried Jerry; "I could eat my hat; I could eat this berry carrier. Oh, darn it all!" he exclaimed, while Dan's eyes opened wide at such blasphemy, "when I'm a man I'll eat the whole world up, sinners and all—anyway, I'll hire out at a bakery as sure's my name's Jerry Huckaby, and I'll begin to eat when I'm twenty-one and won't stop till the Last Day."

"The Last Day'll come long before you're twenty-one," said Dan, so dispirited that it gave him a dismal pleasure to speak familiarly of that awful time.

"'Twon't come before I'm twenty-one, neither, and don't you believe it."

"Elder Bumpus says it's a-comin' any old day now," declared Dan. "It might come—to-day," he added recklessly.

"Let 'er come, then; one day's as good as another to me," boasted Jerry.

Mrs. Huckaby finished her last row of blackberries before the boys were half through with theirs; and because they had disobeyed her she did not stay to help them out, but went home alone.

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With dragging steps they left the berry patch when the last bush was picked, and started down the quiet country road toward their home.

But suddenly a strange medley of sounds

ATE OF THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

broke on their astonished ears; and though they could not see what caused the unwonted noise, they heard a great rumbling and banging and pounding and chugging, which grew louder every instant and reverberated in the still afternoon air; then above it all there shrilled a whistle.

"It's the Last Day," cried frightened Dan; "didn't you hear Gabriel's horn? Oh, say, Jerry, ain't it the Last Day?" Awful visions of the judgment seat before which he must shortly appear with his blackened tongue rose before the terrified boy.

"Aw, go on," answered Jerry, but his voice sounded thin and queer even to himself.

"Elder Bumpus said it was a-comin'; he said we'd be scairt if we was wicked," wailed Dan.

As they looked apprehensively down the road from where the confused uproar still came, not a human being was visible; and the country lay stretched out on either side, its peaceful fields as deserted as if all the inhabitants were dead.

"Do you suppose he'll want to see our tongues?" asked Dan anxiously, as the strange hubbub continued.

"Who?" questioned Jerry, almost in a whisper.

"Saint Peter; we can't get into heaven unless he lets us."

"Keep your tongue in your head," advised Jerry nervously. "Aw, lookie!" he burst out, relieved; "it's jest a runaway. I'll be darned if it ain't the baker's horse."

"Pa said he'd run away," cried Dan triumphantly, coming back to earth with a grateful thump.

Up from the creek a horse dashed wildly, dragging a careering delivery wagon; there was a gleam of dusty yellow, a glimpse of flying doors and of a scared man clinging frantically to the lines, as the frightened horse shot by Dan and Jerry.

"I thought it was the Last Day, sure; didn't you?" asked Dan.

"Aw, no," grunted Jerry scornfully. "It was the baker's wagon rumblin' over the long bridge that made it sound so loud."

"It might have been the Last Day, though," persisted Dan, rather fascinated by the awful thought, now that the scare was over.

"It couldn't have been, you 'fraid-cat; Gabriel didn't blow no horn, did he?"

"He might of—somethin' blew like everything."

"Well, I did hear somethin' toot," admitted Jerry; "come to think, it sounded like a thrashing-machine."

A fragment of a frosted cooky, lying in the soft dust of the road where it had fallen from the baker's flying wagon, caught Jerry's eye, and all thoughts of the Last Day were forgotten. He grabbed the tempting morsel and brushed the dust from it almost reverently. "Baker's truck," he said briefly to anxious Dan, who was eying it with longing. Then Jerry divided the bit of cooky into two pieces and handed Dan his share.

Silently the hungry boys ate of the forbidden fruit; lingeringly they ground between their teeth the sweet ginger cooky and the sweeter frosting that crumbled and melted deliciously in their mouths, and gritted a little, too—but better dusty frosting than none at all!

"Come on," cried Jerry, his appetite whetted by the sweet morsel; "let's see if the baker ain't dropped something more."

The baker had dropped considerable. On the other side of the plank bridge that spanned the creek basin his horse had taken fright at a passing thrashing-machine which came puffing unexpectedly along a crossroad. As the engine chugged noisily down the street, the baker's horse reared wildly and galloped over

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the bridge with a tremendous clatter of warped boards. Just beyond, he jerked the wagon sidewise up an embankment with such spasmodic leaps that the doors burst their frail latches, and all the baked goods that were left from the day's trip shunted from the bobbing shelves and fell on the grass by the roadside.

Like ambrosia direct from the gods lay the broken food to tempt the hungry little brothers.

Without a word they picked up the scraps as fallen angels might have gathered crumbs from the Israelites' manna that had dropped from heaven.

Slipping behind a convenient wild blackberry bush into a secret place, hidden from the road, they dumped the broken pieces on the grass. And Jerry, with a fine regard for justice that was not unlike his mother's, divided the stolen food into two equal piles.

Then the little Huckabys ate. Voraciously, in great gulps, they gobbled down the big, unspeakable pumpkin pie that had been divided into two parts by the fall—it was really a good, honest pie, for the baker's wife herself had made it. Next came the frosted cake, composed of pink and white layers to seduce the eye, which they crunched with eager teeth. Still in eloquent silence they devoured the fried cakes, greasy, sugar-sprinkled, twisted in entrancing shapes.

Oh, the luxury of it all! In comparison with this, what was a mere dream of a single doughnut, which a bygone worthy with a beard twice as long as pa's had called "Satan's bread"?

Then they ate the cookies, dusty frosting, gritty ginger and all, but palatable, anyway. And last of all, the sandwiches, with wicked pink and white ham smothered in the middle of fat buns, touched a spot that the sweet stuff had failed to reach. They rounded out the meal splendidly.

THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE FAMILY.

The boys had no words adequate to express their ecstasy. In all their scrimped young lives they had never before had such a feast.

But when the last crumb was gone, they looked at each other inquiringly. They must shield themselves from the just wrath of Mamma and Papa Huckaby.

Still they did not feel really downcast; the hearty meal had given them courage. And they had sinned so gloriously that there was a sort of exhilaration in that alone. Here was no slight berry-juice conspiracy that might be concealed by cautious tongues, but a very dam-burst of iniquity that had swamped them uncompromisingly in its swollen waters.

"I'd ruther they thought we et berries," observed Dan.

"What's the diff?" inquired Jerry, much as one gentleman of the road might of another.

"'Cause berries they're used to, but baker's truck would make 'em a hundred times madder than blackberries." Dan sighed. After all, the way of the transgressor was hard.

"I dunno but you're right," gave in Jerry patronizingly. "Pa'll look on our tongues for berry stains, and if he sees punkin stains he'll tell ma. And ma'll ask questions till she pries the whole thing out of us—anyway out of you." Then he added, as a means of deception came to him like an inspiration, "Let's eat a few wild blackberries; they'll smear our tongues good and plenty."

A ragged, dusty bush with dead-ripe berries growing near their guilty path seemed like a special dispensation of Providence.

With an almost religious fervor, each boy blackened his tongue. No more telltale pumpkin stains for them; rather the old, reliable blackberry whose discolorations brought no greater punishment than the loss of a meal. And what did one meal matter

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when they had been gorged to repletion on wayside ambrosia!

"I ain't a bit hungry for berries any more," remarked Dan, as they went home.

"I'm as near sick of eatin' as I ever expect to be," declared Jerry; "I ain't hungry for nothin'."

The boys' father, Jared Huckaby, was a little man with a wiry, curling black beard that hid a weak chin; but Mrs. Huckaby thought him a tower of manhood and the right arm of virtue—this helped Huckaby to think so himself—and his position in the family was that of an uncrowned king, while Mamma Huckaby was the power behind the throne.

As the family was about to sit down to the supper table, Mrs. Huckaby, who had already told her husband about the boys, requested: "Papa Huckaby, will you please look at the boys' tongues?"

Thus appealed to, Papa Huckaby assumed a judicial air, cocked his small curly head on one side, grasped the chin of the accused Jerry, and told him in an authoritative voice to "open."

Haled in this manner before the superior court of the family, Jerry stuck out his tongue with alacrity. It was black enough to convict him.

"'Tother lad," announced papa as if summoning another prisoner to the bar of justice.

Dan showed his tongue, not the smallest tip, but all of it that was available for exhibition purposes, readily, graciously, as if anxious for conviction.

"Well, papa," inquired their mother sweetly, "what is the punishment?"

Papa eyed the boys with a look that he meant to be very severe, and then said: "Well, mamma, what would you advise? You've been with them all day; you know better than I do what they deserve; let's hear your thoughts on the subject."

"Boys that eat berries all the time that they are picking cannot be very hungry for other food," said Mamma Huckaby pleasantly, "so I would suggest that as they have wilfully disobeyed us they should be sent to bed without any supper."

The proper course thus made plain to him, Mr. Huckaby merely stated: "You have heard mamma, and I fully approve of what she says. After such disobedience you cannot expect to dine on the fat of the land."

Jerry suddenly grinned; but when he saw the puzzled look on his father's face he drew down his mouth and inquired, with as near a whimper as his satisfied soul could muster, "Can't me and Dan have a drink even?"

"Water is never denied you," answered his mother.

"Drink," commanded papa, "and then—bed."

"Ye-s-sir," mumbled Jerry, and taking a deep draft of water he handed the dipper to Dan, who also drank copiously, for the unwonted taste of salt meat had made them luxuriously thirsty.

Papa Huckaby felt a twinge of conscience as he saw his offspring evidently trying to make up on water for the loss of a meal—after all, they were only boys—but his lenient thoughts were interrupted by mamma's voice saying, "Papa, the blessing," which he asked, while the little Huckabys, relieved and happy, slipped up-stairs to bed.

The Hat

By Grace Sartwell Mason

THE milliner is a personage in Fowlerville. The front window of her shop commands the public square; it sweeps Main Street; it affords a view of the post-office, the depot, and the side door of the Grand Central Hotel. Through twenty-five years of glancing out of it, the milliner has acquired an appalling knowledge, and a power that not even the president of the Citizens' Bank possesses. She wields this power as she does her fateful, shining shears—despotically, but, as a rule, with beneficent result. She is a diplomat as well as a despot; not even the head dining-room girl from the hotel dares ask her to copy the hat she has just made for Mrs. D. Ferdinand Holmes.

Sometimes I take a chair in her workroom amid skeletons of hats and dusty fashion-plates. At such times I am contented audience to a monologue that flows along in some such wise as this:

"You needn't say it, child; I know by your eye you've come for your hat. Well, it isn't done. No, I couldn't see as there was anything special for you to go to this week until Sunday, and so I didn't hurry myself none. And anyway I had to finish a hat for Mis' Andrews—the one that's turned Free Methodist. Look at it! Ain't it a sight? You know, it's sinful, according to Mis' Andrews, to be stylish, so I sell her a last year's hat,

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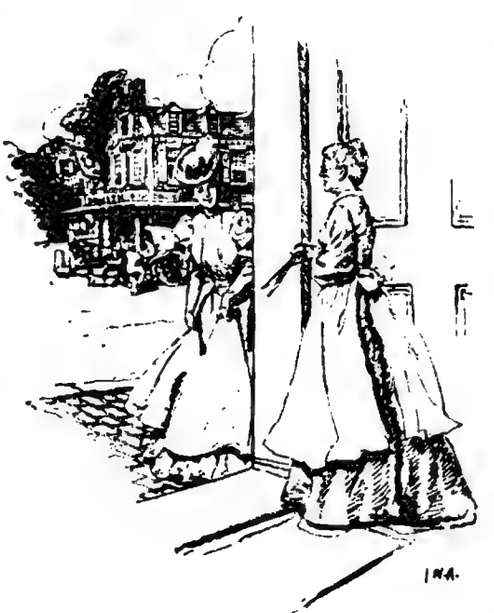
which satisfies her conscience and helps to get rid of old stock. It seems to me a queer notion that any one can keep righteous by being a year behind the styles, but there's all sorts of heads and I have to fit them. When I go down to the city to buy hats I keep that in mind. Last time I says to myself: Now, there's Jane Marsh. The new drug clerk has been shining up to her a little this spring, and it's up to me to hat Jane Marsh so that he'll see what a pretty girl she is in spite of her old-maidish ways. With that I up and bought one of those floppy Leghorn hats with pink roses to go on it. I perked it up in the back and gave it a real naughty tilt over one eye, and actually, you wouldn't know Jane Marsh in that hat. It gave her a real lively expression, and from the back you'd never guess she hadn't got spunk to say boo to a goose. She got red when she put it on and said it wouldn't do to wear to church. Just there I up and told her a few plain truths about herself. She nearly cried, but she was down-town to the post-office the next morning in a white duck suit and that hat; and I'm willing to take my oath that was the first time the new drug clerk really looked hard at her."

"I remember that hat," said I. "It certainly did wonders for Jane."

"But that ain't the only match I've made," she continued. "Do you remember that big lace hat I bought the first summer you come here? When I was getting in spring stock I looked at that hat for two days. I said to myself it would never go in Fowlerville. They'd shy at the first sight of it; but I had in mind that it would look fine on Jennie Delano, so I bought it. And will you believe me, I couldn't sell it. Jennie was a picture in it, but her ma set her foot down; said it was too skittish, and it wouldn't do to wear in the choir! Jennie begged and implored to have it, but her ma's as set as the eternal hills, so we had to give in. I could have sold it to one of the pickle-factory girls, but some way I had got in my mind just the sort of face I wanted to see under that hat—it was so fluffy and soft. Heaven knows I have to sell enough of the old Mis' Doolittle kind of hat, and see 'em wore by women as homely as I am myself, so that now and then I c'n afford to be foolish! So I'd hide that hat when I saw the pickle girls coming in, and take it out when a real pretty face come along.

"All of our nice girls tried on that hat, and they all fairly cried for it. Little Dotty Sinclair would come in every evening and say, real wistful: 'You haven't sold it yet, have you, Mis' Dow?' Then she'd try it on for the tenth time, and sigh. Of course she couldn't afford eight dollars and forty cents for a hat—no one in Fowlerville ever paid that much for one hat except the pickle tribe and the head dining-room girl at the hotel; and I wouldn't even show it to them.

"It got to be June and I still had that hat on my hands, when one night, just before I locked up, Mary Hubbard come in and set down in that chair there. It'd been a warm day, and I thought to myself, as she leaned her head against the chair back, 'Mary Hubbard, you're getting old by leaps and jumps.' She'd brought her last year's hat for me to make over, but she was too dead beat out to even unwrap it. She'd been sewing since seven that morning on Kitty Delano's wedding things, and she said she couldn't stay long for she had to go home and finish a shirt-waist for her sister Debbie to wear to the school picnic next day. There was something about the way she leaned her head against the chair with her eyes closed and her pale-colored hair all fluffing out about her face that made me think of pictures of young martyrs and unhealthy saints I've seen. The sight of her riled me up, some way.



I BLINKED TWICE BEFORE I KNEW HER.

"'Mary Hubbard,' says I, 'how old are you?'

"'Thirty-two,' says she, without opening her eyes. That shows just the state she was in; she hadn't spunk or pride enough to say twenty-seven or twenty-eight.

"'Thirty-two,' says I. 'Old enough to have sense. Mary Hubbard, what are you killing yourself for? To keep a husky boy in college studying to be a lawyer when he'd make a better blacksmith? To

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dress a feather-headed schoolgirl up to the last notch of style? To keep your mother in patent medicines when she'd forget she had a liver if she had to work as hard as you do? And what's your pa doing these days? Does he pay the interest on that mortgage you're digging your grave with? I noticed him this morning making tracks for the pool-room, and for all I know he ain't come out yet.'

"'Oh, Mrs. Dow!' she said, shocked and sitting up at last.

"'Oh, I know you, Mary Hubbard,' I says, 'and I tell you to your face you're a fool. Self-sacrifice can be overdone till it's silly. When the Lord put you in this world He didn't make you pretty for nothing—yes, you are pretty, too; at least you would be if you got some rest and wore the right kind of clothes. I don't believe you've been to a party in six years; and how many times have you made over that brown cashmere? You hadn't ought to wear a bilious color like brown, anyway; and as for that black straw I sold you three years ago, I won't make it over again. You're going to have an all new hat this summer, just to see how it seems.'

"WITH YOUR COLOR OF EYES YOU OUGHT TO WEAR VIOLET."

"With those words I got an idea. I never stopped to see what she had to say, but I went into the shop and brought out that lace hat. Mary set there looking stunned, with a pink spot in her cheeks, and I clapped the hat onto her before she could wink. Then I turned up all the lights and brought the mirror. She took one look at herself, and then to my amazement she begun to cry. And what do you suppose she was crying about?

"'I've seen a ghost!' was all she said, but I knew what she meant. It was the ghost of Mary Hubbard at twenty she had seen; and it was the hat that did it. The soft lace of it fell over her hair and the wide brim made her skin like a rose. You would never have believed that Mary Hubbard could be so pretty! Of course she said she couldn't afford to buy the hat, but that made no difference to me. I just cut the price in two, I got that in love with the look of her in it; and she went home with it in a bag. She was half laughing and half crying, and said she felt ashamed as a thief. I told her she had been stealing from herself so long I didn't wonder.

"Two or three nights later she come in again. 'Have you worn that hat yet, Mary?' says I.

"'No,' says she, 'I don't dare to. I take it out and try it on when I go up to bed, but I haven't got the courage to wear it. Folks will think I'm dreadfully silly to buy such a hat—a girl of my age and circumstances.'

"'My land!' says I, 'you can't keep it in a bandbox under your bed all summer. When you do come to wear it though, I'm afraid your old brown cashmere won't go very well with it——'

"'I've been thinking of that,' says she, wrinkling up her brow. 'Mrs. Dow, I don't know what that hat's done to me, but ever since I got it I've thought of nothing but things to wear with it. Now there's a piece of old-rose-colored silk in Smith's store. . . . I've been thinking for a month that I'd get Debbie a dress off that piece, so that she could go to parties next winter, but——'

"'Yes,' says I snappishly, 'I'd get my pa a dress suit, and my ma a sealskin sack, too. Mary Hubbard, you'd never look over twenty-four in a rose-colored silk and that hat. You'd better hurry along now, or Smith's will be closed.'

"Twenty minutes later she sneaked by my window there, on her way home, with a bundle under her arm. She looked as if she was running from the p'lice, but when I rapped on the window—if you'll believe me, she winked one eye. Five years just dropped right off Mary Hubbard with that wink!

"Toward the end of the month she put her head in that door there and wanted to know if I was alone. She come in laughing and blushing like a girl with her first beau, in a rose-colored dress and her new hat.

"'Now, Mary Hubbard,' I said, 'you see it's true what I told you; the right kind of clothes was all you needed. I suppose you'll wear them to church to-morrow.'

"'Mercy, no!' says she, 'it would upset the minister.' And then she set down with her

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chin in her hand, and I could see there was something working on her mind. Pretty soon she says:

"'Mrs. Dow, I'm going to take a vacation. I've been thinking over what you said the other night and I know you're right. I'm thirty-two and I look five years more. When I was eighteen and going to parties with the other girls, I never dreamed that I'd get to be careless about my clothes at thirty-two. It's been five years since I had an invitation to a party. I know why, now. The last party I went to I hadn't time to get anything pretty to wear, and I had to sit around with the married people most of the time. I never accepted an invitation after that. Naturally people stopped asking me after a while. The set I used to go with have got to taking my shabbiness and my dullness for granted—and it's too late now to get acquainted all over again; they'll never understand that my heart's as young as theirs. And so—I'm going away for a trip somewhere—to some place where people don't know me well enough to call me "conscientious" and where I can wear rose-colored silk in the morning if I want to! I've got an aunt in Washington who takes life like a grasshopper. I think she'll be a good one to start with; and I've told Pa that he'll have to look after the family this summer.'

"And Pa did, too. All that summer and fall it done my soul good to see Alonzo Hubbard (who always hated to get up in the morning) driving a milk wagon. He didn't have much time to squander in the pool-rooms, and even Alonzo Junior, when he come home from college, accepted a position selling soda-water in the drug store. Mary's vacation seemed to be working both ways, I was glad to see. Mary herself didn't come home till most cold weather, and when she poked her head in the door there and laughed at me, I blinked twice before I knew her. She had on the friskiest little hat I ever saw, and she didn't seem to as much as give it a thought.

"'Well, Mary Hubbard,' says I, 'I see you don't need me to make over your lace hat into something fit for winter.'

"'I should say not!' said she. 'No one shall ever touch scissors to that hat—it's my mascot!'

"'Your what?' says I.

"'My mascot,' says she; 'a sort of lucky penny, you know. I'm going to keep it always— Oh, that reminds me: I'm going to be married next week.'

" 'Land of love!' says I; 'who to?'

"'Representative Jerry Tomlinson,' says she.

"With that I fairly glared at her. Why, Jerry Tomlinson was the one single man in Fowlerville it was worth any girl's time to marry—and Mary Hubbard had landed him! Why, he had gone to school with Mary Hubbard; he had seen her as often as he had seen the hitching-posts around the square, and to my certain knowledge he had paid her just about as much attention. I said so to Mary, and she laughed.

"'When I think of that brown cashmere I used to wear,' said she, 'I can forgive you for likening me to the hitching-posts about the square; I can forgive you anything, in fact, because of that lace hat you made me buy. Mrs. Dow, I just looked at him once from under its brim, and he began to remember the day we skipped school and went hunting for arbutus together, and the licorice and mottoes we used to exchange. He seemed to enjoy talking about our childhood so much that I didn't remind him it was Lizzie Sinclair he hunted arbutus with, and that I never could bear licorice—I just laughed and said to myself, "It's the hat!" But next day when the charm of that hat seemed still to be working, I felt myself getting younger and younger, and now, Mrs. Dow, I've come back to have you make me a heap of them—something suitable for twenty-four!'"

Mrs. Dow picked up her shining, fateful shears once more. Her black eyes looked at me shrewdly.

"With your color of eyes," said she, "you ought to wear violet. Now, I've just got in some new mauve velvet. Shall I——?"

"Yes, please," said I, "anything you think is right!"

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

A-BOOMING

Mr. Bryan he has crossed the sea, has been received with enthusiasm by a grateful and repentant country, is the idol of the Democratic Party, which, like any other party, will bow down before any idol, if there's a chance of "winning" with him. Mr. Bryan is a personal favorite with almost everybody, and we shall record only a private suspicion that 1908 is still a long way off, and that it might have been the part of wisdom for Mr. Bryan, if he had rather be President than right, to wander in the South Seas until the Democratic National Convention is held. Mr. Roosevelt "stands pat" on the tariff, but is as bold as a lion for the revision of English spelling. Mr. Boies Penrose and his friends, the Republican organization of Pennsylvania, are fighting valorously in the name of Roosevelt against a coalition of Independents, Lincoln Republicans, and Democrats, united momentarily for ideals and offices. In Iowa the abiding sacredness of the Dingley tariff is said to be questioned—we find small evidence thereof in the Republican platform—by the "winners," the supporters of Governor Cummins, the "Iowa Idea"; and Perkins, the beaten candidate of the "stand-patters," the worshipers of Secretary Shaw, has been pouting and wailing.

A HOT TIME IN THE OLD COUNTRY

In Massachusetts Governor Guild, Republican and tariff reviser, has been added to a "platform" composed by Attorney-General Moody. These are the days of harmony. In Illinois Uncle Joe Cannon "stands pat" and takes his position calmly and naturally as a Favorite Son. Even in Vermont an independent candidate for governor is running. In New York the wickedness of Mr. Hearst has excited Mr. William T. Jerome, fresh from his triumphs over the insurance gang, to offer himself as the savior of the State and the New York Democracy, and a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, etc. These are thy prizes, O Reticence; such is "the strenuous greatness of things undone."

THE HARVEST OF THE INDEPENDENT VOTE

In this welter of ambitions and pretensions, in these various struggles of policies and parties and interests, one thing, and only one thing, seems of vital moment. Everywhere the machine is breaking down; the fetish of party names is losing its ancient sanctity; the independent voter is asserting himself. It is likely enough that there will be as many "fakers" under the independent as under the machine régime; nor has the latter gone out of business forever. What is important is that the individual voter is asserting his individuality. In other words, freedom, or the appearance of it, is taking the place of party despotism. Is it throwing cold water on a generous and necessary movement to wonder if humbugs and windbags may not be as

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frequent, and results as barren, under anti-machine as under machine rule? We owe it to truth to say that at present the American people show more attachment to hero worship than to the comprehension and assertion of definite policies.

MR. ROOT AND THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

THE visit of Mr. Root, the Secretary of State, to the South American republics was mainly undertaken to convince them that the United States has no sinister design against them, but is thoroughly their friend. In Rio Janeiro he was received with the utmost cordiality and distinction, and his speech at the Pan-American Conference made a profound impression. Brazil is of Portuguese origin. In the republics of Spanish descent there has been naturally a little less friendly feeling since the Spanish War. But Mr. Root has had a courteous welcome and hearing. Our Spanish-American brethren are peculiarly sensitive in matters of etiquette and breeding; and it must be admitted that not all the American ministers and consuls to South and Central America have been noted for their attention to those points. Mr. Root's circumnavigation has certainly not been wasted. Meanwhile the Pan-American Conference has been considering many matters, not the least important of which was the reference to The Hague Conference of the Drago or Calvo doctrine, which denies the right of governments to collect private debts, or otherwise enforce "contractual obligations."

PROSPERITY FROM THE SOIL

IT is predicted that the winter wheat crop will exceed all "records"; and corn and cotton are thriving at this writing. It is not merely the farmers who will add to their savings, pay off indebtedness, or take on new property. So long as the crops are good, the fat years will not end. Prosperity comes from the soil.

GETTING AFTER THE ICEMEN

THIS year the iceman's has not been an enviable lot. In Toledo, Ohio, six dealers who had benevolently combined to see that the public should not keep cool at too low a cost were indicted and plead guilty on a charge of criminal conspiracy. A cruel judge sentenced them to confinement in the county jail, and there they spent several days. All over the country inquisitive grand juries and public prosecutors have been prying into the affairs of the ice dealers. Philadelphia and Boston have indicted some of these philanthropists. Several New Jersey cities are hot on the trail. In a number of cases there is a strong probability that the pastime of jacking up the price of ice by combinations in restraint of trade may prove to have most unpleasant consequences for the sharp traders who have engaged in it. In New York President Oler of the Ice Trust declares that his corporation deserves public praise instead of censure on the ground that it has raised the price of its goods to large consumers, but has kept the cost for families at the usual figure. The company has issued appeals to the public, asking every one to be economical in the use of ice, because of the short supply.

RICH AND POOR GIVERS

THE other day a New York newspaper published a short but pompous list of the sums given away in life or by will, for philanthropic purposes, by certain rich men. Thus:

"Leland Stanford gave in life $20,000,000; by will, $30,000,000. A. T. Stewart gave in life nothing; by will, nothing; Jay Gould gave the same. P. D. Armour in life gave $18,000,000; by will, endowment of Armour Institute. Cecil Rhodes, $35,000,000 in life; by will, $100,000,000. Russell Sage, in life, $55,000"—how does anybody know that?—"by death, nothing." Mrs. Sage can distribute those millions much better than he could. His talent was collecting. Good old Peter Cooper gave the people of New York City the Cooper Institute, and endowed them with $3,000,000 more at his death. A simple and engaging figure, he; but looking over this list is barren work. In the first place, how does the public know to what private benefactions the rich may treat themselves in their lives? There must be a good many rich men who do not hanker for the reputation of a philanthropist, which is often inconvenient. Then there are a great many rich men in New York, for instance, who conceal their wealth, have no love for show, and like to be allowed to mind their own business. Finally, everybody knows that the poor are the great givers, the real, true, constant, modest philanthropists. The widow's mite outweighs

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all those splendid millions, to read about which seems to be the main intellectual exercise of no small part of the American people.

THE TROUSSEAU OF THE KRUPP GIRLS

THE "Krupp girls," as we should say in America, daughters of the gunmaker of Essen, and the richest women in Germany, follow the good old German fashion. Poor or rich, the German maidens in the old days made their own wedding outfits, laboriously and patiently accumulating their wondrous stores of bridal linen. Custom demanded that this should be sewn by their own hands. Family treasures were added to it by the gifts of parents and relatives, and thus the thrifty and patient toil of generations passed from bride to bride and family to family. There is something honorable, beautiful, and touching, something that recalls and transmits the virtues and housewifery of early Germany, in this habit. But political economy and the sharp modern struggle for life forbid it in the case of the rich. The Krupp girls were attacked for doing themselves what they should have paid the poor for doing. In these days the rich do not live for themselves alone, and are not free to do as they please, even if they are not doing wrong.

POOR CLERGYMEN

THE Rev. Dr. English, of East Windsor, Conn., asserts that in the last ten years wages have increased in every occupation except the ministry. The pay of clergymen is actually smaller by ten per cent. Certainly it is the fact that many, perhaps the majority, of the clergy, are underpaid. According to Dr. English, if he is correctly reported, 2,000 Congregational clergymen are out of pulpits, more than 500 of whom "would be glad of employment"; and the number of the unemployed is increasing. It is notorious that, as he says, the number of college men who go into the ministry is decreasing. In colleges founded for the sake of perpetuating a "learned and godly" ministry, the tendency of the undergraduates toward a business life seems to be growing. The ministry offers few prizes, it is true, but would a man really "called" to be a clergyman be afraid of poverty? Would he not welcome it as being the state of his Master and accept the renunciations it involves? It is true, we suppose, that young men want an automobile and all the other luxuries; that material enjoyment is their aim. Yet there must be elect and humble spirits, after the manner of St. Francis, for whom "Our Lady Poverty" is a sufficient bride.

THE "DEAD LINE" IN ATHLETIC SPORTS

A CURIOUS discussion has been going on in England as to the age when the different athletic sports should be given up. The figures are arbitrary, and one or two of them even absurd. Why should a man give up cricket, that leisurely game, at forty? The most famous English cricketer is nearly sixty. It is well enough to abandon football at thirty, if football players reach that advanced age. Hockey should not be played after thirty-five —why thirty-five? Men may play lawn-tennis until sixty and women until forty-five. Rowing, which in its violent forms pumps hard at the heart, may be kept up until sixty. Yes, until eighty, no doubt, if the rower is leisurely enough. But if a man will take his exercise easily, why shouldn't he play lawn-tennis at sixty, too? One golden word leaps out of this tangle: Golf is the game for veterans. Professor Allbut of the University of Cambridge says that a man should not play golf until he is thirty-five. A rather severe sentence, but this much is clear and consoling: we may play golf as long as we can hold a stick or have legs to go on.

MORE HIGH FINANCE

SOME twenty years ago the Government sold the Union Pacific Railroad to its present managers, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Harriman, and their fellow philanthropists. The men reorganized the road, and put out a hundred millions of "common" stock as a premium to induce buying of the "preferred" and the bonds. In the course of time dividends were paid on this "common," four, five, and, in 1905, six per cent. What was to be the rate this year? The directors would not tell. Among

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the Union Pacific's most valuable properties is the stock that it owns in the Southern Pacific. The directorship of the two roads is substantially the same. The Southern Pacific directors said that the records of the company had been lost at San Francisco. Moreover, the road had been injured so much by the San Francisco earthquake that the surplus would probably be eaten up in repairs. Still, a dividend of two or three per cent. was possible. On a certain Wednesday in August the executive committee of the two roads, Mr. Harriman, Mr. W. Rockefeller, Mr. H. H. Rogers, met to decide the rate. The New York Stock Exchange closes at three. The executive committee said that no action had been taken; said the same thing Thursday afternoon. Friday morning, just as the Stock Exchange opened, a bulletin announced that Southern Pacific, which had never paid a dividend, was to pay a dividend of five per cent., and that the Union Pacific dividend was increased from six per cent. to ten. A wild rise in the stock of the two roads began at once. By Monday each stock had gone up some twenty points or more. For weeks these three men and their accomplices had been accumulating Union Pacific and Southern Pacific stock in immense blocks. The dividend had been voted on by the executive committee on Wednesday, by the full board on Thursday. On Wednesday and Thursday these directors lied and buncoed the bear side by so lying, and on Friday as a result of their deception, their trick and device, sprang their surprise. Their profits are estimated in imposing millions. But no amount of millions can hide the fact that these three men and their associates have no longer a standing, if ever they had one, among men of honor. Think of a great railroad system in the hands of incredible bunco-steerers. Why not choose railroad directors by lot from the various State prisons and so improve the moral tone of the boards?

VALPARAISO

Two earthquake shocks, the second the more destructive, shook Valparaiso, the greatest seaport in western South America. Fire followed the earthquake; and in many other respects the experience of San Francisco was repeated. One thousand bodies have been buried. It is estimated that as many more have not been found. Valparaiso has suffered often and severely from earthquakes as well as fires, and was wholly destroyed by an earthquake in 1730. Little, gentle shakes (*temblores*) are very common on that western coast. Valparaiso, being in the "earthquake belt" which stretches along the edge of the Pacific from Singapore, across Japan to Alaska, and downward through California to Chile, must expect disturbance.

IN RUSSIA

THE attempt to kill Premier Stolypin with a bomb killed a number of innocent persons; but the valuation of life in Russia is not high. It is not clear what anybody had to gain by Stolypin's death, unless, as was suggested before the event, a determined effort is being made to get rid of autocracy by picking off its chiefs one by one. Stolypin is "a tool of the Czar," no doubt; but he seems to have done his best to carry on the government, which must be carried on by somebody; and in regard to his treatment by the Duma there has been a decided change of feeling. By a reaction, in part excessive but wholly natural, the Duma has ceased to be regarded as a legislature of simple patriots, and is seen to be in part a collection of fanatics and impracticables.

FAT KANSAS

THERE is no more imaginative and emotional State than Kansas. In the days of the grasshoppers and the Populists, her wails filled the world. For a number of years, however, her prosperity has been unvarying and almost indecent. Her farmers are popularly supposed to drive automobiles, and to vary the labors of the farm by long quarterly cuttings of coupons. It is said that, if the money in the Kansas banks were divided among the population, there would be some $600 for every man, woman, and child in the State. This year plutocratic Kansas makes no halt in her rush for the Mammon of unrighteousness. Her corn crop is estimated at 200,000,000 bushels. Her winter wheat crop is more than 90,000,000 bushels; and the

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spring wheat added makes a total wheat crop of a normal 100,000,000 bushels. Kansas should sacrifice something to Nemesis. She is too great, too rich, too uninterruptedly fortunate. We are forgetting, however, that big crops mean low prices. In August wheat fell to 77⅜ cents a bushel, the lowest price in four years. This will help the bakers, while Kansas and all other agricultural States may be rich enough. But will a "bumper" crop make the slightest reduction in the price of bread? The necessaries of life find it hard work to go down though they go up easily enough, or their quality is reduced.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION

THE revolt in Cuba is or was twofold in character. It was a war between the Outs and the Ins, the Moderates, or Palma Administration Party and their political opponents, the Liberals. To a considerable extent, too, it was a war of the blacks and mulattoes, many of them men of ability and force, against too exclusive white domination. Charges of unfair elections are so common in this country that they are not impressive when made in Cuba. It is none of the concern of the United States whether Moderates or Liberals are in power in Cuba so long as life and property are protected there and Cuban independence is not threatened. There is, of course, a considerable annexationist sentiment among business interests; but it would be most unfortunate, in one way, if Cuba should become American soil. Our reputation would be gone forever with our South American friends.

BURBANK'S LATEST

THE inexhaustible adaptive genius of Luther Burbank never grows weary. He has just produced the Patagonia squash, so named, according to California despatches, because it comes from Chile, apple-shaped, sweet, putting to scorn, let us hope, the remark of that old farmer who said that "put plenty of butter, salt, and pepper on squash, and it tastes nearer like nothing than anything else I know." Mr. Burbank has also produced four plants, an improved Australian star flower, the Shirley poppy, the California wind poppy, and the Henchera Christata, surprisingly brilliant in foliage. Something must often be allowed for the imagination of the makers of despatches, but the persistency and variety of Mr. Burbank's inventions in horticulture and botany cannot be denied.

NEW YORK'S MIDSUMMER ANARCHY

NEW YORK CITY enjoyed its midsummer anarchy this year in the form of a three-day riot involving the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company and the patrons of its Coney Island trolley lines. Ten cents has always been the fare charged for the trip, and a large portion of the public has maintained earnestly that five cents only should be collected. Early this spring, a fervent and thrifty patriot decided to pay only a nickel for the ride. He was ordered to get off the car; and, on his refusing, he was arrested for disorderly conduct. His lawyers at once applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*. This was granted by Mr. Justice William J. Gaynor of the Supreme Court. In granting the writ Mr. Justice Gaynor declared that the company had no right to charge more than five cents for the trip over its lines, this declaration being an *obiter dictum*, and not binding on the company. However, it was enough to give the color of judicial approval to refusal to pay the extra fare. Brooklyn rejoices in a borough administration headed by President Bird S. Coler, who was elected to office last year on an anti-corporation platform. Mr. Coler counseled the people not to pay more than five cents, and to fight for their "rights." Of the thousands using the lines of the company hundreds refused to pay, and the corporation posted squads of special policemen and other employees at the collection points to eject these passengers from the cars. The troubles began on a Sunday, August 12th, the day of the heaviest travel to Coney Island. They resulted in complete demoralization of the service. On every car free fights occurred between the company's men and passengers. President Coler attended in an automobile and made violent speeches designed to keep the people up to the fighting point. At length Mr. Justice Gaynor adopted the extraordinary course of explaining his decision to the public, pointing out that it was not

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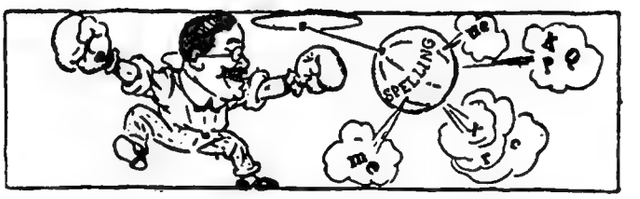
binding on the corporation, and advised the payment of the extra fare for the sake of peace.

It cannot be said that the city, the corporation, or the public emerged from this hot-weather dissipation covered with glory. The police were all at sea, first siding with the company, then with the protesting passengers. The corporation sent excitable legal gentlemen to the scenes of battle, and one of these distinguished himself by proclaiming as loud as he could: "We have a right to kill any one who refuses to pay the second fare!" Many of the protesting passengers were seeking opportunities to sue the company for damages, some were roughs anxious for a fight, and still others engaged in the struggle merely for the sake of "getting even" with the unpopular corporation. There have been reports that some of the most active enemies of the B. R. T. were short of its stock in Wall Street. The high moral tone of the whole controversy may be judged from the fact that this suggestion is widely believed in the financial district and among politicians.

TOM JOHNSON ON TOP AGAIN

WHILE Brooklyn's trolley troubles were providing publicity for her borough's officers, Tom L. Johnson, mayor of Cleveland and beloved above all rich men of William J. Bryan, was teaching the car lines of his city another lesson. Mayor Johnson is interested in a new company that is to furnish transportation to the citizens of the Ohio town at three cents a ride. In May the corporation now running cars in the city was ordered to move some of its tracks to make room for the new competitor. This it neglected to do. Mayor Johnson promptly organized a gang of trackmen and began to tear up the tracks himself. The company got an injunction restraining him from continuing the work of destroying its property. When this was served on Mr. Johnson he stuffed it into his pocket and told his men to keep at their work. "Contempt of court!" shrieked the car company's lawyers gleefully. They drew most delightful pictures of the mayor a prisoner for his affront to the Law. The Law investigated and found that the mayor had not affronted it. A minor city officer was fined $100 for violating the injunction. Unquestionably the car lords of Cleveland would like to get Mayor Johnson into jail or out of office. He is fully able to fight them on their own ground, however, for before he became a politician and an unblushing radical he was a trolley monopolist himself, and he knows all the tricks of a trade that has at least a fair share of shady methods and practises.



FEDERAL SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S order that the spellings recommended by the Simplified Spelling Board be followed in the Government Printing Office was received with surprise and, on the whole, with derision by the public. The comments of some of the English papers were delightful; one would think that Mr. Roosevelt's chief aim in life was to wreck the English language. Mr. Roosevelt's impulsiveness and courage have seldom been exhibited more strikingly. For the mass of us, no matter how indifferently we may spell, are blindly and fanatically attached to the present system; and the opinions of scholars do not count. Spelling is changing all the time, imperceptibly; it is easy to notice marked differences between many spellings of to-day and those used "when we were boys." But a wholesale introduction of revised forms by the Executive is likely to be resented. "We are a free people, sir," and "Centralized spelling cannot be tolerated." Even if Mr. Roosevelt does not revoke his order, his successor will be pretty sure to do so. Reformed spelling, however irresistible the arguments in its favor, cannot be forced down people's throats.

BASEBALL IN ENGLAND

BASEBALL has been "introduced" into England again, championed by the American Rhodes scholars. In London the other day the Tottenham Hotspurs beat an amateur nine 16 to 5. The spectators, although novices, swiftly acquired the art of "sassing" the umpire. Still it seems unlikely that baseball, no shallow fount of rowdyism in this country, will take vital root in Great Britain.

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A Row of Books

MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH SURPRISES US

We always thought that it would be dreadful to be caught by a sea-puss, and yet we were willing to be carried away by "The Tides of Barnegat," Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's latest story (Charles Scribner's Sons). This is not entirely or even very much a story of the sea. The tides here do not make it a practise to rise and fall at the bidding of the moon, except figuratively. There are two contrasted sisters in the tale. Lucy Cobden was beautiful to the eye. The story tells how she came home, a lovely belle, from a fashionable school in Philadelphia to the Manor House in Warehold, the ancestral home of the Cobdens. There was a party in honor of the event, and "Lucy, when she bounded into the room, was a full-blown rose tossed by a summer breeze. She came in with throat and neck bare; a woman all curves and dimples, her skin as pink as a shell; plump as a baby and as fair, and yet with the form of a wood-nymph; dressed in a clinging soft gown, the sleeves caught up at the shoulders revealing her beautiful arms, a spray of blossoms on her bosom, her blue eyes dancing with health; looking twenty rather than seventeen." Very different from her sister Jane, who, with her slender, almost angular figure, spare throat and neck, straight arms, and thin wrists and hands, could never have been called beautiful even in her best moments. But Jane possessed a spirit which was beautiful, and this could not at all be said of Lucy, who flirted at the party, and talked in a very silly and shallow manner.

There was not much moral heed or understanding in Lucy. She behaved abominably with Bart Holt, son of that sterling old sea-dog, Captain Nat Holt. Jane shielded Lucy. When a child was born, a fine boy, Jane took charge of it, and let it be thought that Lucy's indiscretion was her own. Lucy married a rich Frenchman, and when he died she set her cap for a rich Philadelphian, a patrician of that proud town. She was always beautiful, always happy. She never acknowledged her son, quite cheerfully allowing Jane to fill the place of mother to him. There came a great storm at sea. Bart Holt, who had been away in Brazil for twenty years, was coming home in a packet. The packet was wrecked while trying to make its way in at Barnegat Inlet. Old Captain Nat, who was the keeper of the life-saving station, dashed into the sea and brought his son through the surf to the shore. But Bart Holt had received mortal injuries; he died the same hour. Lucy's son was one of the life-savers. While trying to save a father whom he had never seen, and of whom he did not know, he also perished. Lucy looked on; she was glad when Bart Holt expired. She was unmoved by the death of her son. Her one concern was that her secret should not be made known. Captain Nat was one of those who had long kept her secret; he turned upon her now. He proclaimed the damning facts in her case to everybody present. She never married the Philadelphia patrician. The faithful Jane married happily at the age of forty-five. We have read stories by Mr. Smith which were so good that we find it surprising that he should have written this one.

SURVIVAL OF THE DESERVING

Mr. Justus Miles Forman's story of "Buchanan's Wife" (Harper & Brothers), sets forth the case of Buchanan, who was an odd and an unpleasant gentleman, of Mrs. Buchanan, who did not love her husband, and

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of Faring, who should have married Mrs. Buchanan in the first instance—though presumably in that case there would have been no novel. Buchanan had a malicious streak in his nature. He invited Faring to Buchanan Lodge in order to enjoy a painful situation. He knew that Faring and his wife loved each other. He knew, too, that they were conscientious. He wished to see them torn with hopeless desire. He gloated during the period of one dinner time. Then his reason tottered. A burglar happening along, he went into partnership with him and they sallied forth to be tramps together. The burglar ran a knife into his partner, who thereupon lost the little mind that remained to him. This incident of the knifing did not prevent the pair from being friends; they wandered far—at least as far as Chicago. Faring and Mrs. Buchanan married. The tramps returned. There was trouble. Buchanan died of consumption and his partner was torn to pieces by a dog imported from Russia. Then all was joy. Mr. Forman tells the story very simply.

NOT THEIR BEST

The scene of Agnes and Egerton Castle's story, "If Youth but Knew" (the Macmillan Company), is Cassel and the Thuringian Forest at the time when Napoleon's brother Jerome was King of Westphalia. It is a picturesque and readable story, but hardly as good a one as we had a right to expect from these clever romancers. It is a little artificial, and it rings hollow in places. Very likely it would have seemed better to us if we had expected less.

VAGARIES AND PUNISHMENT OF A JILT

In Miss May Sinclair's story of "Audrey Craven" (Henry Holt & Co.) we have an account of a good-looking young person who occasioned a good deal of trouble because she was shallow and fickle. We were deceived at first. It did not occur to us to regard Vincent Hardy as a serious lover. We foresaw in his case no desperation which, following upon his jilting by Audrey, should drive him to drink and doom him to an early demise. He seemed almost a grotesque figure as he sprawled about in knickerbockers and muddy boots in Audrey's little brown house with discreet white storm shutters in Chelsea. His speech sounded to us like the speech of a young man who thought too well of himself ever to despair. When he went away to the Rocky Mountains to shoot bears, we never dreamed that he would come back in a tragical manner. To be sure it says that he was desperately in earnest in his protestations to Audrey, but he went to sleep while she was playing "wild Polish music alive with the beating pulses of love and frenzy," and he "woke with a snort" when the music suddenly ceased.

Ted Haviland, who did pictures crudely, but with the hand of genius, suggested himself as a more promising lover. It must be that he was much better looking. We thought it entertaining where Ted laughed at Audrey's taste in household decoration and "kissed her once on the mouth, reverently but deliberately," when she began to weep. Still we thought it all rather light and frivolous comedy till we came to page 79. At that page we found Ted making love very much in earnest. He had crouched down beside Audrey and was "clasping her knees like a suppliant before some marble divinity." He was asking her to have him for a husband when he should be a little older and have made his fame. "She tried to loosen his fingers one by one, and they closed on her hand with a grip like a dying man's. Through the folds of her thin dress she could feel his heart thumping obtrusively, and the air throbbed with the beating of a thousand pulses. Her brain reeled, and the little voice inside it left off saying 'Not yet.' She stooped down and whispered hurriedly—'I will—I will.'"

It grieved us when Wyndham the novelist came along. We knew at page 123 that he was a dangerous man. "Novels were lying in his head ten deep. He had whole notebooks full of germs and embryos, all neatly arranged in their separate pigeonholes. In some he had jotted down a name and a date, or a word which stood for a whole train of ideas. In others, he had recorded some illustration as it occurred to him; or a single sentence stood flanked by a dozen variants—Wyndham being a careful worker and sensitive to niceties of language. To-night he was supremely happy. He saw his way to a lovely little bit of psychological realism. All that had been hitherto wanting to this particular development of his art had been the woman. In Audrey Craven he had found the indispensable thing—intimacy without love, or

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even, as he understood the word, friendship. She was the type he had long desired—the feminine creature, artless in perpetual artifice, forever revealing herself in a succession of disguises."

Poor Ted! Where was art now, when literature of this caliber had come along? It says, alas! at page 142: "The three weeks in which she had known Wyndham had shown her that, compared with that complex character, that finished intellect, Ted was indeed little better than a baby." Wyndham expounded his own works to Audrey. He set their deep and intricate genius bewilderingly before her. "The torrent of his rhetoric swept her away, she knew not whither." It is for the reader to say whether she was to be blamed. Certainly he was mighty. "She had received the stamp of Wyndham's spirit as if it had been iron upon wax." She wrote a ruthless little note to Ted breaking off their engagement.

We were glad that Ted got over it. He was a sturdy little fellow, with a resilience proper to his twenty years. We wish it might have been the same with Vincent. He went down, down. His landlady said of him: "Last week when I was cleaning out his bottom cupboard, the brandy bottles was standin' up like a row o' ninepins." But the fickle Audrey was punished. Not only did the mighty novelist marry somebody else, but he wrote a book about her, "An Idyll of Piccadilly," in which she was treated brutally. Doubtless it was well that she should be punished, but we thought it still better when Knowles, the great critic, ignored the novel in his paper, and told Wyndham privately that he considered it "the most consummate piece of literary scoundrelism on record." Knowles was a good one. But Audrey was not happy. She tried to marry Flaxman, the earnest young minister. He would not have her, so she married Jackson, distinguished as the biggest bore in Oxfordshire. We found the story very clever and entertaining.

RHYMES FRANKLY ENTITLED

Rhymes that are ballads, that tell plain stories, that convulse us with humor and melt us with pathos—these doubtless are the sort of rhymes that are qualified to find readers, and there is reason if not bashfulness in the title of Edmund Vance Cooke's attractive book, "Rimes to be Read," artistically produced by the Dodge Publishing Company. The longest poem in the book tells of Wallace Wright, an American anarchist, who undertook to assassinate an oppressive employer. At the last moment the sight of a child's face turned him from his dreadful purpose. It is agreeable to know that he was diverted from so extreme and savage a vengeance, but the subject is distressing, and we will quote only the opening stanza. It runs:

> Yes, Wallace Wright was an anarchist. Nay, sir, hold back your blame;
> And pause, O woman of high degree, before you cry his shame;
> And you, fair maid with the spotless soul, shrink not before his name.

It is pleasanter to turn to "The Labors of Hercules," in which the hero of heroes is treated with open humor. The poem begins:

> In Ancient Greece, long time ago, a man was born—or, maybe,
> I ought to say a god was born—or, better yet, a baby.
> His father's name was Jupiter; Alcmene was his mother,
> Who vowed he was "the sweetest pet," and "never such another!"
> But Juno, wife of Jupiter, pretended not to know it;
> She didn't like young Hercules, and straightway sought to show it.

All twelve labors are described. It will be seen from what we have quoted that the poems are stories and that they run with free and nimble feet.

MARIE CORELLI UNIMPAIRED

Miss Marie Corelli's new story, "The Treasure of Heaven; a Romance of Riches" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), will please her friends. It is in her characteristic style. The expansive rhetoric is here, requiring 427 pretty solidly printed pages for its accommodation. In swelling, sonorous periods, Miss Corelli builds before us "London, swart and grim," on a night in June. The deep bell of Westminster proclaims the midnight hour—"that hour of picturesque ghostly tradition when simple village maids shudder at the thought of traversing a dark lane or passing a churchyard, and when country folks of old-fashioned habits and principles are respectably in bed and for the most part sleeping"; likewise that hour when, in London, newsboys shout hoarsely, vehicles dart to and fro, the Opera disgorges, the restaurant dishes and cold bottles clatter and pop, and a "feverish human activity" is as feverish and as human and as active "as at any busy time of the morning or the afternoon." In one house of the row

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of palatial dwellings that constitute Carlton House Terrace sat, at that advanced hour, an old man and a man not so old, both in evening dress; and the old man was David Helmsley, the hero of this story. His age was seventy; he was the possessor of fabulous wealth, and he was conversing with his solicitor.

We are not going to tell all that is in this book—nay, nor the hundredth part of it. Certain things interested us particularly, and upon these we may lightly touch. Said Helmsley to his solicitor: "Away out in Virginia where I was born, before the Southern States were subjected to Yankeedom, it was a glorious thing merely to be alive." He proceeded to speak with enthusiasm of the natural charms of Virginia. But he protested that he was no American. He said: "I loathe America. It is a country to be used for the making of wealth, but it is not a country to be loved. Those who make fortunes there leave it as soon as they can, shaking its dust off their feet and striving to forget that they ever experienced its incalculable greed, vice, cunning, and general rascality. There are plenty of decent folk in America, of course, just as there are decent folk everywhere, but they are in the minority."

It may be thought that a minority of decent folk is not a plenty, but the point need not be urged. Helmsley was old. He had no relations. How was he to dispose of his money? We could not help feeling sorry for Lucy Sorrell. She was twenty-one, and beautiful and poor. She frankly wanted to marry old David Helmsley. She told him that she had rather marry him than any other man in the world. He answered her with cruelty. He told her that if she had not wanted to marry him he would have left her all his money. Inasmuch as she did want to marry him she must remain poor. She was inconsolable. Her misery was not alleviated by the circumstance that she was also profoundly astonished. Neither was her mother's.

There is a chapter opening with a handsome celebration of the wild and tangled loveliness of a Somersetshire lane. An old man with a stubble beard plodded through the July dust of it. This was Helmsley, the London millionaire, who had chosen to become a tramp. He was looking for that treasure of heaven—unselfish affection. More than 100 pages further on, as he was mounting a hill, "a keen stab of anguish" pierced his body. He fell unconscious. The rain beat upon him. He was found and tenderly nursed by Mary Deane. She was very good-looking. Her character was as lovely as her person. She gave him excellent soup in a Delft bowl. And what do we find 200 pages further along? How did Mary Deane feel when Helmsley's solicitor said to her: "Yes, the poor old tramp you sheltered in your home—the friendless and penniless stranger you cared for so unselfishly and tenderly, was one of the richest men in the world!" Is it difficult to believe that Mary Deane "stood amazed—stricken as by a lightning shock"? We repeat, we shall not tell it all, much as we know the reader would like to have us. We have some doubt as to whether it is quite proper for us to say that the solicitor said (page 409): "It is my duty to inform you that you, Mary Deane, are, by his last Will and Testament, the late David Helmsley's heiress." Did Mary Deane start up in terror on hearing this? Did she fall on her knees and implore the solicitor to save her from the misery of vast wealth? And Angus Reay, the poor author, who was engaged to marry Mary Deane—did Helmsley's money chill and devastate his chief desire? Did he fearfully refuse to marry a woman worth £7,000,000? When he refused, did Mary climb in the night to the summit of Giant's Castle Rock? Did she stand at the edge of the sheer rock, in the moonlight, and ask the sea below to cover her up quickly? We feel that we cannot answer these questions. A reviewer cannot be as generous as a Corelli book. We have marked a single brief paragraph for quotation. It reads:

"She swayed toward the brink—one second more—and then with a swift strong clasp and passionate cry, Angus had caught her in his arms. 'Mary! Mary, my love! My wife! Anything but that, Mary! Anything but that!' Heart to heart they stood, their arms entwined, clasping each other in a wild passion of tenderness—Angus trembling in all his strong frame with the excitement and horror of the past moment, and Mary sobbing out all her weakness, weariness, and gladness on his breast. Above their heads the bright star shone, pendant between the snowy wings of the dividing cloud, and the sound of the sea was as a sacred psalm of jubilation in their ears."

It will be seen that there has been no impairment of Marie Corelli's distinguished powers. A portrait of this favorite authoress is included in the book. She is distinctly good-looking.

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Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

One day Willie's mother found her young hopeful holding his pet rabbit by the ears. From time to time he would give Bunny a violent shake and demand sharply, "Two plus two? Two plus two?" or "Three plus three? Three plus three?"

"Why, Willie," asked his mother with deep concern, "what makes you treat your poor little Bunny that way?"

"Well," replied Willie, greatly disappointed, "teacher told us in school to-day that rabbits multiplied very fast, but this dummy can't even add."

A Southern gentleman, carving chicken at dinner one day, was perplexed to find that the bird had but one leg. The nervousness of his darky butler at the time of the discovery gave him a clue to the fate of the other leg. When the meal was over he questioned the darky.

"Dat suhtenly am strange, suh. It mus' be dat dat fool bird only had one laig in de fust place."

"Washington," said the master severely, "did you ever see a chicken with but one leg?"

Just then the darky caught sight of a fowl in the yard with one leg drawn up under her.

"Quick, massa, look dar!" he cried excitedly. "Dar's one now."

The gentleman went to the door and said "Shoo!" The fowl quickly lowered the hidden leg and scurried off.

"Yes, massa, yes," protested the darky, "but yo' nevah said 'shoo' to de one on de table."

A Sunday-school teacher persuaded a friend to take his place one Sunday, explaining to the substitute that all he had to do was to read the questions on the leaflet.

The lesson was the parable of putting new wine into old bottles, and, by aid of the questions, the substitute got on excellently, until, in an unguarded moment, he asked:

"Now, boys, what practical lesson may we learn from this parable?"

He hadn't the faintest notion himself, and as each youngster dubiously shook his head, the teacher began to grow nervous. But, to his relief, the last boy's face showed he had an answer.

"Please, sir, I think it means that if you put new religion into an old man, it will bust him."

Two Northerners, traveling in the mountains of Kentucky, had gone for hours and hours without seeing a sign of life. At last they came to a cabin in a clearing. The hogs lay in their dirt holes, the thin claybank mule grazed round and

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round in a circle to save the trouble of walking, and one lank man, whose clothes were the color of the claybank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by.

"How do you do?" said one of the Northerners.

"Howdy?"

"Pleasant country."

The native shifted his quid and grunted.

"Lived here all your life?"

The native spat pensively in the dust. "Not yit," he said languidly.

The late Phil May was once on his uppers in a small town in Australia. To stave off starvation he sought and found employment as waiter in a fourth-class eating-house. One day a man who had known the famous black-and-white artist in London dropped in and took a seat at one of the tables. When May went to take his order mutual recognition followed.

"Phil May!" the visitor exclaimed. "And compelled to work in a hole like this!"

"Oh, hell," retorted the artist indignantly. "I've sunk pretty low, I'll admit, but I haven't yet got so far down that I have to *eat* here."

A preacher had ordered a load of hay from one of his parishioners. About noon, the parishioner's little son came to the house crying lustily. On being asked what the matter was, he said that the load of hay had tipped over in the street. The preacher, a kindly man, assured the little fellow that it was nothing serious, and asked him in to dinner.

"Pa wouldn't like it," said the boy.

But the preacher assured him that he would fix it all right with his father, and urged him to take dinner before going for the hay. After dinner the boy was asked if he were not glad that he had stayed.

"Pa won't like it," he persisted.

The preacher, unable to understand, asked the boy what made him think his father would object.

"Why, you see, pa's under the hay," explained the boy.

The late Senator Quay used to tell of an Irishman who prided himself upon his delicacy and tact. One day when a boy was killed in the quarry where the Irishman worked, he told the men to leave everything in his hands: he would break the news to the boy's mother as it should be done.

He went home, put on a black suit and tie, and started for the mother's shanty.

"Good mornin', ma'am," he said. "'Tis the sad accident yer boy's gold watch has met wid."

"Why," said the mother, "Tom never had a gold watch."

"Sure, an' thot's lucky," said the diplomat, "fur twinty tons uv rock just fell on him."

A little girl in Cleveland was playing with her trinkets on the parlor floor while an older sister was drumming with much persistency on the piano.

"Play louder, Eloria," spoke up the child.

The girl at the keys felt flattered and, with an elated smile, asked: "So you like to hear me play, do you, darling?"

"No, I don't," came the unexpected and emphatic reply. "I wanted you to play louder so papa would tell you to stop."

The parson arrived unexpectedly to remain for supper with a large colored family in Kentucky. Immediately the cabin was in commotion, and Mammy swept away the swarm of little pickaninnies with a few well-timed warnings and reminders as to table manners. When supper was ready, the possum and "taters" were tempting, and little Susie watched with despairing eyes the delectable viands diminish and fade away into nothing ere her turn came. When the parson had almost finished, Mammy turned to Susie and said:

"Have some mo' possum, honey?"

A pair of indignant eyes flashed.

"Mo'! I ain't had *some* yet!" exploded Susie.

"How many ribs have you, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know, ma'am," giggled Johnny, squirming around on one foot; "I'm so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."

A prominent Montana newspaper man was making the round of the insane asylum of that State in an official capacity as an inspector. One of the inmates mistook him for a recent arrival.

"What made you go crazy?"

"I was trying to make money out of the newspaper business," replied the editor, to humor the demented one.

"Rats, you're not crazy; you're just a plain darn fool," was the lunatic's comment.

Five times had the child been told by her father to keep still and allow him to read in peace. At last he told her that if she did not keep quiet he

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would send her from the room. This was effective for a few moments, but presently her chatter was resumed and there came a stern order to leave. Very quietly she departed, her head held high. At the threshold she paused long enough to look over her shoulder and say with a sigh of despair:

"Well, I s'pose you're the best mother could do in *her* day."

A retail dealer in buggies doing business in one of the larger towns in northern Indiana wrote to a firm in the East ordering a car-load of buggies. The firm wired him:

"Cannot ship buggies until you pay for your last consignment."

"Unable to wait so long," telegraphed the buggy-dealer; "cancel the order."

Mrs. A.'s little son suddenly asked in a rather startled voice: "Mamma, is there bay rum in this bottle?"

"Mercy, no, dear. That's mucilage."

"Oh!" said the boy. Then after a minute of silence, "Perhaps that's the reason I can't get my hat off."

A visiting clergyman was occupying a pulpit in St. Louis one Sunday when it was the turn of the bass to sing a solo, which he did very badly, to the annoyance of the preacher, a lover of music. When the singer fell back in his seat, red of face and exhausted, the clergyman arose, placed his hands on the unopened Bible, deliberately surveyed the faces of the congregation, and announced the text:

"And the wind ceased and there was a great calm."

It wasn't the text he had chosen, but it fitted his sermon as well as the occasion.

There had been a dressmaker in the house and Minnie had listened to long discussions about the very latest fashions. That night when she said her prayers, she added a new petition, uttered with unwonted fervency:

"And, dear Lord, please make us all very stylish."

Illustrative of "that troublesome Henglish haitch" an American traveler relates the following:

Once I dined with an English farmer. We had ham—very delicious baked ham. The farmer's son soon finished his portion and passed his plate again.

"More 'am, father," he said.

The farmer frowned.

"Don't say 'am, son. Say '*am*."

"I did say 'am," the lad protested in an injured tone.

"You said '*am*," cried the father fiercely. "'Am's what it should be. 'Am, not '*am*."

In the middle of the squabble the farmer's wife turned to me and, with a deprecatory little laugh, explained:

"They both think they're sayin' 'am, sir."

Archbishop Ryan was once accosted on the streets of Baltimore by a man who knew the archbishop's face, but could not quite place it.

"Now, where in hell have I seen you?" he asked perplexedly.

"From where in hell do you come, sir?"

Pat Shaughnessy, hearing that the bank in which he kept his savings had failed, rushed around with his bank-book and demanded all his money. The paying teller straightway began to count it out.

"Oh, ye've got it, have ye?" said Shaughnessy with a sigh of relief. "Kape it, then. Oi don't want it as long as ye have it."

A Boston minister once noticed a crowd of urchins clustered around a dog of doubtful pedigree.

"What are you doing, my little men?" he asked with fatherly interest.

"Swappin' lies," volunteered one of the boys. "The feller that tells the biggest one gets the purp."

"Shocking!" exclaimed the minister. "Why, when I was your age I never even *thought* of telling an untruth."

"Youse win," chorused the urchins. "The dog's yours, mister."

Two men were sentenced by a self-appointed court to be hanged for horse stealing. The place selected for the execution was the middle of a trestle bridge spanning a river. The first noose was insecurely tied and the prisoner dropped into the river. He swam to shore and made good his escape. As they were adjusting the rope for the remaining prisoner the latter drawled:

"Say, pards, make sure of thet knot this time, will yer? 'Cause I can't swim."

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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has now arrived at that certainty of a large permanent circulation which justifies us in equipping our own manufacturing plant. We believe that on our present editions with our own plant we could make a saving of from $7,000 to $10,000 a month over the prices we are paying on contract. A saving of $100,000 a year seems worth while.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is making good money. The 15 cent price is established. Our policy of filling the magazine with strong, stirring stuff and then telling the people about it gives assurance of circulation at the remarkable monthly average of 600,000.

Advertisers have stamped their approval on our enterprise by spending with us nearly three quarters of a million dollars during the past year. This great business comes to us because we have a big circulation among buying people. And the circulation comes because we are making the kind of a magazine the buying people want.

EVERYBODY'S does not owe a cent in the world. It pays substantial dividends. Its credit is the highest. We could, no doubt, buy a manufacturing plant and pay for it out of the savings from our profits, but improvements paid for by slow economies are long in coming, and we are impatient. We see the future big with things to be done; we cannot wait for their doing; that we may play an early part we ask for your help, and at the same time offer you the opportunity to make an extra safe and profitable investment.

Our Help and Your Investment

EVERYBODY'S offers its friends $200,000 in Bonds of The Ridgway Company, these Bonds being payable in Gold and bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, payable semiannually. The Ridgway Company owns all the assets, good-will, and possessions of all kinds of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, a property which, modestly estimated, is worth more than $1,000,000. It owns all the

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properties of the new Weekly of which announcement was recently made, and it will own the printing plant to be purchased out of the proceeds of the sale of these Bonds. All this property guarantees the Bonds.

EVERYBODY'S earnings have been sufficient to pay the interest on these Bonds, and much over, and with the additional equipment thus provided, the earnings will be greatly increased. All funds realized from the sale of these $200,000 in Bonds will be devoted to the development of the business. The Bonds will be ten-year Bonds, redeemable at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum after the fifth year.

In order that all may have a chance to share in this investment, the Bonds are offered in denominations of $100 each. Requests for less than $100 cannot be accepted, and we reserve the right to decline allotting more than $10,000 to any one party except after close investigation.

When one considers that the rate of interest on these Bonds is seven per cent.; that the rate of savings banks is not over four per cent.; that EVERYBODY'S is thoroughly responsible—this is a good investment. The Bonds should be subscribed quickly.

This offer will appear in two or three issues of our Magazine until we are satisfied that the bulk of our readers have seen it, and then the Bonds will be allotted and the funds called for from the subscribers. A deposit of $10 will be required with each Bond requested. It would be well to use the form given below and we would suggest immediate action.

The Ridgway Company

The Ridgway Company
31 East 17th Street, New York

_____ 1906.

GENTLEMEN: I hereby subscribe for _____ dollars in bonds of THE RIDGWAY COMPANY and I enclose _____ dollars as a payment of ten per cent. on this subscription. I understand that these bonds will be forwarded to me as soon as my share in the allotment can be made. I further understand that they are payable in gold and that they bear interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, payable semiannually. Please acknowledge receipt and let me know when to pay the balance of my subscription.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

WE are very much gratified to receive so many cordial words of approval for our new Weekly.

Some of the letters follow:

Gentlemen: Permit me to say that your idea of issuing a weekly publication as outlined in the September issue should be, I think, a great success. There can be no question but what every subscriber of EVERYBODY'S would patronize the movement. I have been a constant reader of your magazine since the days of Wanamaker's ownership and cannot but admire the brisk and hearty contents of every number. Articles like "Bucket-Shop Sharks" cannot fail to find friends, and should be read by any one that can read. For a great wheat and grain-producing State like North Dakota it must surely be an eye-opener, but fortunately that territory has not been considered much good by those sharks exposed. As a banker I cannot but commend the able article. Wishing the new venture great success from the start, I also wish to commend EVERYBODY'S as a remarkable, fearless, fair, and clean publication, which should be read by every young man able to afford a magazine.

Northwood, N. Dak. H. R.

JUST WHAT HE WANTS

Gentlemen: I have just finished reading your announcement of the new Weekly.

I must waste enough of your time to say that you propose to give just what I have been wanting for several years, and I believe that there are a million more men who have been wishing and waiting for all the information you are going to give.

And put in classified advertisements.

Yours truly,

Nashville, Tenn. W. B. G.

NO COLORED GLASSES

Gentlemen: Your announcement in the September EVERYBODY'S of the coming of the new weekly "truth dealer" is sure to meet general approval, and the publication itself, a cordial reception. You didn't mention the subscription price, but put me on the list and send the bill with the first copy.

The great obstacle in the way of reform is the partizan press. Looking through colored glasses it is impossible to swear what colors are being looked at. General Robert E. Lee once said to General Humphrey Marshall, who had written an address to the people, full of enthusiastic adjectives, telling of the success of a campaign, "Give the people the facts and they will furnish the adjectives." If you will give the people the facts they will do the rest. Give them a "truth deal" and they will force a "square deal."

Especially to be commended is your work along positive lines. The "quack" tells a man how sick he is and the doctor, how to get well.

If this is a "new-growth" idea I beat you to it, but you are in a position to DO, and that counts. If you can use me in the work in this section, call on me. Being a young lawyer, I can find time and I want to help.

With a sincere admiration for the work you are doing and planning, Yours very truly,

Lexington, Ky. C. L. W.

OUR FIRST NEW ORLEANS SUBSCRIBER

Gentlemen: You have hit the nail squarely on the head with your coming Weekly, *and a grand success is yours.*

Kindly enter me as first subscriber for your New Orleans edition, and you can't get it out too soon for me. Yours truly,

New Orleans, La. W. B. R.

STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

Dear Sir: In this age of intense commercialism, when the majority of the people are chiefly concerned with gainful occupations, efforts made for the welfare of the public are too little commended. Therefore, I hereby express my gratitude for your exposure of the business methods of the grasping corporations and of evil-doers generally, for your many splendid articles treating of gross injustice to the masses, and for your editorial comments.

But my main object in writing is to comment upon your contemplated new periodical. I believe, as do you, that one of its most important features will be the Washington Bureau.

As national legislation is the most far-reaching in its effect, it should be the most thoroughly un-

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derstood. As a rule the common laborer has not the time to sift the little wheat from the great amount of chaff contained in the average organ of some political party; nor, when he has done so, can he be sure that he has an unbiased version. Such a publication as you propose to issue, politically independent, free from capitalistic influence, could be made of great benefit to the individual voter, and hence to the commonwealth. By reading it one could decide how he would have his representative vote on a certain measure, and learn how he did vote. If it was not as one thought he should have voted, at the next election one could support another.

And while this other was making his campaign your paper could turn the search-light on him, revealing his attitude toward measures past, present, and prospective. Such publicity would result in the selection of men disposed faithfully to serve their constituents. If they desired to be reelected, the publication of their official actions would compel them so to serve their people.

Success to the new periodical, and triumph to right and justice. A. W. D.

Akron, O., August 20, 1906.

A CHEERING WORD

Gentlemen: I was very much interested in your talk anent your proposed "Weekly." Your scheme deserves, and *will win* success. We have no weekly of such national importance as yours promises.

When your Weekly is in full blast it will be a powerful factor in shaping public opinion. A "local" paper cannot have this influence. Most of them do not see beyond their own city—few beyond their State. Many editorial policies are guided by the advertising patronage or shaped by the men in politics.

A weekly that will give us the thought of the day, before the thought has died away, is what we have long desired. This subject is an interesting one, but as I merely sat down to write a cheering word along with the rest, I'll conclude with best wishes for a satisfactory outcome of your worthy enterprise. Being an "ad-" man, sooner or later, no doubt, my work will be in the new columns. Very truly yours,

Woodbury, N. J. P. P. V.

A GREAT AND MIGHTY POWER

Dear Sirs: I note your proposal in the last issue of EVERYBODY'S to give the public a news compendium—in comprehensive, yet far-reaching weekly form, containing news and matter of special interest to the people of large local centers, as well as to the general public and the world at large.

You have indeed proven to the public, beyond a doubt, that EVERYBODY'S is a publication "of the people and for the people," and though I am an entire stranger to every one connected with your management, I read the magazine with great pleasure and profit, and I hope you will send me the first number of the proposed new Weekly, as it is my purpose to become a constant subscriber and reader. I trust the project may be a great and mighty power for the betterment of the press and the public.

Very sincerely yours,

Ford City, Pa. A. L. I.

WISE TO CANADA

Dear Sirs: In your September issue I notice an announcement that you are about to start a great Weekly and are to establish news collecting agencies in different parts of the United States.

Now what I want to know is: Can you afford to neglect Canada and the great strides she is making in every direction? Are you going to overlook the many Americans who have immigrated to this "land of promise"? How about the interest of the American people, who have invested millions of dollars in the industries of this country?

I am an American myself, but know something of this country, and I tell you "Things are going to happen here." So if the advice of a young commercial traveler is any good to you, get wise to Canada.

With wishes for your success in your new undertaking, and also my best regards for the old reliable EVERYBODY'S,

Yours sincerely,

Toronto, Ont. B. G. R.

JUST WHAT WE NEED

Gentlemen: I have just been reading about your proposed new weekly magazine. Great! Well, I should say so. But, say, it is just what we (the people) need. For this reason: We need to know more of what our colossal machinery of government is doing for, or to, us, the common people. Now, then, we can't learn these things from the trust-owned papers and magazines of to-day, and we must depend on such as dare to print radical thought and show us things as they are. Russell has been my favorite, because I am interested in things he has written about. Lawson is a wonder. Teague is stirring up the animals in his way and *Sinclair leads the world.* I must not forget the others. They are all good.

You have struck the keynote of the magazine world, and I prophesy a grand success, both financial and educational, for your new venture.

Very truly yours for the good of all humanity,

Leominster, Mass. G. E. H.

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